



TRAVEL

Tempted by
the magic
of Tahiti



REVIEW

Six men who were
refused hot showers
at the South Pole



BOOKS

Josephine Baker
— the courage
to be outrageous

LAST MONTH'S
AVERAGE DAILY SALE
224,000

No 63,620

THE TIMES



SATURDAY FEBRUARY 3 1990



30p

De Klerk ends ban on ANC and communists: Mandela freed soon

South Africa begins trek to democracy

From Gavin Bell, Cape Town

President de Klerk of South Africa yesterday lifted the 30-year ban on the African National Congress and announced the imminent release of Nelson Mandela in a speech that stunned the world with the extent of its reforms.

Restrictions on some 30 other anti-apartheid organizations are to be lifted, political prisoners will be freed and the death sentence is to be suspended, Mr de Klerk told the opening of Parliament in Cape Town.

Inviting the ANC to negotiate a new power-sharing agreement, he said: "The season of violence is over. The time for reconstruction and reconciliation has arrived."

His speech was immediately welcomed around the world.

Mrs Margaret Thatcher called it an historic landmark and a vindication of Britain's non-sanctions policy, and President Bush said he viewed Mr de Klerk's remarks positively, but said further progress would be needed before sanctions could be lifted. Both leaders indicated that they invited both Mr de Klerk and Mr Mandela to their countries.

President Kamala of Zambia, where the ANC is based, offered "heartfelt congratulations for a job well started".

Township euphoria... 7
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Gold shares soar... 17

and Nigeria's external affairs minister, Mr Rilwan Lukman, said: "We are sure this signals a genuine change on the part of the South African authorities and we welcome it wholeheartedly."

Archbishop Desmond Tutu said: "My gut-level reaction is positive and I want to commend him. It is not all I hoped for, but it is a very considerable part of it."

Mr de Klerk said his Government wanted to release Mr Mandela, the veteran ANC leader, without delay and would decide on a date soon, but more time was required.

"There are factors in the way of his immediate release, of which his personal circumstances and safety are not the least."

He also wished to terminate the state of emergency as soon as possible, but the security situation required its retention for the time being. In particular, he referred to violent conflict between rival black nationalist organizations in Natal townships, and indications that radicals were trying to disrupt the peace process.

No executions would take place until Parliament had considered proposals for broadening judicial discretion in imposing the death sentence and for automatic right of appeal. Detention under emergency regulations would be limited to six months, during which prisoners would

(Continued on page 7, col 3)

have the right to legal representation.

Speaking alternately in English and Afrikaans, Mr de Klerk said: "It is time for us to break out of the cycle of violence and break through to peace and reconciliation. The silent majority is yearning for this. The youth deserve it."

The table is laid for sensible leaders to begin talking about a new dispensation. The agenda is open and the overall aims to which we are aspiring should be acceptable to all reasonable South Africans.

"There is no longer any reasonable excuse for the continuation of violence. The time for talking has arrived, and whoever still makes excuses does not really wish to talk."

Some reasons being advanced for refusing to negotiate were valid, but "others are merely part of a political chess game, and while the game of chess proceeds, valuable time is being lost."

"I reject my invitation with greater conviction than ever — walk through the open door, take your place at the negotiating table. The time for negotiation has arrived."

Mr de Klerk reaffirmed his long-term goal was equal rights in every sphere, and said he had asked the Law Commission to consider democratic constitutions which safeguarded human rights. "It is neither the Government's policy nor its intention that any group, in whichever way it may be defined, shall be favoured above or in relation to any of the others."

The essence of Mr de Klerk's shock tactics was to meet the ANC half-way in its demands. While unbanning the organization, he maintained the state of emergency, and while acceding to members' political freedom, he stopped short of an amnesty for those convicted or suspected of violent acts.

The ANC leadership in exile reacted cautiously to the speech, welcoming the steps which had been taken, but insisting that negotiations could not begin as long as the

district had suffered from severe problems over the past decade as shipbuilding declined and little new investment was attracted. The area was recently given Enterprise Zone status.

The new offices will replace Crusader's administrative and processing centres in Livingston, West Lothian, and Reigate, Surrey.

Crusader, Inverclyde

announced it was bringing 380 jobs to Inverclyde with the establishment of an office development on the edge of Greenock. It is the biggest inward investment in the Inverclyde area for more than 20 years.

The district has had severe problems over the past decade as shipbuilding declined and little new investment was attracted. The area was recently given Enterprise Zone status.

The new offices will replace Crusader's administrative and processing centres in Livingston, West Lothian, and Reigate, Surrey.

Yesterday, Crusader In-

force will be increased to 300

people.

Computer team, page 3

By Nick Nuttall
Technology Correspondent

Federal Bureau of Investigation agents, acting on behalf of Scotland Yard, have arrested a man in the United States in connection with a multi-million pound Aids computer blackmail plot.

The man, named as Dr Joseph Lewis Popp, a medical computer expert from Willowick, Ohio, appeared in court at Cleveland, Ohio, yesterday. He faces extradition to Britain.

Computer team, page 3

By Thomson Prentice
Science Correspondent

Only about a third as many people are

likely to develop Aids in the next few

years as was predicted a year ago,

according to government forecasts.

The report by Public Health Laboratory Service working party said yesterday, offers the most optimistic prediction about the future spread of the disease yet produced.

It suggests that the worst of the

epidemic among homosexuals in Britain

may be over and says that Aids sufferers

are living twice as long as was the case a

a few years ago because of improved drug

treatment.

The latest Department of Health figures show that 2,830 people have

contracted the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) infection, of whom

1,612 have died. By the end of 1993, it is

predicted that there will have been 6,380

Aids deaths, and 4,980 people with Aids.

The figures are an update on the Cox

report, published at the end of 1988.

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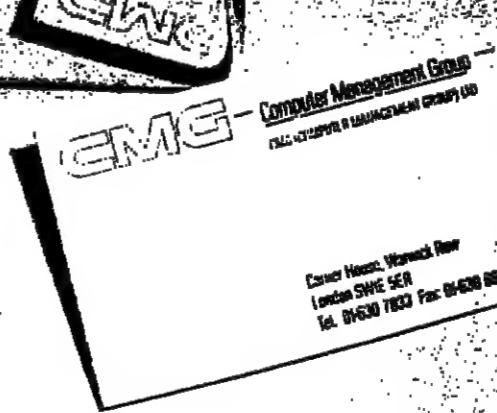
report, published at the end of 1988.

The figures are an update on the Cox

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Libel
Mars
to Wa

Jailbreaker
and lover
get total
of 13 years

NEXT WEEK



The Mandela letters

• "I've plans, wishes and hopes. I dream and build castles. But one has to be realistic. We're mere individuals in a society run by powerful institutions with its conventions, norms, morals, ideals and attitudes."

• When he was imprisoned in South Africa 28 years ago, Nelson Mandela left behind a young wife with two small daughters, and children by his first marriage. From behind bars he guided, cajoled and encouraged his family in a copious and compelling correspondences.

• On Monday, *The Times* publishes extracts from Mandela's letters to his family, which reveal a private side to a very public man

From a roar to a whimper



What is the story behind Britain's record trade deficit of £20.3 million? Why have industries in which this country led the world 20 years ago slipped from our grasp?

• On Monday *The Times* begins an important series by Tom Bower on the decline of British industry

PORTFOLIO

Money to buy car

There were two winners of yesterday's £4,000 Portfolio Platinum competition.

Mr Anthony Brindley, of Swansea, West Glamorgan, said he will use his £2,000 share to buy a car.

"I have been doing Portfolios since it started and filled in my entry religiously every day. I had convinced myself I had to win sometime," he said.

The other winner was Mrs Gladys Bates, of Northolt, west London.

US arrest highlights global task of Yard computer team

By Nick Nuttall,
Technology Correspondent

The arrest in the United States of Dr Joseph Lewis Popp in connection with an alleged computer blackmail threat highlights one of the biggest investigations undertaken by the Scotland Yard's Computer Crime Unit.

After calls by worried computer users, the four-man team quickly found itself investigating an international blackmail attempt. The web of intrigue stretched from a business centre in New Bond Street, central London, to a registered company.

Investigators became embroiled in Central American politics when attempts to trace funds being sent to the Panama

address were hampered temporarily after the US invasion of Panama.

Mr John Austen, who heads the Computer Crime Unit, said officers had been working 14-hour days since mid-December after the arrival in the mail of a computer disc purporting to offer educational information on AIDS and which were later found to damage computers.

His unit, set up in 1984 with two officers, has brought prosecutions in nearly 30 cases of computer "hacking" or the introduction of a computer "virus" — a rogue programme that can interfere with computer operations.

However, Mr Austen, a former employee of a computer manufacturer who has been 23 years in the force, admitted

that there were many more cases which had fallen foul of Britain's inadequate laws covering computer misuse.

The team's most celebrated case was that of Gold and Schifreen, two freelance journalists who were accused in 1984 by British Telecom of "hacking" [breaking into] computers.

A prosecution of fraud was brought and the pair were fined £1,000. But the case was thrown out on appeal to the House of Lords and the conviction quashed.

Other less well-publicized cases have included prosecutions for hacking into university and airline systems.

"They have usually been for things like false accounting and criminal damage, when someone writes a logic bomb or time

bomb that damages the system", Mr Austen said. Some have been against former employees of companies who hold grudges. Others have been against individuals misguidedly trying to pit their wits against a computer system.

Mr Austen is convinced that proposed laws on computer misuse contained in a Bill sponsored by Mr Michael Colvin, Conservative MP for Romsey and Wanside, hacking and virus offences are likely to be an increasing problem.

That was partly because advanced computers are penetrating into all walks of life. "The other reason is that there is a vast amount of money now being transferred by computer systems," Mr Austen said.

In an attempt to meet the growing crime

wave, Mr Austen has begun training officers from other forces in the rudiments of computer crime.

The courses, which have been run at the Police Staff College, Bramhall, since 1986, have now achieved their initial target of having "at least one officer in every UK force with some initial training".

However, Mr Austen believes that, given the international nature of computer crime, some centralization of Britain's computer crime policemen may be needed to bring the country in line with the Continent.

Computer and legal experts believe Mr Austen's unit may be pushed to breaking point unless more resources are made available.

Libel action against Marsh 'may be link to Warren shooting'

By David Sapsted

The shooting of Mr Frank Warren last November may have been motivated by a libel action brought by the boxing promoter against the former world champion Terry Marsh, it was claimed, in the High Court in London yesterday.

The disclosure was made as Mr Marsh, who is charged with attempting to murder Mr Warren, made a personal appearance in court to press for the libel case to go ahead.

The judge said it had been pointed out that if Mr Marsh won the libel case, he was likely to get a substantial order for costs against Mr Warren. "He (Marsh) submits that there is a real risk that he will not be able to recover this sum. He suggests that there is an outstanding bill of costs for a very large sum which has not yet been paid by Mr Warren."

The judge ordered that the libel case, arising out of remarks Mr Marsh made on Thames Television's *Weekend Sports Special* programme, should be postponed until the end of the criminal proceedings. For one thing, he said, if the libel case went ahead it would mean that Mr Marsh, conducting his own defence, would inevitably be involved in "a face-to-face confrontation" with Mr Warren during cross-examination.

Reluctantly, the judge said, he felt the criminal charges should be dealt with first because the plaintiff and defendant were the same in both cases and even if the civil case went ahead with reporting restricted until the completion of the attempted murder charge.

"If that is right, then it seems to me a good reason in itself why that question should not be thrashed out in civil proceedings before a criminal case is heard."

Mr Marsh, wearing a multi-coloured track suit, con-

ducted his own case from the front bench of Court 13. The former world light welter-weight champion made a 15-minute speech from prepared notes, opposing the application made on behalf of Mr Warren — who was not in court — for the libel case not to go ahead on Monday.

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The judge described the fact that Mr Marsh is unlikely to stand trial before the end of this year as "a melancholy state of affairs".

Mr Henri Brandman, Mr Marsh's solicitor, said afterwards that the boxer was considering an appeal.

Royal wedding heals family rift

JAMES GRAY



Miss Marina Ogilvy, the daughter of Princess Alexandra and Sir Angus Ogilvy, and Mr Paul Mowatt after their marriage at St Andrew's, Hanover, near the home of the bride's parents in Richmond Park, west London, yesterday.

As a royal wedding it made up in friendship and informality what it lacked in pomp and circumstance and thus brought an unconventional end to what had threatened to become a bitter family rift (Robin Young writes). Last autumn,

Miss Ogilvy, who stood 24th in line to the throne, was involved in a dispute with her parents.

Yesterday, Princess Alexandra and her husband made good their denial, expressed in a statement from St James's Palace, that they had cut off their daughter and said that they would always welcome her at home.

They were, though, the only members of the Royal Family to attend the wedding. The bride arrived in a white

Rover police car five minutes late and was greeted outside the church by her father with a kiss.

The ceremony was conducted behind closed doors by the Rev David Moore, vicar of Hanover, who said that he had no qualms about according a church wedding to someone who was known to be pregnant.

Afterwards, Princess Alexandra told the waiting crowd that it had been "a very happy wedding".

Jailbreaker and lover get total of 13 years

David McAllister, the high-security prisoner who persuaded a prison teacher to help him escape, was sentenced yesterday to a further eight years in jail.

McAllister, aged 32, who is serving 19½ years for armed robbery, arson, firearms and two previous escapes, was sentenced by Grimsby Crown Court to three years in prison for staging a bomb hoax and a further five years for escaping.

He also received a four-year jail term for two firearms offences to run concurrently.

His accomplices in the escape, Roger Carlin, a Glasgow car salesman who had provided him with a gun, and Pauline Hardy, a prison teacher with whom McAllister had an affair while in jail, were also imprisoned.

Hardy, an English teacher, had smuggled the gun to him in Hull Jail and staged a bomb hoax at a supermarket to allow him time to escape.

Hardy, aged 38, of Chaucer St, Hull, was sentenced to a total of five years for assisting escape, smuggling the gun and staging the bomb hoax. Carlin, aged 34, from Gary Place, Hullbridge, Falkirk, was sentenced to 2½ years for providing the gun.

Judge Barker described security at the special segregation unit at Hull Jail, from where McAllister escaped, as "appalling". He said: "The escape was carried out with great ease. They [Hardy and McAllister] walked through open doors. Phone calls were un supervised."

Mr Paul Worsley, for the prosecution, said that McAllister had planned to escape to Australia and had told Hardy she could join him there.

During their affair they used to meet in the chapel of the prison, where Hardy had worked since 1981.

Mr Timothy Bubb, for McAllister, said that his client had wanted to escape to see his grandparents before they died and to visit his sick father in Australia.

He was recaptured five days later after an armed raid on a house in Morden, Surrey.

The court was told that the escape had been McAllister's third jail-break. A former heroin addict and violent criminal he had been in and out of jail since 1973. He had been expelled from school for violent behaviour at 15.

Court of Appeal ruling

Judge Pickles criticized as young mother is set free

By Michael Horswell

Judge Pickles, the outspoken circuit judge who has been censured for describing the Lord Chief Justice as "an ancient dinosaur", was yesterday at the centre of a new controversy for jailing a pregnant woman for their last November.

He said the mother of three, who is a compulsive shoplifter, should go to prison because "mercy had been exhausted in her case".

However, the Court of Appeal quashed her nine-month sentence yesterday on that ground that Judge Pickles had been wrong to reject out of hand a medical report. It said that Miss Wendy Bull, aged 24, could be treated successfully for her compulsion.

The appeal judges substituted a two-year probation

order on Miss Bull, on condition that she undergo psychiatric treatment at St Luke's Hospital, in Huddersfield.

After the ruling, the Labour

Party called for a review of the

jailing of women. Mr Barry Sheerman, the home affairs spokesman, said Miss Bull, of Bailey, West Yorkshire, who is now five months' pregnant,

should never have been sent to prison.

"I believe this is only the tip

of the iceberg as twice as many

women are being sentenced to

prison than one would expect

from the percentage of crime

committed. Judges like Judge

Pickles are sentencing women

every day to inappropriate

prison sentences."

The ruling on Miss Bull's

sentence follows a similar

decision last month in the case

of Miss Tracey Scott.

Miss Scott, aged 19, the

mother of a four-month-old

baby, was given a six-month

jaail sentence for theft by Judge

Pickles, which was replaced

on appeal by a two-year

probation order amid criti-

cism by Lord Lane, the Lord

Chief Justice.

After yesterday's hearing

Miss Bull, was said to be too upset to comment on her release.

The judges were told that Judge Pickles had not been informed that she was pregnant. Miss Bull was sentenced at Leeds Crown Court on November 24 last year after admitting four charges of theft and the breach of a two-year probation order.

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Chief Justice.

Another allegation is that

seven of the 18 who failed

were allowed to re sit their

examinations. Of the seven, it

was said that six students were

black, and one white, but only

the white passed.

The university says that 17

were allowed to re sit their

examinations. Five failed

again, four of them black. The

five achieved only G-grades,

which, according to the

authorities, "indicates a cata-

Legal aid clients 'may suffer' in drive to widen consumer choice

By Frances Gibb
Legal Affairs Correspondent

The Lord Chancellor has been told by his own watchdog body on legal aid that his proposals to increase consumer choice in legal services, now going through Parliament, could damage the service for the legally-aided client.

In its annual report, the Lord Chancellor's advisory committee on legal aid welcomes the aim of the proposals to increase consumer choice. But it fears the proposals could cut the quality and accessibility of services for legally-aided clients by reducing the network of solicitors' offices and the availability of barristers prepared to do legal aid work.

The committee appeals for the proposals not to be implemented until the Government "ensures that there will be no less of service to the poorer client".

Under the Courts and Legal Services Bill, big financial institutions will be allowed to offer conveyancing services to their customers.

It is likely that many solicitors' firms, particularly smaller ones, would be unable to reach the potential clients before the institutions or "match the convenience of a one-stop approach", the committee says.

"If this proves to be the case, some firms may disappear altogether and others may shed their less profitable and time-consuming work so as to develop other areas of practice."

In either case, the report adds, "it is likely to become more difficult for the legally aided client to find a solicitor to act for him or her".

The committee is also concerned about the effects such a contraction in

firms might have on the duty solicitor scheme for suspects in police stations. It says the scheme is under strain and if the Government's proposals damage the network of smaller firms, then 24-hour cover could break down in some areas.

The committee also expresses concern about the Lord Chancellor's proposal to widen solicitors' advocacy rights. It predicts that over the years the overall size of the Bar would be reduced, perhaps leading to a decline in the quality of service, affecting the legally aided client.

Fewer independent barristers would mean "a smaller pool for solicitors to choose from, especially if access to employed advocates is restricted", the committee says.

If the main impact of the proposals was initially on the younger members of

the Bar, the legally-aided client was most likely to be affected because legal aid work was traditionally done by younger barristers.

The committee says of proposals to allow lawyers to do cases on a "no win, no fee" basis that such schemes should be seen as a supplement to legal aid, not an alternative.

Other points of concern highlighted in the report include the fall in numbers of people eligible for legal aid and "the sharp increase in 1988/89" in the rate of refusal of legal aid in civil cases, on legal grounds.

● To the Lord Chancellor is not expected to seek to overturn a victory achieved by the Law Society in the House of Lords on Thursday night which will require disclosure of commissions by banks and building societies offering conveyancing.

A spokesman from his department said yesterday that they did not object in principle to the amendment, on which the Government suffered its first defeat since the Courts and Legal Services Bill started its passage.

"Our view was simply what that this was a matter that was more appropriate to be left to regulation, rather than put into primary legislation."

The spokesman added that the Lord Chancellor would consider the change before deciding what course of action to take. But it is understood that he is not unduly concerned to seek to overturn it.

Under the amendment, proposed by Lord Mishcon for the Law Society, the big financial institutions who enter the conveyancing market will be bound, as solicitors now are, to disclose any commission they get for selling im-

surance policies. Yesterday Mr David Ward, president of the Law Society, said: "This is a major improvement to the Bill, a vital protection for the public."

"Institutions offering conveyancing should be compelled to disclose and account for commissions, as solicitors do."

Most of the problems in the housing market in the past two years had been caused by institutions pressing their customers to take policies from which the institution would earn undisclosed income, he added.

The change to the Bill is likely to be a big disincentive to those institutions from entering the conveyancing market.

39th annual reports of the Law Society and the Lord Chancellor's Advisory Committee on Legal Aid. (Stationery Office, £12.60).

Poll tax protesters threaten to obstruct debt warrant sales

By Kerry Gill

Campaigners against the community charge yesterday disclosed their intention physically to obstruct the collection of money owed by non-payers in Scotland.

Officials attempting to seize goods to pay off poll tax debts will be met by mass demonstrations of protesters, they said on the eve of a nationwide day of action against the charge.

Mr Kenny MacAskill, Scottish National Party spokesman on the poll tax, said that sheriff officers sent to hold warrant sales to recover debts would have to cross the path of an angry crowd before gaining entry to premises.

"They have to give at least 14 days notice of their intention to hold such a sale," he said. "We will be advising people threatened with this situation to elect for the sale to be held in their house, as is their right."

"We will then organize a demonstration by mobilizing SNP activists and local people. Who is going to risk the wrath of an angry crowd?" Mr MacAskill said.

The dealers going to warrant sales are not going to face such a demonstration. They will feel there are richer pickings elsewhere and will simply not get involved. Warrant

sales are abhorrent to all good men and women."

Almost 500,000 people in Scotland are estimated to owe up to £200 million in outstanding debts. In the next few weeks, sheriff officers will be instructed to write to debtors explaining their position and asking for payment. If it is not forthcoming, the officers may institute the impounding or pointing procedure in which they visit homes to assess goods liable for sale in lieu of debt. A warrant sale could then be held.

Some councils have said that warrant sales will be used only as a last resort and will seek to have bank accounts or wages arrested instead. However, this could prove pointless if non-payers are in overload or on social security.

The Scottish Anti-Poll Tax Federation also threatened to organize resistance on the doorsteps to pointing or warrant sales. In Strathclyde, Scotland's biggest region, sheriff officers are expected to begin pointing procedures against persistent non-payers within six weeks.

Mr Tommy Sheridan, chairman of the federation, pledged that members would obstruct sheriff officers. "The firms face an impossible task. We know who they are, and

anywhere and everywhere they go they will face a human barricade of opposition."

"Our network of contacts allows us to have a poll tax flying picket system, which will let us be at any door these individuals intend to visit," he said, adding that two sheriff officers could face up to 200 protesters on a single occasion. Attempting to gain entry to a home in the Easterhouse area of Glasgow would not be viewed by the officers with relish, Mr Sheridan said.

Another problem for the officers is the scale of the task they face. There are less than 200 of them to try and recuperate debts.

Today, the SNP will confront shoppers in Scotland's main towns with information about the best ways of frustrating collection. Mr MacAskill said: "People are receiving threatening letters. We want to make them aware of the true position by telling them their rights."

● The Nottingham Anti-Poll Tax Federation yesterday accused a Nottinghamshire council of intimidating people who failed to register for the tax, citing Gedling Borough Council's system of fining people £50 and then £200. So far, four people have been penalized.

Works include "Lies written in

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Having spent the last year or two languishing in the cellars at Burling-

Abandoned academy offerings for sale

PETER TATEVOR



The leftovers and rejects from Royal Academy summer exhibitions (above) are expected to become lucrative fund-raisers at Bonhams in Knightsbridge, west London, this afternoon (Sarah Jane Checkland writes).

The firm is auctioning 200 paintings abandoned either by discouraged artists who failed the selection process, or by purchasers who had second thoughts about their acquisitions.

Works include "Lies written in

early Spring" by Laurence Vivian Garvey Porter (in which a naked woman bows her head in despair as she floats in ectoplasmic space); "Heron" by William Carr (a colourful but crude portrait of this normally elegant bird), and "Gena in Yellow Jacket" by Garry Knight (a human portrait whose subject appears to be wearing a dishtowel on her head).

Having spent the last year or two languishing in the cellars at Burlington House, they have now passed the deadline until which the academicians promised to store them.

"Every effort has been made to trace the owners of these pictures and sculptures, but without success, and under the conditions of entry to the Summer Exhibition, the Royal Academy remains free to dispose of them," Bonhams' catalogue says.

As a result, if Mr Paul Moses of Hertfordshire wants to claim his

"Untitled", a memorable painting of a muscular, scowling male nude (for which, according to the painting's label, he originally wanted £15,000), he will have to go and bid for it.

This is the second such auction, following the surprise sell-out of one two years ago. As it is raising funds for the Royal Academy's Benefactors' Fund, set up for "the relief of distressed artists", there will be no buyers' premium and no reserves.

House boom comes to end in Scotland

By Kerry Gill and Christopher Warman

House prices in Scotland, prices are rising at 11 per cent a year, more than twice the UK average.

Meanwhile, in parts of England where the housing market has been in the doldrums for 18 months, there are strong signs of an imminent recovery, estate agents say.

In the south of England prices have fallen by 10-20 per cent and are beginning to prove attractive to buyers.

The latest survey by the Royal Institution of Chartered Surveyors reports increased activity in the East Midlands, East Anglia, London and the South-West, and detects a mood of "cautious optimism", predicting a gradual upturn around spring.

Mr Peter Thomas, RICS housing market spokesman, said: "We see evidence of some improvement but the market is finely balanced and fragile. Only time will tell whether the hopeful signs can be sustained." Interest from first-time buyers should feed through to the top of the market.

Four-bedroomed detached properties in the better suburbs of Glasgow have risen by up to 10 per cent. A typical three-bedroom semi-detached house in Glasgow is fetching between £70,000 and £80,000 compared with about £65,000 to £70,000 last January.

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Soviet party faces up to intimations of mortality

From Mary Dejevsky, Moscow

The Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party meets in Moscow on Monday under the shadow of the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe and its increasingly open rejection even here.

Inside the party there is a sense that something must be done to prevent further decline in its authority, but little agreement on what.

This will be the second full meeting of the Central Committee in as many months, but even in that short time the mood of the Soviet Communist Party has changed.

The upheaval in Romania, the official recognition that German reunification is inevitable, and the deployment of the Army to quell what officially is called an anti-communist uprising in the Soviet republic of Azerbaijan, have all given the Soviet party hitherto unsuspected intimations of mortality.

Three distinct strands of opinion about the party's future can be detected.

The first, right-wing and conservative — at least in the Soviet political lexicon — argues that the problem stems from the readiness of the party leadership to make concessions which weaken communism. This group wants a return to former ways.

A second group, President Gorbachov's supporters in the main, regards the party as being basically on the right track but hindered by backward thinking and outdated political structures. It sees a continuing if modified, role for the party in Soviet life facilitated by some judicious personnel changes and sanctioned by a re-evaluation of Lenin that would remove some of the ideological obstacles to economic reform.

The third view would be represented by the Democratic Platform, the newly founded group which was described earlier this week by an opponent as an attempt to introduce non-Leninist socialism into the Soviet Union. This group has attracted the support of those who believe something far more radical, including direct elections for all party posts and an end to

the party's automatic right to power, is required to save it.

Events in the Transcaucasus and the emptiness of unrest in other parts of the country, ethnic tensions are likely to be discussed in a more general manner than had been planned.

Where the future of the party is concerned, however, it is the draft congress documents that emerge from the plenum that will show which wing of the party has prevailed.

The party programme, which sets out future goals, had its last thorough revision as recently as 1985, when the

congress in October. Now, after the military assault on Baku, the capital of Azerbaijan, and outbreaks of unrest in other parts of the country, ethnic tensions are likely to be discussed in a more general manner than had been planned.

When such sensitive questions have been discussed in the past, a compromise has usually been reached. This time, with the emergence of the Democratic Platform and the warnings from Eastern Europe, many party officials fear for its future, and patience is short.

The Gorbachov supporters might be satisfied with the prospect, broached this week in *Pravda*, of separating the state presidency from the party leadership again — the two functions have been separated when each of the last four Soviet leaders came to power — and making the former more powerful.

Separation would allow Mr Gorbachov to become a new-style President late in the year and leave the new party leadership to bargain with unofficial opposition groups for power.

Such a solution would leave the conservatives and the radicals to fight for the leadership of a party which could rapidly become as irrelevant in the Soviet Union as it already has elsewhere.

Along with the ideological debate, the past week has seen reference to new pockets of unrest throughout the Soviet Union. It has also seen the first *en bloc* resignation of a regional party committee — in Volgograd (formerly Stalingrad), where party members and demonstrators pushed through a vote of no confidence in the leadership — and the expulsion from the Leningrad party of Mr Oleg Solovyov, the former regional secretary, whose "crime" was to buy a foreign car.

Such isolated demonstrations of principle, however, are unlikely to save a party which is now openly blamed for the economic and political disarray in which the Soviet Union finds itself.

President Gorbachov: May want less power for party, communism "to the point of collapse".

Two days earlier a rumour had circulated that President Gorbachov was considering resignation from the party leadership. The subsequent panic on Western stock markets, and the immediate reaction from American politicians, allowed Gorbachov supporters to demonstrate how essential it was for him to remain in power.

The rumour also generated speculation that Mr Gorbachov, or his supporters, were trying to increase the power of the presidency with respect to the party.

Originally the plenum had been expected to discuss the decision of the Lithuanian Communist Party to split from the central Soviet party, and new party rules and a new programme to be presented to the party.

This time the battleground is likely to be the election procedures: the radicals united in the Democratic Platform

will demand that party rules, or statute, which will determine whether the party is prepared to change itself fundamentally. The rules define the structure of the party from primary party organizations up to the Politburo; they define who can stand for party elections, how many posts can be held concurrently and how party elections are held. Few changes were made in the last revision.

This time the battleground is likely to be the election procedures: the radicals united in the Democratic Platform

Yugoslavia's ethnic powder keg

Serbs demand Kosovo crusade

From Philip Jacobson, Pristina

Angry and alarmed after a week of violence in Kosovo, several thousand Serbs gathered here yesterday to demand tougher action by the authorities against Albanian "terrorists". At an hour-long, often emotional, meeting they complained that Albanian demonstrators involved in clashes with police are intent on driving the Serbian minority out of the province.

With President Drnovsek of Yugoslavia arriving here yesterday for talks on the deteriorating situation, speakers at the meeting demanded a firmer hand from the top.

As the crowd assembled — elegant women in fur coats rubbing shoulders with farmers in muddy boots — several people brandished portraits of Mr Slobodan Milosevic, the charismatic Serbian leader.

For Kosovo's 200,000

Serbs, outnumbered almost 10-to-one by ethnic Albanians, "Slobob's" rousing brand of nationalism is music to the ears. They warmly applauded his decision to rush heavily armed Serb riot police into Kosovo — which comes under Serbian control — when the present wave of strikes and protests began, and the ferocity with which these squads have been going into action against Albanian crowds meets with widespread approval from a community that feels at risk.

Mr Drnovsek, by contrast, is widely regarded by Serbs here as a dangerously liberal figure, a Slovene with the usual antipathy towards the country's largest ethnic group.

When yesterday's meeting was ending one young woman with a "Slobob" button in her lapel delivered an impas-

sioned discourse about the need for what Mr Milosevic has described as a crusade "to avenge humiliations long imposed on Serbia".

For the Albanian majority, who rightly regard themselves as the Serbs' first target, phrases like this are to be taken with the utmost seriousness. The brutal efficiency with which Mr Milosevic disposed of Mr Azem Vlasi, the former leader of the

Kosovo Communist Party, as soon as he became an obstacle two years ago, underlines their fear of Serbian domination.

A popular figure of Albanian origin, Mr Vlasi, aged 42, and 14 others are being tried for "counter-revolutionary activities", and could face the death sentence if convicted.

The court is sitting in Titova Mitrovica, a grimy industrial city about 25 miles from Pristina. It was the scene of violent protests after the arrests, and now the bleak streets are under heavy police control, with young men being shoved against the wall for body checks.

Lawyers for Mr Vlasi have denounced the trial as a political show. They have requested that the closed hearings be transferred to a court outside Serbia, but have no expectation of success.

It was no coincidence that he was dispatched on Monday to stage the dramatic evacuation of Mr Cornelius Coposu, the veteran opposition leader, after his party headquarters were surrounded by a mob threatening his life. Twice Mr Roman addressed the crowd

from a first-floor balcony, succeeding in defusing the situation before he and Mr Coposu were driven away in armoured personnel carriers.

Two days later Mr Roman

was visiting workers in the industrial town of Brasov, scene of the first unsuccessful uprising against Ceausescu in 1987. An aide who travelled with him said of the crowd reception: "I have not seen anything like it since film of the first Beatles tour of America. Women, particularly, came up and just asked if they could touch his coat."

Mr Valter Roman, the Prime Minister's father, was a pre-war member of Romania's then tiny Communist party, who fought against the fascists in the Spanish Civil War.

He served in the Comintern in Moscow in the Second

Peace patrol in Armenia



An Armenian woman, passing by the armoured might of the Soviet Union, continues knitting as she walks through the Armenian village of Tchek, where troops and tanks are deployed to halt ethnic violence between Armenians and Azerbaijanis. Mr Tofik Gasymov, a senior member of the Azerbaijani Popular Front, said yesterday that Lieutenant-General Vladimir Dubinsky, the military commandant of the Azerbaijani capital of Baku, had promised the Front that he would pass on to Moscow its calls for a timetable on removing troops from the city (Reuters reports from Baku). The Front, which says its aim is genuine parliamentary democracy, has rejected demands by extreme factions for secession from the Soviet Union.

Man in the News: Petre Roman

Trusted democrat casts his spell

From Christopher Walker, Bucharest

As concern mounts at home and abroad about the communist leanings of Romania's provisional leaders, Mr Petre Roman, the charismatic Prime Minister, has so far preserved his reputation as a democrat, despite being from a family with deep communist traditions.

A former engineering professor with matinée idol looks, the youthful Mr Roman has rapidly emerged as both the main troubleshooter for the National Salvation Front and its most acceptable international face.

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He served in the Comintern in Moscow in the Second

World War, but later fell into disfavour with the Stalinist leadership of the party in Bucharest as a potential "Titoist".

Mr Roman senior, a descendant of an old rabbinical family from Transylvania, was deprived of his general's rank and spent some years as a librarian before his rehabilitation, when he took over a publishing house. His Spanish wife, Hortensia, was the mother of Mr Petre Roman and his sister, Carmen.

Despite his father's period in disgrace, Mr Petre Roman was very much part of the party's nomenklatura, or elite.

He was one of the minority of Romanians permitted to study abroad at the University of Toulouse, and speaks fluent French and Spanish.

He is married to a radio broadcaster who is the daughter

of a former Romanian ambassador to Switzerland and they have one daughter.

In his youth, Mr Roman was described as having been "close, even very close", to Zora Ceausescu, the disgraced daughter of the late dictator who is now under arrest, but even this is not widely held against him. He claimed that he became a Communist Party member only to secure his engineering professorship at Bucharest's Polytechnic University.

"There were about four million members of the party. It is completely unacceptable to say that all were supporters of Ceausescu," the Prime Minister said. He tore up his own party card on December 19 when he heard that demonstrators had been shot down in cold blood.

● BONN: The two Germans are moving so fast towards unification that the phased plan proposed by both countries could soon be overtaken by events, a senior West German official said yesterday (Reuters reports).

Herr Honecker's gaffe, page 10
Leading article, page 11

East Germany 'risks civil war' if hopes of a better life are thwarted



From Ian Murray, Bonn

There is a danger of civil war in East Germany by August or September if the people's hopes for a better life are not quickly fulfilled, Herr Rudolf Stadermann, president of the new East German Business Federation, said here yesterday.

He issued his warning after meeting Herr Helmut Haussmann, the West German Economics Minister, who promised that negotiations on a new credit programme should be completed next week.

It appears Herr Stadermann's warning is being taken seriously. Although Herr Helmut Kohl, the Chancellor, has

made it plain he is not prepared to discuss plans for union drawn up by Herr Hans Modrow, the East German Prime Minister, until after the East German poll on March 18, there is now an urgency in the economic measures being proposed to help put East Germany on its feet.

Herr Theo Waigel, the Finance Minister, said yesterday that he saw no reason why the strong Deutschmark could not quickly be made the official currency in East Germany. The fact that the East German mark is only worth about one-twentieth of a Deutschmark at present black market rates is one of the main problems.

Herr Waigel is ready to move rapidly to currency union provided the East German financial newspaper, *Handelsblatt*, now runs a daily block of announcements from East German companies seeking partners in the West.

Manufacturers. The main

West German

newspaper,

which has been helped to power by

its main domestic opponents.

He is therefore anxious to

bring a recovery programme into operation quickly to prevent the Social Democrats in the West from benefiting too much in the general election campaign here in December.

Herr Kohl has begun to attack the Social Democrats for jumping on the bandwagon of reunification after years of publicly opposing it and of forging links with the communists in East Berlin.

The indications therefore, are that there is still an entrepreneurial spirit in East Germany after 40 years of communism. Nevertheless, the Social Democrats are still making all the running for the March 18 elections, with every sign now that they will be able to head the new Government.

This would leave Herr Kohl negotiating with a party that

has been helped to power by

its main domestic opponents.

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Angola claims vital victory over Unita in fierce fighting

Luanda (AP) — Angolan government forces have captured the strategic Mavinga airstrip in south-east Angola after heavy fighting with Unita rebels, a senior military source claimed yesterday.

The source, who spoke on condition of anonymity, said Mavinga fell on Thursday after heavy air force bombardment and fighting that claimed "thousands of casualties" on both sides.

Two military columns had consolidated positions in "all the area of Mavinga", including the airstrip, he said.

Unita officials in Portugal reported heavy fighting overnight in the region but denied that the town had fallen. They said that early yesterday government troops were still 20 miles from Mavinga.

Mavinga is considered a key strategic point for control of south-east Angola, and vital in any government plans to attack the rebels' stronghold at Jamba, 120 miles south.

Dr Jonas Savimbi, Unita leader, who cut short a

five-nation European tour on Tuesday to return to Angola, ordered all his forces on alert yesterday and to resume full-scale operations.

According to Unita's Black Cockerel radio station, monitored in Luanda, Dr Savimbi said his call for an "all-out attack... without any consideration" was in reaction to the Government's heavy shelling of Mavinga.

Mr Norberto de Castro, spokesman for Unita in Lisbon, confirmed on Thursday that government troops had crossed the Lomba river, 12 miles north of Mavinga.

A Western diplomat who

Government forces in the west and UNITA in the east. Mavinga is marked as a town between the two.

Tension grows between India and Pakistan

Indian women protesting outside Pakistan's High Commission in Delhi yesterday against alleged interference by Miss Benazir Bhutto's Government in the affairs of the Indian state of Jammu and Kashmir.

In Pakistan, meanwhile, there are indications that tension is increasing between India and Pakistan (Zabid Hussain writes from Islamabad). General Aslam Beg, Pakistan's Chief of Army Staff, met key corps commanders a few days ago to review the situation on the border with India.

Reports are also reaching Islamabad that more than 100 refugees have fled to the Pakistani-controlled areas. The reports say the refugees started trickling into Azad (Free) Kashmir last week after the Indian crackdown against separatists in the state.

Western diplomats contacted in Luanda said that the Government could use Mavinga's fall to strengthen its position before re-opening ceasefire bargaining with the rebels.

Diplomats from the United States, the Soviet Union, Portugal and a number of African states have recently stepped up efforts to bring both sides back to the negotiating table. A ceasefire agreement sealed with a handshake between Dr Savimbi and President dos Santos of Angola last June broke down within days.

Pakistani authorities say that the number of refugees entering Azad Kashmir is not yet alarming, but the situation could get worse if the continued crackdown in the Indian state leads to a larger influx of refugees after the winter season.



New York panhandlers benefit from a generous judge

From Charles Bremner, New York

The first rule of life in New York has always been... get a good lawyer. That is an adage for rich and poor alike has been demonstrated by Mr Joe Walley, a beggar who took on the New York subway system, securing his place in legal history and causing citizens to marvel once again at the ways of their metropolis.

Mr Walley is one of the army of homeless "panhandlers" who haunt the public places of the Big Apple. Numbering thousands and dominated by mental misfits and drug or alcohol addicts, the panhandlers have lately added to the menace of the underground railway by plying their trade aggressively in the trains and stations.

Last November the Metropolitan Transit Authority ordered its police to "reclaim the system" for the passengers and throw out the

beggars. But the authority reckoned without Mr Walley. He hired Mr Douglas Lasdon, a civil rights lawyer, and protested to the federal court that it was seeking to deprive him of his right to free speech. Last week Judge Leonard Sand ruled in his favour and struck down all attempts by New York City to ban begging, saying: "While often disturbing and sometimes alarmingly graphic, begging is... informative and persuasive speech."

While Mr Walley has enjoyed the fruits of celebrity — watching himself on television set bought with the proceeds of his trade — Judge Sand has been treated to a wave of outrage. Mr Ed Koch, the former mayor whose departure from City Hall in December seems only to have amplified his presence, called the ruling crazy but all too familiar. Two years ago a court

cancelled an attempt by Mr Koch to have deranged vagrants taken to mental hospitals.

The New York Times argued that passengers suffered enough without having to contend with "wild-eyed vagrants who just might be loony enough to push someone in front of a train". Applying the letter of the law, the port authority has now begun handing out leaflets in its bus terminals — another begging Mecca — informing vagrants of their First Amendment rights. "If it wasn't so awful, it would be amusing," said Mr Stephen Berger, the authority director. The begging judgment has also raised doubts over a city plan to impose a ban on "boom cars" — those fitted with high-powered stereos turned up at full volume.

With public frustration about beggars running high, it was no

surprise when a subway passenger vented his rage by beating a beggar to death. Mr Rodney Sumter, an unemployed plumber, was travelling with his three-year-old son when he was struck by a deranged panhandler. He hit back, knocking the man to the ground, and carried on beating him there. The police say he used excessive force and have charged him with manslaughter, but a whole team of lawyers have leaped to his defence.

The begging fiasco has not helped Mr David Dinkins, the new Mayor and the city's first black chief executive. After promising to life because they have a tape-recording in which he is heard ordering an underling to "burst up" the victim just before the shooting. Sheer prosecutorial fantasy, Mr Cutler roared at the jury on prime-time news (the trial is televised). When they heard Mr Gotti say

a cop on every subway train".

His flight has prompted a little gloating from his defeated rival and fellow lawyer, Mr Koch.

Rivaling Mr Walley's lawyer in resourcefulness has been Mr Bruce Cutler, the barrister for New York's best-loved underworld celebrity, Mr John Gotti, the alleged Mafia godfather. Mr Gotti, who has managed to evade conviction for years, is charged with ordering the "kneecapping" of a union boss. This time the "Feds" were confident of a conviction that could put the dapper don away for life because they have a tape-recording in which he is heard ordering an underling to "burst up" the victim just before the shooting. Sheer prosecutorial fantasy, Mr Cutler roared at the jury on prime-time news (the trial is televised). When they heard Mr Gotti say

"burst him up", what he was really saying was "burst 'em up", a phrase that referred to his desire to restructure the management of his organization.

The prosecutors drew a little satisfaction, however, because Mr Cutler was tacitly admitting what Mr Gotti has always denied — that he runs the Gambino family organization.

Lawyers played only a peripheral role in New York's other current drama — a row involving Governor Mario Cuomo and a jailed Catholic bishop, Mr John Gotti, a Catholic who made his name as a lawyer for the dispossessed, was publicly warned by Auxiliary Bishop Austin Vaughan that he would be sent "straight to Hell" for advocating abortion. The bishop is serving a 10-day sentence for taking part in an abortion protest.

Siege by rebels goes on

Adis Ababa (Reuters) — Sudanese rebels yesterday denied reports in Khartoum's government-controlled press that their siege of Juba and Yei had been broken.

The allegation is an attempt by the Khartoum Government to raise the army morale that had been badly affected by the war in the south, a spokesman for the Sudan People's Liberation Army said.

The siege was continuing "with ferocity," he said, and it was only a matter of time before both towns fell.

Patriarch dies

Jerusalem (Reuters) — Patriarch Yeghishe Derderian, head of the Armenian Church in Jerusalem and the Holy Land, has died at the age of 80.

Rites death

Granada (Reuters) — Señora Encarnación Guardia, aged 36, died from drinking huge quantities of salt after a baker tried to "exorcise the devil" from her, relatives said.

Cook's book

Adeleide (Reuters) — A worldwide alert has been issued to booksellers and antique dealers asking them to look out for a stolen bark manuscript of notes on Captain James Cook's Pacific voyages.

Silent Voice

Washington (Reuters) — The Voice of America, the US government radio, will stop broadcasting in six of its 43 languages on April 1 because of lack of money.

Letter from Brussels

Lobbyists invade bright new world

A s a throwaway line it was hard to beat. A top-flight member of one of Washington's most prestigious law firms was explaining why the senior partner — President Carter's former legal counsel — could not attend the formal opening of the firm's new Brussels office. "I'm sorry Lloyd Cutler can't be here. He's had to go off to help write a new constitution for Czechoslovakia."

Even without him, the arrival of Wilmer, Cutler and Pickering in Brussels was an event of note: an impressive number of European Commission officials turned out for the reception, partly in recognition of the clout the firm already commands in Washington (and presumably in Czechoslovakia); partly to prepare themselves for the onslaught of high-powered transatlantic lobbying.

Brussels now runs second only to Washington as a happy hunting-ground for lawyers, especially Americans. There are more than a dozen American firms here, most of them recent arrivals, and at least another dozen are considering establishing a presence.

The reason, of course, is 1992, with its 278 assorted rules and regulations to be implemented, drafted or discussed. In the run-up to the Single Market, American firms want to see that their interests are not harmed. How better to do so than to use the old-fashioned technique of asking lawyers and consultants with knowledge, panache and connections to track down the relevant Europol and apply some courteous arm-twisting at any one of a thousand-plus restaurants in the Belgian capital.

It works very well. The European Commission is naively transparent even M Jacques Delors, its stern and principled President, was complaining the other day that he reads more about what his fellow commissioners are up to in the press than he ever finds out from them.

Most EC officials actually welcome the lobbying and public debate: Brussels is an eternal bargaining table, and in the endless game of manoeuvring to assemble majorities, the commissioners need to be kept informed how interest groups will react.

American firms, reacting in panic at the prospect of tougher competition from Europe and regulations they could not understand, despaired of finding their way through the maze. There are more than 12,000 EC functionaries here,

and 512 MEPs who are also playing an increased role in pushing through or modifying EC legislation. So the law firms are happy, for a good fee, to guide them.

It is hardly in their interest to point out that, compared to the Byzantine ways of Washington, Brussels is not so very abstruse. And there are always the Japanese in waiting, determined not only to comprehend but to master the system.

With the lobbyists have also come the industrialists, all the big international companies that feel the need to be at the heart of Europe, close to its decision-making machinery.

Then there are the semi-permanent conferences: "1992 and Telecommunications", "1992 and Financial Services", "The Challenge of the Single Market", "Whither Europe?", and so on. The Brussels lecture circuit is fairly predictable: a commission to start things off, a vision of a bright new world, some technical briefings, predictions, questions and the inevitable speculation on what will happen in Eastern Europe.

T he massive influx into Brussels means that the city, already cosmopolitan, is increasingly coming to resemble a miniature United Nations. Some 50,000 foreign — predominantly West European — families are expected to arrive here during the coming year, augmenting a foreign community that already accounts for over a quarter of the city's population. House prices, rents and office charges have doubled in 10 years as Swedes, Japanese and others who wanted to be at the heart of the new Europe scramble for property. The backlash has already come from disgruntled city residents: "Brussels is not for sale", posters proclaim.

One property deal that has cheered the huge foreign press corps here and is likely to serve as an essential clearing-house for information has been the opening, at a fatal 100 paces from the Commission building, of Kitty O'Shea's Irish pub. The Guinness is like cream, the barman's brogue the softest Dublin, and the *plat du jour* wholesome Irish fare. Its opening coincided with the Irish presidency of the EC.

But refugees from Fleet Street can also take cheer: at the other end of the block a cosy scruffy pub serving good Shepherd's Pie has also opened, called appropriately the Old Hack. News desks should note the telephone number.

Michael Binyon

Hi-tech campaigning makes a bow in Japan

From Joe Joseph, Tokyo

A three-hour televised debate yesterday afternoon between the heads of Japan's five main political parties will have done nothing to diminish cynicism among the voters.

Candidate debates on the US model are a novelty in Japan, although lack of practice provides scant excuse for the polite recitation of familiar policies. Most of the heat and light came from the television studio lights.

The flatness of the debate was all the more disappointing because the election on February 18 confronts Japanese voters with controversial issues — the country's edgy relations with the US; how Japan should react to the

changes in Eastern Europe; whether to repeal an unpopular new sales tax; and whether to liberalize agricultural imports, especially rice.

This made even mild exchanges between Mrs Margaret Thatcher and Mr Neil Kinnock look like snarling bouts of all-in wrestling.

The leaders of the centrist Democratic Socialist and Buddhist-backed Komei parties spent the afternoon wrangling on their fences. The Communists, who were friendly towards Romania's late dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, are taken even less seriously than usual.

Mr Kaifu said that he wanted "to create a new age in politics" (no details). He also pointed out that "the framework of the Cold War is changing, which is quite welcome for all of us". Miss Doi

will "try to make Japanese politics the politics of the people" and will aim for "a people's coalition".

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TIMES DIARY

SIMON BARNES

Auckland

The main sport at the Commonwealth Games is, of course, bowls. The ghost of the Olympics hangs over most of the events, but the Games has bowls to itself. Naturally, it was among the competitors of the red-hot women's bowls events that I looked for the top performer here. This column awards second place to Geia Tau, who won the gold in the singles for Papua New Guinea. "It won't change my lifestyle," she said afterwards.

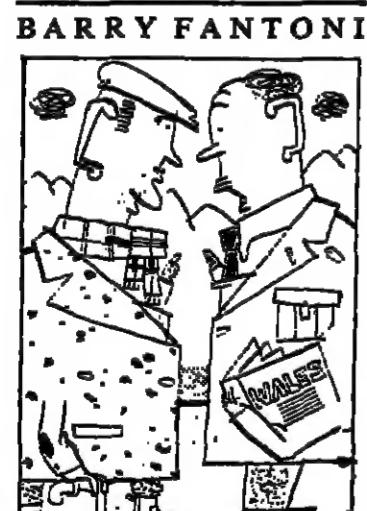
However, first place must go to Lamfili Pativaine Aunu of Western Samoa. We all know the cathedral atmosphere that bowls tends to encourage. Aunu comprehensively shattered that by charging all over the green and yelling at the top of her voice, "I have to tell the bowls what I want them to do," she explained. "Hit it, hit it! Good girl!" she tells them. "Get away! Leave it alone!"

Millie Khan, who won the silver for New Zealand, complained to officials that it was putting her off. The officials told Aunu. She replied: "I'm fed up with players complaining about me when they should be reading law 50." Law 50 says Aunu can do exactly what she wants. "I talk to my bowls because that's my natural style — and I am not going to change it!" Aunu did not win a medal, but I'm sure she realizes that a citation from this column is a far greater honour.

Here are more news on last week's citation. Soma Dutta, the 21-year-old Indian who learned to shoot as a child, because of her fantasies about tiger hunting. She has won another bronze, this time in the three-position event. It was another open event — the silver was won by Malcolm Cooper, double Olympic gold medallist, with Klepp of Canada taking gold.

One of the minor pleasures of these Games has been the local television coverage. I think you could say that it serves local enthusiasms extremely well: cameras linger lovingly on 14th-placed Kiwi finishers and, in moments of excitement, the commentary becomes straightforward cheering: "Oh yes! Great stuff, Trevor Go for it!" No doubt every country's sports coverage is ludicrous to outsiders. The Brits are no exception, particularly over football. But could I detect a self-regarding streak in New Zealand? Here are seven book titles from the top ten hardback best-sellers: *Portrait of New Zealand*, *NZ Women's Diary*, *The Birth of New Zealand*, *The Illustrated Encyclopaedia of New Zealand*, *NZ Golf Courses*, *Wild South*, and *Discover New Zealand*. All great stuff, Trevor.

One of the odder moments has been a display of synchronized swimmers by three of the top male racing swimmers. It was a jape, but afterwards the boys had no wish to minimize their achievement. "We never realized how difficult these moves are," said Adrian Moose. "We thought, wrongly, that there wasn't much of a competitive element." Sue Edwards, technical director of synchro here, enjoyed the jape but was doubtful about the way it would be seen. "We are fighting a desperate image battle as it is."



The pub? First right by Jones the baker, second left by Jones the disqualified weightlifter'

This being the column that supports all goalkeepers, it is worth saluting the fact that the oldest living World Cup goalie made a visit to London this week. He is Hans Jakob of Germany, aged 82, and he was in London to celebrate the 75th birthday and the authorized biography of Sir Stanley Matthews. Jakob played against him twice, losing 3-0 in England in 1934 and losing 6-3 in Berlin in 1938. Don't you long for the return of someones like that? It would have been 16-3 without them, Hans.

Sad news from greyhound racing: a maintenance worker at Eastville stadium in Bristol broke a leg after being run over by the electric hare. Marie Archer was checking the equipment when — crashed into her from behind. The track manager, Dennis Pope, said: "It was an atrocious night, and the hare must have come out of the mist and rain before she could see it."

As always in Derbyshire, the bathwater was icy cold. But my bath was brimming hot. I lowered myself very slowly into the water. Steam rose around me. My legs fully immersed now, warm water licked around my thighs. Delicious. I sank just a little further down: the supreme pleasure still to come. I waited for it — held it back — held myself, poised, hovering just a fraction above the bathtub bottom half in, half out, trembling in anticipation.

Now! Or should I hold it off for a few moments yet, wickedly postponing the pleasure until it became unbearable... a sudden curtain of rain lashed against the window... a breath of freezing air on my ribs. I shivered with excitement.

Now! And I let go. Every muscle relaxed. My head dropped back. My body sank. And two

What President Gorbachov had to say about German unification to Hans Modrow, the East German prime minister, was very sensible. Whether it was sensible to say it in public, at this time, is another matter. Whether it was sensible to say it to the person to whom he did say it is very doubtful.

The meeting of the two leaders has clearly speeded up the pace of German reunification. Yet Gorbachov has no mandate for his statement; that reunification, in principle, was not in doubt, though careful preparation was needed. He will probably be able to get the Central Committee to rubber-stamp his new policy. In the slightly more democratic Supreme Soviet, he seems likely to run into trouble.

Watching Gorbachov on television, I was struck by the casual, easy manner in which he discussed so momentous, and so emotive, a matter. He might have been discussing a merger of two companies, in one of which he happened to have a few shares. I wondered how Soviet viewers might feel about that — and, in particular, about his failure to make his first clear, specific declaration of intention about German unification to the East German leader, and not to the Soviet public.

I have the impression that Gorbachov has not yet got used either to the climate of democracy brought into being by his policy of *glasnost* or to the force of nationalism which *glasnost* both revealed and stimulated.

The Soviet Union is not a democracy in an institutional sense, and almost certainly never will be. But in a psychological sense, an inchoate but potent democracy now prevails among the peoples of the Soviet Union, bringing with it a vibrant turbulence unpredictability.

Public opinion now counts, and Gorbachov is answerable to it in a way in which no general secretary of the Soviet Communist Party had been before. But he is not accustomed, as Western politicians are accustomed, to being answerable to public opinion. He has not been conditioned, as they have been, to awareness of public opinion as a force which may sustain one's rise to power but may also, almost in an instant, lay one's political career in ruins.

I do not think any Western political leader would be capable of discussing on television so tremendously ticklish a subject as German unification in the placid, easy-going manner in which Gorbachov discussed it with Modrow. He did not sound as if he were answerable to anyone. And perhaps he does not yet really feel that he is.

Gorbachov was annoyed this week by a report that he was about to resign the Communist Party leadership. His annoyance is understandable. It is from being party general secretary, not from being president, that his authority derives. As general secretary he is, in a broad sense, heir to the Tiers of all the Russias. More specifically, he is successor to Stalin, who was

There's a divinity doth hedge a general secretary. Queen Victoria did not feel she was answerable to public opinion; she felt public opinion was answerable to her. If Gorbachov, despite his democratic inclinations, possesses something of that inner certitude of royalty, that could account for the almost awesome self-confidence with which he has ridden the storms which have swept away part of his empire and are now sweeping over all the rest of it.

Gorbachov cannot, in the nature of things, be accustomed to conditions in which public opinion counts. Nor can he be accustomed to conditions in which nationalism finds public expression and is a political force. As a good communist he was brought up in an international faith. Cultural nationalism carefully monitored from the centre was just about acceptable, for those who needed it. Political nationalism was outlawed. And the nationalism that was rejected included, as Lenin himself laid down, "Great-Russian chauvinism".

Yet today it is nationalism that has superseded communism all over the Soviet Union, and "Great Russian chauvinism" is the most potent, though not yet

the most apparent, of all. I fear it may destroy Gorbachov.

He may yet regret that he did not show more sensitivity to Russian national feelings in his statement on Germany. Russians don't like Germans — any kind of Germans, East or West. Russians and other Soviet citizens have been told repeatedly that German reunification would be very dangerous indeed — a united Germany (unless it were a communist Germany) would immediately plan and soon execute, a war of revenge.

Many Russians, perhaps most, probably believe that, or some of it. It makes more sense after all, than most of the things their rulers told them. Russians have, that is to say, over the years, been conditioned to associate the idea of a united Germany with the feeling of a threat on nationalists.

President Bush, in bringing home all those troops, obviously assumes to the Russian people that German unification is no longer dangerous, or why this should be so. It is obvious that

the united Germany to which Gorbachov gave the green light in his talks with Modrow will not be a communist Germany. ("Neutral," says Modrow, though Chancellor Kohl has rejected this stipulation.) So Russians saw Gorbachov as casually agreeing to something which they have always been told is very dangerous to them.

In the circumstances, Gorbachov is at risk, as of being felt to be a person so anxious to please Germans that he forgets about how Russians feel. In a time of rising nationalist feelings, that is an unfortunate impression to give.

It is not enough to say that Gorbachov cannot afford to offend nationalist feelings. In his situation he has to make a strong appeal to nationalist feelings if he is to survive. *Perestroika* has totally failed; *Glasnost* has blown the Soviet Union apart. What achievement can Gorbachov point to that can impress Russians? True, he gets on very well with foreigners, but that has never been a characteristic that makes a favourable impression on nationalists.

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Peter Brimelow

Witnesses to terror

New York

On snowy night years ago, shortly after I arrived in North America from Britain, I went with a young woman to a social function in Winnipeg, the Canadian prairie city where I was then living. I am sorry to say I neglected her. For she introduced me to the parents of friends. Their story absorbed me for most of the evening.

Heath's position, when he was prime minister, was never threatened. He agreed to the new system of re-electing the party leader after the election defeat in October, 1974, confident that it would strengthen his position. His shock at being toppled by Mrs Thatcher was so great that, when he disappeared to Spain, he hardly spoke for days to two worried supporters who had flown out to keep an eye on him. History shows that Conservative MPs as a constituency are loyal, and it is necessary to put the knife in.

Labour prime ministers have had a much easier ride. Attlee and Wilson went in their own time. For Wilson this was surprising, given his obsession with plots. The nearest to a Labour *putsch* was when an improbable troika of Herbert Morrison, Sir Stafford Cripps and Hugh Dalton — all political heavyweights — suggested that Attlee should stand aside in 1947. He refused, and nothing more was heard.

There can be a life after premiership. Balfour held many subsequent government posts, and Douglas-Home was foreign secretary between 1970 and 1974. Macmillan returned to the family publishing business and remained an active chancellor of Oxford University. Many recent prime ministers have signed lucrative contracts to write their memoirs. But most of them find life after Downing Street a let-down. They are deprived of the chauffeur-driven car, the support of the private office, the deference, and the opportunity to make things happen at their beck and call.

Of all former prime ministers, Edward Heath has been the most reluctant to settle for a quiet life. His mission increasingly appears to be to convince the world that his defeat in February 1974 was a great mistake for the party and the nation. Mrs Thatcher is 65 this year, older than Eden, Wilson, Heath and Sir Alec when they left office. All four had visibly lost either interest, or touch, or support, when they went. By contrast, there has been no falling off in energy, commitment ("There is so much to do," she still tells staff), or self-confidence. No other premier this century has enjoyed such personal success in electoral terms. Understandably, she thinks she has a hot line to the voters.

No prime minister wants to be seen to cut and run — or being "frit," in the Grantham vocabulary. But if Mrs Thatcher has any sense of history, she must soon be planning her swansong, to ensure it will be happier than that of most of her predecessors. The author is Professor of Politics at Nottingham University.

teacher that sugar was common before the Revolution. Another is of watching her mother and her aunt agreeing instantly to part forever after her uncle's deportation and death, fearing that further contact would attract informants and doom their children. Her uncle's crime: dressing a Christmas tree.

How insanely demanding it was, this communist Moloch. One telling detail: when the Germans first took Markova's home town of Feodosiya in 1941, "the Muslim mosques were cleansed, purified, and reopened to the faithful, as were the Christian churches... People began to cart to the marketplace things they reckoned they could barter... Seamstresses appeared in droves, carpenters walked from door to door, and shoemakers were welcomed with shouts of delight at every dwelling.

These occupations had all been previously forbidden to function, except under state supervision."

This suicidal repression of economic activity had been going on in the teeth of food shortages verging on famine. Pol Pot, in short, was not an aberration. The same manic streak ran through much better known cases of communism. It could not have been invisible to Western observers. Yet they stubbornly chose to see what Sidney and Beatrice Webb called "a new civilization".

Markova adds: "Jews — our Jews too — advertised their willingness to give instructions in the German language and in music... [and] registered with the German authorities as experienced watchmakers and cobblers."

"Our" Jews were some 1,000 locals, as opposed to the 3,000 "Communist Jews" who came and went with Soviet rule in this city of 250,000, giving its tyranny a little-noticed ethnic undertone. But stories of Nazi anti-Semitism were regarded by "our" Jews and everyone else as just more Soviet propaganda — until 98 special units arrived and "our" Jews were massacred.

Markova's story, however, has another twist, perhaps unexpected to my own war-comic generation. The Wehrmacht itself, she reports, was scrupulously disciplined. This was in dramatic contrast to the Red Army, which briefly retook Feodosiya amid appalling rape and murder of its own people. Even when the Germans returned and found their wounded massacred, their doctors continued to treat Soviet casualties impartially.

As Eastern Europe emerges from the Soviet snow, we could find, like a skeleton finally picked clean of all excrecence, the honour of the German army still intact. The honour of the Western allies, who tolerated the Stalinism, area bombing and forced repatriations graphically portrayed here, may be in rather more odorous condition.

One point that emerges quickly is the sheer scale and nightmare intensity of Stalin's purges. One of Markova's childhood memories is of inadvertently betraying her mother to a night of NKVD interrogation by remarking to a

On her 15th anniversary as Tory leader, Dennis Kavanagh offers

Mrs Thatcher sorry examples of premiers who clung to power



exit have been sudden, forced and sometimes undignified.

Only four have been unfrocked — Balfour (1905), Baldwin (1937), Churchill, more doubtfully (1955), and Wilson (1976).

Three (Asquith, Lloyd George and Chamberlain) were displaced after losing the confidence of a large number of colleagues. Three (Douglas-Home, Heath and Callaghan) were dismissed by the verdict of a general election. Five (Campbell-Bannerman, Bonar Law, MacDonald, Eden and Macmillan) retired on health grounds.

Macmillan, far from being unflappable, was a persistent worrier. He thought he might have to go if the debate on the government's handling of the Profumo affair went wrong. He left the Cabinet to discuss whether or not he should resign, in the interests of the party. No one moved against him. The

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AFRIKANER STATESMANSHIP

Statesmanship is not a word normally associated with the men who in pursuit of the myth of apartheid have for the last four decades led South Africa down the path of internal repression and international isolation. When Mr F. W. de Klerk rose to deliver his Opening of Parliament address in Cape Town yesterday, he had no contemporary models on which to draw.

Indeed, the last time a leader of South Africa's white tribe promised to rise to the occasions of statesmanship, his only memorable gesture was an admonitory finger poked in the eye of an expectant world. Yesterday, Mr P. W. Botha's far more courageous successor held out a firm but welcoming hand to those long imprisoned or exiled as enemies of the South African State — who must negotiate with him South Africa's emergence as a true democracy.

It is too early to know how eagerly or quickly that hand will be grasped. There are those within the African National Congress and in the internal movements who cling to the belief that "people power" will effect a simple transfer of power to the black majority without the tedium of talks. Others, recognizing a negotiating weakness in the divisions which plague the black opposition may play for time.

They will probably insist that Mr de Klerk, by not lifting the state of emergency in its entirety and by releasing only those political prisoners who have not been sentenced for acts of violence, has not met all the negotiating pre-conditions laid down in last year's Harare declaration. He has, however, done very much more than set the negotiating table with the cutlery demanded by the ANC and its allies.

It was a speech distinguished by a remarkable degree of candour and an absence of the glib if convoluted constitutional "solutions" so beloved by his predecessors — indeed, Mr de Klerk has referred the whole vexed question of the protection of minorities to the South African Law Commission. He has also seized much of the moral high ground once claimed by his opponents.

He has unbanned all proscribed political organizations (including the South African Communist Party). He has rolled back most of the emergency regulations and promised to end the state of emergency once peace returns, particularly to Natal, which has been torn by a bloody internecine strife between rival black

groups. He has suspended executions and reviewed South Africa's unhealthy attachment to the death penalty, and he has released all those who can justifiably be termed prisoners of conscience.

In doing all this, Mr de Klerk is clearly trying to meet two objectives systematically ignored by all his predecessors — to re-introduce the rule of law into the conduct of South African life and to introduce the principle of accountability into its politics. The burden of accountability now rests as heavily on the black opposition as it does on him.

By opening the door to the negotiating room and refusing to ban any demand from the agenda, by allowing all political organizations to express their views in free and vigorous debate, Mr de Klerk has effectively asked them to abandon the politics of street theatre and violent unrest for the serious business of mapping South Africa's future. They thus share with him the responsibility for the final lifting of the state of emergency and South Africa's peaceful transition to a free and open democracy.

This may not please the divided legions in Lusaka. With appropriate encouragement from Western leaders, however, (and given the Soviet Union's growing unwillingness to fund the "armed struggle") it is an invitation that should find increasingly hard to decline.

Mr Nelson Mandela should also find it difficult to decline his promised unconditional release. The delay in opening the gates of the Victor Verster prison was probably due as much to Mr de Klerk's unwillingness to share yesterday's spotlight as to "logistical concerns" for the prisoner's safety. If, however, Mr Mandela still wishes to negotiate the "terms" of his release, the South African Government should lose no time in issuing its now unwelcome tenant with an eviction order.

Yesterday Mr de Klerk did not merely abandon repression for free debate. He also went two-thirds of the way to granting all the ANC's pre-conditions. The time has thus come for Mr Mandela, his ANC colleagues and their internal supporters to go that other third to meet him in an act of reciprocal statesmanship. Equally, it is time for those who used sanctions to lever open the door to peaceful negotiations in South Africa to see to it that the door is not now slammed in Mr de Klerk's face.

ONE FATHERLAND

Two announcements made this week dissolved the tentative pictures of a future Germany which were being sketched by many hands. Now the blueprints have to be drawn again.

President Bush's speech setting the future number of American troops in Europe at 195,000 and Prime Minister Modrow's endorsement of full reunification considerably increase the urgency with which both European politico-military alliances have to consider not just the future of the next decades but of the next few months. Western strategy for the future has to take full account of two realities which it is beyond any power to affect: the unenforceability of Western restraints against reunification if the Germans decide in favour of it, and the historic rivalry between Germany and the Soviet Union.

Mr Modrow did not simply propose reunification: he said that Germany should be militarily neutral. Since he broke this new ground immediately after a consultation with Mr Gorbachov, it can be assumed that the change has Moscow's approval or encouragement. The Soviet leader himself had set the ball rolling with his most open acceptance of reunification to date at the beginning of this week. A trade-off between reunification and neutrality will no doubt be presented by the Soviet Union as simplifying several dilemmas. In truth the offer is both dangerous and complicating.

The danger arises principally from the fact that in an ideal world several separate processes — the collapse of East Germany, arms reduction negotiations, the construction of a new security "architecture" for Europe — would march in step with each other. In this imperfect one, events in East Germany are outstripping all else.

This means that the four occupation powers face an urgent task in attempting to find some temporary arrangements which — while we wait for a more permanent pan-European settlement — do not frustrate German self-determination while easing the maximum

possible Soviet withdrawal. It is not necessarily possible for Nato simply to wait for East Germany to subside into the present alliance: the presence of Soviet forces and the risk of unrest make such a neat solution unlikely.

Herr Genscher, the West German Foreign Minister, this week rehearsed a proposal also advanced by Dr Henry Kissinger: that as reunification proceeded, the territory that is now East Germany should be neutral while the Nato forces in the present West Germany remain as they are. The speech was notably short of detail but reassuring: it took as given active West German continuance in Nato.

The governing Mayor of Berlin has just been in Paris and London to promote the idea that, while civil reunification proceeds, the principles of the four-power agreement for Berlin could be extended. The advantages would be a reassuring stability for the major powers involved and a first step in the reduction of the Soviet military presence east of the Elbe. But it is open to question how this would go down with a West German electorate already chafing at the presence of outside powers, and the Soviet reaction is unknown.

The deliberations of West Germany's allies take place as a federal election campaign gathers pace and while civil authority and the skilled workforce in East Germany drain away. The intermediate schemes currently in the air all assume firm West German adhesion to Nato and outright rejection of the Modrow proposal of neutrality for an entire reunified Germany as a condition of reunification.

With an SPD victory in the federal election at the end of this year and its candidate, Herr Oskar Lafontaine, as Chancellor, that assumption could not be automatic. The British Government, while it should work to fill the gap left where a German policy should be, ought to avoid doing anything which harms the survival chances of the present CDU-FDP coalition. The Foreign Secretary, who makes a major speech in Bonn on Tuesday, faces a large and delicate task.

Drinking and driving

From Sir Ian Lloyd, MP for Havant (Conservative)

Sir, The MORI survey summarised in *The Times* on January 25 has produced evidence to suggest a wide divergence between the attitude towards the realities of the drunk-driving problem of the public, the Government, Parliament, and the police. It will re-open the debate on appropriate methods of dealing with the problem at a time when the Government has announced that it proposes to "encourage chief officers of police to use their powers to the full in the enforcement of the law relating to drinking and driving" (Hansard, January 24).

Parliament has not made it an offence to drink and drive. If it is dangerous, then the limit should be lowered after proper consideration of the many complex factors involved. That judgment is a matter for the House of Commons and a change of substance should not be a consequence of an instruction to chief constables to be more zealous in their enforcement of the law.

The consequences of failing a breath test at any limit are already so serious that responsible motorists have every right to employ any sensible means to ensure that they are not a danger to the public or

themselves. This calls for a reversal of the present police hostility towards the ownership or use of a private or public breath-tester, as has become common practice in Australia and California.

A risk-free society is incompatible with civil liberty in the broadest sense of that term. Nor is it either practicable or desirable that the motor vehicle should ever be regarded as an appropriate instrument for the enforcement, effectively, of prohibition. Any such attempt would fail here even more abysmally than it did in the United States.

Yours sincerely,
IAN LLOYD,
House of Commons.

From Mrs Merle E. Corbett
Sir, Today's results of the MORI poll for Lex Service on driving at-

titudes made interesting reading. Yesterdays I was subjected to considerable harassment by four youths in a large car. After a deal of gesturing, horn-blowing, etc., they drove at great speed through a residential area. They found this very amusing and I assumed they were drunk or otherwise incapable.

I noted the car number and rang the Thames Valley Police. I was told that nothing could be done as I was alone in my car and therefore could not produce an independent witness.

Yours faithfully,
MERLE E. CORBETT,
5 Astor Close,
Winchmore,
Wokingham, Berkshire.
January 25.

Learning to read

From Mrs K. R. Jemmett

Sir, Douglas Broome's article on dyslexia (Education, January 22) evoked strong feelings of *déjà vu* for me. As a pupil taught to read in the early 40s, I do not remember any of my peers, even the least intelligent of us, experiencing difficulty using an approach based initially on phonetics and the sounds formed by groups of letters.

Ultimately, of course, one progresses into a "look and say"

mode, but I have never understood modern primary teachers' fierce opposition to a visually phonetic approach, since the "look-say" method commences with the pupil in a vacuum.

Has the modern approach created a generation of dyslexics who might have fared better on the old regime?

Yours faithfully,
KATE JEMMETT,
Kiln Field, Puttenham,
Guilford, Surrey.
January 24.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

UK attitude to Dalai Lama

From Lord Ennals and others

Sir, Though martial law has been lifted in Beijing, it is still ruthlessly imposed in Lhasa. Yet last month when we asked in a Lords debate whether, if the exiled Tibetan leader, HH the Dalai Lama, were to visit Britain, a minister would meet him, we were astonished and saddened to hear the answer from the Government front bench that no minister would be permitted to do so.

We are unaware of any other occasion when her Majesty's Government has refused to meet a Nobel prize-winner. Indeed, we know that others, such as Lech Wałęsa, Archbishop Tutu, and Andrei Sakharov, were received with enthusiasm. Conversely, the Prime Minister has not been afraid to receive leaders who have followed paths not at all associated with peace and of representatives of opposition groups. Examples are leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization, the African National Congress, and the Cambodian resistance.

The British Government justifies its treatment of the latest Nobel Laureate as some sort of international pariah by saying that a meeting with him would "be open to misinterpretation". It is an answer that smacks more of fear than of caution. Presidents and prime ministers in Norway, Costa Rica, and Mexico have not been afraid to receive the Dalai Lama, in spite of the threats from Beijing. He is visiting Prague this week, at the invitation of a Government tasting its first weeks of democracy and of a president new to his high office.

As the winds of change blow across Europe, should we not remember that these movements were led by people and politicians who have stood up, unafraid, for democracy and freedom? Is there not something here from which the British Government should learn in its future dealings with Beijing? When change comes in China, as it is bound to do sooner or later, people will recall those who gave support to the freedom movement and those who refused to do so.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID ENNALIS,
AVEBURY,
DIANA ELLES,
JANE EWART-BIGGS,
MERSEY,
DAVID WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE,
House of Lords.
January 23.

BBC arts policy

From Mr Leslie Megohey

Sir, There are curious misapprehensions detectable behind Sheridan Morley's two-weeks-in-a-row argument (January 20, 27) about BBC Television's arts policy. Bewilderingly, he dismisses *The Late Show* from his observations about our coverage of topical arts issues. Yet that is the main brief of the series.

Last week the programme featured a debate on Gary Taylor's provocative new book on Shakespeare, a film on the rehanging of the Tate Gallery, a feature on the playwright Howard Barker, and an expose of the *Prima Hals* controversy which was handsomely recognised elsewhere in your pages. None of this seems to be otherwise *avant-garde*.

Mr Morley appears similarly confused about *Arena*, lamenting its conversion from a "general arts programme" to a wilfully random series. But it always was unashamedly eclectic, which is how it made its name, won its five Bafta (British Academy of Film and Television Arts) awards, and can continue to produce work of the quality of last week's *Obolomos*.

Mr Morley seems to think *Arena* has replaced *Omnibus*. *Omnibus* runs on BBC 1 in the autumn, *Arena* on BBC 2 from January to May. For further study of our arts policy, I refer Mr Morley to the other 300 hours plus of arts documentary and performance which we will be transmitting this year.

Yours faithfully,
LESLIE MEGOHEY
(Head of Music and Arts),
BBC Television,
Wood Lane, W12.
January 31.

Cleaning up London

From Mr Peter Johnson

Sir, I do not wish to become embroiled in the internecine struggles of Westminster City Council (letters, Councillors Segal and Dimondberg, January 26 and 30 respectively). However, it is worth pointing out that at the time Westminster invited tenders for its refuse collection and cleaning service Cory Onyx Limited simply did not exist. Indeed, we established it as a response to the paucity of competent contractors operating in this marketplace.

Through its environmental division Cory Onyx's parent company, Ocean Group plc, has in fact been providing waste-management services to the people of London in partnership with local government for more than 60 years. Annually we transport and dispose of 500,000 tonnes of the capital's household refuse.

The boroughs of Hammersmith and Fulham, Kensington and Chelsea, Lambeth, Tower Hamlets, and Wandsworth are the beneficiaries of our commercialised barge-transportation system. These long-term contracts, and others before them, were of course secured as a result of highly in-

'Catch 22' if postal monopoly ends

From the General Secretary of the Union of Communication Workers

Sir, Your leading article (February 2) discussing the possibility of the ending of the Post Office's monopoly on letter delivery should cause widespread alarm amongst the general public, especially people living in outlying or rural areas.

Even free marketers, anxious to privatise the Post Office, agree that the universal tariff first introduced by Rowland Hill in 1840 would have to go if the letter monopoly was abolished. That would mean differential pricing according to distance or ease of access.

As private operators would be interested in creaming off more profitable inter-city and urban traffic, the Post Office could only compete by dropping its present cross-subsidy for outlying deliveries which totals about 6 per cent of turnover, or £180 million.

Removal of the rural subsidy would force the price of a stamp for rural collections or deliveries up to a 75p range. (The alternative is to reduce still further the service's revenue.)

Although that would be the inevitable consequence of simply ending the letter monopoly, this would also be the result if the Government simply decided to reduce the £1 limit under which private couriers cannot handle letters.

Postal workers are not afraid of competition, but the public will suffer unless the competition is on a level playing field. If Mr Ridley (report, February 1) retains the basic monopoly but gradually erodes it simply by reducing the £1

limit, private companies are again going to opt only for profitable traffic — a special next-day service for urban deliveries at, say, 50p.

To be consistent, the Government must require competitors to have the same obligations of delivery and collection to all parts of the UK at the same price.

Our members are just as dissatisfied with existing levels of service as everyone else. We want to provide the public with the reliable, guaranteed next-day service which once made the British Post Office the envy of the world. But that requires investment — in modernising antiquated Victorian sorting offices and in staff resources (turnover amongst postmen is over 50 per cent in some areas in the South-east and recruitment is very difficult because of low earnings).

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Continuing quest for church unity

From Lady Thwaites

Sir, Canon John Reynolds (January 27) must be challenged when he says that "unity in all our churches is a matter of degree". Catholics believe that one holy, catholic and apostolic Church already exists and, according to Vatican II, this Church is "a sign and instrument of communion with God and of unity among all men", a unity which "subsists in the Church as something she can never lose", whereas "other churches are not blessed with that unity".

These unequivocal statements can be softened by other references from the council's decrees but not denied. Thus a unique unity is claimed which is expressed in Holy Communion and which logically excludes those who do not share the same faith.

For Catholics, then, full unity is a ship which, while in need of constant renovation, is none the less a ship to be boarded, not one to be built, and the obligation to preserve that unity can hardly be regarded by them as less grave than the duty to achieve it.

It seems to be the case that there are two kinds of unity; the first is well defined by Canon Reynolds as a "reconciled diversity" and is to be welcomed as such. But within this wider, looser unity of Christians as a whole there is a formal unity in which Christ's authority is not only acknowledged but also *locates* as operating in and through a particular church. It is this visible, audible, living authority which is believed to be the necessary principle of true and abiding unity.

In any case, attempts to seek agreement for its own sake, or to signify it where it is not in truth to be found, are doomed to failure. Instead of moaning about the status quo, therefore, would it not be better gladly to continue together the harmonious search, already well in hand, for a greater understanding of the truth in which alone we can be made one?

Yours faithfully,
ALAN TUFFIN,
General Secretary,
Union of Communication Workers,
U.C.W. House, Crescent Lane, SW4.
February 2.

Crisis in Caucasus

From the Director General of the International Centre for Islamic Studies

Sir, The Ambassador of the Soviet Union, giving his view of Moscow's military action in Azerbaijan (January



COURT AND SOCIAL

COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
February 2: This evening The Princess Royal, Patron, United Kingdom/New Zealand 1990 Organisation, attended the Waitangi Day Dinner at Grosvenor House, Park Lane. Her Royal Highness was attended by Mrs Andrew Fielden.

KENSINGTON PALACE
February 2: The Princess of Wales, Patron, British Deaf Association, attended a lunch to mark the Centenary Year at the Mansion House, EC4. Miss Anne Bent-Smith and Mr Richard Arbiter were in attendance.

Luncheon

Newspaper Conference: Professor Roland Smith, Chairman of British Aerospace, was the guest of honour and speaker at the annual luncheon of the Newspaper Conference held yesterday at the London International Press Centre. Mr Frederick Hackworth, chairman of the conference, presided.

Inner Temple

The Princess Royal has been elected a Royal Bachelor of the Inner Temple.

Birthdays

TODAY: Sir Anthony Almey, obstetrician and gynaecologist, 68; Miss Gillian Ayres, painter, 60; Mr Val Doonican, singer, 61; Viscount Dumville, 55; Air Chief Marshal Sir John Gingell, 65; Sir Edgar Keating, former MP and company director, 85; Mr James L. Munro, author, 83; Miss Diane O'Farrell, marketing director, Barbican Centre, 52; Miss Elaine Padmore, opera singer and director, 43; Brigadier the Hon Dame Mary Pihl, former director, WRAC, 74; Professor Sir Alexander Robertson, veterinarian, 82; Lord Sherfield, 86; Mr Rev Derek Worlock, Archbishop of Liverpool, 70.

Dinners

New Zealand Society
The Princess Royal was a speaker at the annual dinner of the New Zealand Society held last night at Grosvenor House, to mark the anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi. Mrs Jan Harvey, president, welcomed the guests and read messages from The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, patron of the society, and the Prime Minister of New Zealand. Mr Noel Scott, Minister without Portfolio for New Zealand, also spoke. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Westminster attended. Among others present were:

The High Commissioner for New Zealand and Miss Anne MacPherson, and Lady Tessa, Member of Parliament for the City of London, Workers of the World's Company, and Mr David Kirk.

Farmers' Company
Dr W.D. Taverner, Master of the Farmers' Company, presided, assisted by Mr T.P.M. Neilligan, Upper Warden, Mr J.G. Banksam, Middle Warden, and Sir Gordon Shattock. Renter Warden, at a dinner held last night at Founders' Hall, Mr R.J.D. Thompson, Assistant Master, Rev W.J.D. Down, Bishop of Bermuda, also spoke. Among others present were:

Mr A.M. Grimes, Rev M.C. Cranwell, racing liaison executive, Head Venerable, Revd Canon The Vicar, Troon, Royal Horse Artillery, and a number of guests.

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Mr A.M. Grimes, Rev M.C. Cranwell,

ANNOUNCEMENTS & PERSONAL

For I am certain that nothing can separate us from Christ, neither death nor life, neither angels nor powers, neither the present nor the future.

Romans 8:38

BIRTHS

APLIN - On January 28th, to Joanna (née Wood) and Peter, a daughter, Sophie.

BATES - See Davison.

CANTON - On February 1st, 1990, to Louise (née Ewart) and Nicholas, a son.

CORCORAN - On January 31st, 1990, at Hertford County Hospital, a son, Christopher (née Anne) and Tony, a daughter.

DAWSON - On January 23rd, 1990, to Christina (née Betts) and David, a son, Miles Edward Peter.

FYFE - On February 1st, 1990, in Melbourne, Australia, to Caroline (née Bellers), and Richard, a daughter, Elizabeth Victoria, a sister for Charles.

JONES - On January 27th, peacefully, at New Victoria Hospital, Patricia and Mark, much loved parents of Gaby. Funeral Service at St Mary's Church, Elmwood, February 7th at 1.30 pm. Burial followed by a service at All Saints Cemetery, Broadstone, 2pm. Flowers to F. Paine, 11 High Street, Hampton Hill.

PATRICK - On February 1st, peacefully, at St. George's Hospital, Dearly loved wife, Directr Palmer and Dearly loved son of Alastair and Caroline. Funeral service at 2pm on Friday 7th at St George's Minster, Kirkdale. Powers only please. Donations to Friends of St George's Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

MAGNUS - On January 26th, 1990, to Judith (née John) and David, a daughter, Emma Elizabeth.

PORCHETTA - On January 30th, suddenly, Prusimia M.A., Funeral Service to be held in London, Scotland. Family flowers only, but donations if desired to Friends of Alzheimers.

PRING - On January 30th, his hon. son, Nicola Amu, Beloved Foster, at 70, will be sadly missed by Robert Pring-Mill, Brighton, friends, and family.

WESTON - On January 31st, 1990, in Jersey, to Sarah and Michael, a son, Oliver Tarquin Merlin.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES

MELLOR-CONSTANT - On

February 3rd 1940, at St Mary's, Alverstone, by the Rev. Mr. Walter Page Mellor. Vernon Geddes to Betty.

DEATHS

BURNINGHAM - On February 1st, at home in Harrogate, Trudy, dearly loved wife of Arthur Burningham, Service at the Crematorium, Wednesday February 7th at 12.30 pm. No flowers please, donations to the British Heart Foundation.

GLASS - On February 1st,

peacefully, at St. George's Hospital, London, to Lynette (née McPhie) and Stephen, Lester and Linda.

WILLIAMS - On January 31st, 1990, in Jersey, to Sarah and Michael, a son, Oliver Tarquin Merlin.

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARIES

MELLOR-CONSTANT - On

February 3rd 1940, at St

Mary's, Alverstone, by the

Rev. Mr. Walter Page Mellor. Vernon Geddes to Betty.

HUFFAT

Her had changed

pins but had

not been for imag-

es. In addition

she was never

seen again.

He had been

SATURDAY'S TELEVISION AND RADIO

A quip for all seasons

TELEVISION CHOICE

Peter Waymark

Even if he did nothing but face the cameras and grunt, a television interview by Marlon Brando would be an event. Brando's appearances on the small screen have become even rarer than his films. When he was finally entrapped last year by the American newscaster Connie Chung, he had not graced the box for 16 years. There must have been times when Chung wished she had never bothered. Brando (Channel 4, 10.15pm) is not so much an interview, more a contest between an ageing overweight and a nimble flyweight in which Chung's quick footwork manages to keep her out of trouble. But even when, as happens often, he declines to answer the questions, Brando is still excellent value.



Excellent value: Marlon Brando talks to Connie Chung (Channel 4, 10.15pm)

Looking like a physical parody of Orson Welles, he has the quip for all seasons. Asked why he has not worked for nine years, he says he has spent the time watching ants going up and down his sink. Invited to say something about his new baby, he tells Ms Chung there is nothing more unsettling to the stomach than watching actors on television talking about their private lives. Chung does not always help matters. Her attempt to label him a "great" actor who made "great" films are rightly scorned. Brando affects much spurious indignation but now and again erupts into genuine anger, as when discussing his abortive attempt to make a film about the "genocides" of the American Indians. He is not best pleased, either, with the cuts to his latest film, *A Dry White Season*, his fee for which — \$3.3 million, plus 11 per cent of the profits — he is giving to the anti-apartheid movement. During the bleak winter of 1946-47 the British newsreel cameraman Peter Hopkinson was in the Byelorussian capital of Minsk, recording scenes of a war-devastated city for the United Nations relief organization. Many buildings had been flattened, the people were starving and 80 per cent of their diet was being supplied through the UN. The most stirring of Hopkinson's footage was of the city's orphans, children trying to rebuild their lives. In *Orphans of Minsk* (Channel 4, 3.30pm), Hopkinson catches up with some of them, confronts them with celluloid images of their younger selves and elicits their hopes and fears as the Soviet Union embarks on a restructuring which may turn out to be little less traumatic than that of 1946.

BBC 1

12.00 Commonwealth Games. Steve Rider introduces action from the last night of the Games, including highlights of the men's 1,500m final. At 6.30am there is coverage of the closing ceremony.

9.00 Going Live! With Sarah Greene and Philip Schofield. They are joined by sports guru Esther Rantzen and Coronation detective Peter Davison. Plus live music from Technikonic's Ya Kid K, another chapter in the continuing search for the Talented Teacher and Philip Hodson with advice for teenagers at 12.12 Weather.

12.15 Grandstand introduced by Desmond Lynam. The line-up is (subject to alteration): 12.20am, *Common Games*: highlights of the men's 1,500m, the men's 4x400m relay, the sprint relays, three field events, road race cycling and judo; 12.55 News; 1.00 and 1.15 *Skiing*: men's downhill from Chamonix; 1.35 Rugby Union: live coverage of the game in Paris between France and England. The commentators are Nigel Sturmer, Stan and Bill Beaumont; and live second half action from Dublin in the game between Ireland and Scotland described by Bill McLaren; 4.45 Football results.

5.05 News with Moira Stuart. **Weather**. **5.15 Regional News and Sport.**

5.30 The Flying Doctors: Give a Dog a Bad Name. An elderly couple travelling around the Outback are found maimed and suspicion falls on three young men from a visiting carnival. Starring Robert Grubbs. (Ceefax)

6.05 Jim'll Fix It. Jimmy Savile makes house calls for some more youngsters, including Caroline Williams, who gets to dance with Ben of Curiosity Killed the Cat, and Keith Atwood, who, after being told so often that he was worth his weight in gold, decides to find out exactly how much that comes to. (Ceefax)

6.10 Little and Large. The two crusaders return in a new series of comedy and carry-on capers, joined by special guests Hilary O'Neill, Russell Grant and Marika. (Ceefax)

7.15 Paul Daniels' Magic Show. Paul Daniels' daredevil act is joined by American side-buddies duo Diane and Primo and Canadian Nitroplane walkers Agatha and Antoine. (Ceefax)

8.00 Waterfront Beat. Local journalist Gerry Darcy refuses to reveal his source when the squad suspects that someone is tipping him off about their investigations; and Jackington and Morgan are called to a disciplinary hearing over the Harland Case. Starring Eileen McCooey and Deon Williamson. (Ceefax)

8.30 News and Sport. With Michael Buerk. Weather.

9.10 Midnight Caller: Someone to Love. Radio chat-show host Jack Killian returns to his ex-girlfriend as she approaches the final stages of her fight against AIDS, and helps her use the station to publicize the lack of state care and medicine for AIDS sufferers. But will the amateur stress prove too much for Jack? (Ceefax)

10.00 Dave Allen: Dave Allen with another collection of pithy observations about the human race.

10.30 Commonwealth Games. Steve Rider introduces highlights of 10 days of competition from Australia.

11.30 European Figure Skating Championships from Leningrad. Alan Weston introduces action from the first discipline which includes two young British couples from Slough, Lynn Davies and Andrew Pilkington, and Alan Hall and Jason Blomfield, competing at this level for the first time.

12.00 Film: *The Hot One* (1978) starring Mark Hamill and Annie Potts.

Comedy drama about a high school student who has his most treasured possession, a Corvette sports car, stolen. His investigations eventually lead him to Los Angeles and the discovery of an underground hot car network. Directed by Matthew Robbins.

1.40am Weather

4.30 European Figure Skating

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1.40am Weather

4.30 Commonwealth Games.

Steve Rider introduces highlights of 10 days of competition from Australia.

5.00 News with Fiona Armstrong.

5.15 LWT Weather.

6.30 Aspel and Company. Michael Aspel's guests this evening are *Max & Max* and *Lethal Weapon* star Mel Gibson, actress Jacqueline Bisset and music supremo superfan Quincy Jones.

11.05 Today's Story: Soldiers. Drama series about a group of new US Army recruits serving in Vietnam.

12.00 Saturday Night at the Movies.

Tony Slattery returns for a new series of film reviews and news. In tonight's programme, Sylvester Stallone talks about his tough screen image which he has tried to change in his two latest films *Lock Up* and *Tango and Cash*. There are reviews of *Black Rain* starring Michael Douglas, and Sam Shepard's *Far North* starring Jessica Lange and a discussion about the blip of *Cold Steel*.

12.30 News: This evening's saga of the Tates and the Campbells (1).

1.00 Golden Globe Awards. The film awards that are sometimes rated as second only to the Oscars. They often provide a clue to who will win Hollywood's most important awards later in the year.

3.00 American College Football.

Alabama v Vanderbilt.

5.00 ITN Morning News with Richard Barth. Ends at 6.00

6.00 News and Weather.

7.00 World Service.

8.00 German Features.

News on the half-hour from 2.30am until 12.30pm, then at 2.00, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30pm.

9.00am Tim Smith 7.60 Liz and Jonathan 1.00pm Dave Lee Travis 1.00pm Adrian Just 2.00pm John Mottram 2.30pm Journeyman. Richard Stilgoe traces the musical roots of Eric Clapton (see Choice 3.00). The Saturday Sequence 7.00 Andy Peebles and Tim Train 8.30 The Great Composers 8.30 The Night Owls 10.30 The Night Owls Night (see Choice 7.30-8.30). The Saturday Rock Show 9.00am The Saturday Rock Show.

10.00 News: Sport 4.05 Dave Burgess 5.00 Graham Knight 8.05 David Jacobs 8.30 Sounds of the Sixties 10.00 Anne Robinson 12.00 Gerald Harper 1.30pm Pull the Other One 2.00 Robin Ray on Record 3.00 10.00 11.00 News & Sport 12.00 Cole — Let's Do It 4.00 Cross 2.00 Beat the Record 7.30 Saturday Night 9.00 These Beautiful Ballads 10.00 9.30 String Sound 10.05 Martha Keifer 12.00 Night Owls 1.00 Nigrande 3.00 A Little Night Music

11.00 News: Sport 4.05 News About Britain 5.15 BBC English 4.20 Nachrichten 4.40 German 4.45 French 4.55 Italian 4.55 Spanish 4.55 Welsh 4.55 Northern 4.55 Welsh 4.55 New Zealand 5.00 News 6.24 Hours 7.00 News 7.24 Hours 8.00 News 8.24 Hours 9.00 News 9.24 Hours 10.00 News 10.24 Hours 11.00 News 11.24 Hours 12.00 News 12.24 Hours 1.00 News 1.24 Hours 2.00 News 2.24 Hours 3.00 News 3.24 Hours 4.00 News 4.24 Hours 5.00 News 5.24 Hours 6.00 News 6.24 Hours 7.00 News 7.24 Hours 8.00 News 8.24 Hours 9.00 News 9.24 Hours 10.00 News 10.24 Hours 11.00 News 11.24 Hours 12.00 News 12.24 Hours 1.00 News 1.24 Hours 2.00 News 2.24 Hours 3.00 News 3.24 Hours 4.00 News 4.24 Hours 5.00 News 5.24 Hours 6.00 News 6.24 Hours 7.00 News 7.24 Hours 8.00 News 8.24 Hours 9.00 News 9.24 Hours 10.00 News 10.24 Hours 11.00 News 11.24 Hours 12.00 News 12.24 Hours 1.00 News 1.24 Hours 2.00 News 2.24 Hours 3.00 News 3.24 Hours 4.00 News 4.24 Hours 5.00 News 5.24 Hours 6.00 News 6.24 Hours 7.00 News 7.24 Hours 8.00 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Hours 1.00 News 1.24 Hours 2.00 News 2.24 Hours 3.00 News 3.24 Hours 4.00 News 4.2

The art of making money

RADIO CHOICE

Peter Waymark

"Art," says Thomas Hoving, the former director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, "is money, sex, social-climbing fantastic." He adds that the playing of the art market by the rich is "one of the really disgusting sides of contemporary laissez-faire capitalist society." His view is endorsed by Sir James Goldsmith, who calls the Paul Getty museum at Malibu the ego-trip of a dying man scavenging the past for his own glory. The quotations come from Anthony Sampson's *The Miles Touch* (BBC2, 8.40pm), which tonight is devoted to a lively survey of art and money from the Medicis to the Japanese businessman who paid £2½ million at Christie's for Van Gogh's "Sunflowers". Along the way the programme takes in Scrooge and a psycho-analyst who contrives to connect art, money and power with a child's potty training. The ironic last word must go to the late Andy Warhol, who insisted that money making was an art form and, to prove it, painted pictures of dollar bills which are being sold for yet more money.



Yves Coe: the mystery buyer of Van Gogh's "Sunflowers" (BBC2, 8.40pm)

RADIO CHOICE

Peter Davall

Considering that it's about the Land of Song, Down Your Way (Radio 4, LW, 5.00pm) is alarmingly short on music. I counted 30 seconds of Adelina Patti and 45 of Max Boyce, plus a few harp plucks. Never mind, less music means more Sian Phillips and the actress, returning to her native heath in the Amman Valley, South Wales, is delightful company to be in as she and we find out why bubbles are added to bottled Welsh water; why canaries are unemployed at a drab mine, and who the legendary rugby player is who, as a lad, whizzed through the kitchen scaring imaginary terrors... Despite its early slot (7.15am), I am addicted to Radio 4's *On Your Farm* with its informative and friendly chats round the breakfast table.

RADIO 1

RADIO 2

WORLD SERVICE

FM Stereo and MW
News on the half-hour from
6.30am until 12.30pm, then at
1.30, 4.30, 7.30, 9.30pm
8.00 Tim Smith 7.30 Liz and
Tim with Liz Kershaw and Tim
Smith 9.30 Dave Lee Travis
12.30am Pick of the Pops with
Alan Freeman 9.30 Scruples presented
by Simon Mayo 10.30
Presto 11.30 Saturday Show
8.30 Andy Kenward 11.30
12.30am Bob Harris on Sunday

RADIO 3

6.30am Open University (PM only)
6.45 Weather and News
Headlines
7.00 Journeys and Places:
Kodak (Sole), Harry Jones:
Berlin Radio Symphony
Orchestra under Ferenc
Fritsch; Vaughan Williams
(Percussion); John Llewellyn:
London Symphony
Orchestra under Boult)
7.30 News
7.30 Concert Choice:
Ockeghem (Mass
polyphony); Hilliard
Ensemble; Rautavaara
(Cantus Sacra); Komets
Chorus under Perle
Peckham; Debussy
(Arabesque No 1 in D;
Danse Adm); Hoffmeister
(Flute Concerto in D;
English Chamber Orchestra
under Dennis Leonard,
with Ingrid Davies (flute);
Johann (What a Curse for a
Woman is a Tired Man;
Orchestra of St Luke's
under David Zinman, with
Dawn Upshaw, soprano);
Respiatti (Church Windows;
Prima Veras under
Giovanni Sartori)
7.30 Music Monday with Michael
Oliver. Aspects of Bariford;
Two recent biographies are
reviewed by David Charlton;
the tenor Robert Tear in
conversation; and Simon
Broughton reports on the
folk music of Transcarpathia.
11.15 Edward Downes conducts
the BBC Philharmonic
Orchestra. Walter Gallo
Conductor; Sarah
Shayler, soprano, Ein
Hänselchen
12.30am Piano Trio: Yuval Trio
performs Haydn (Trio in E
minor, KV 127; Brahms
(Trio in B, Op 8))
1.30 Poet of the Month: Four
poems by New Zealander
James K. Baxter are read
by fellow countrywoman,
poet Fleur Adcock
Rubinstein on Record with
Graham Shefield. The
pianist performs Pela
Night in the gardens of
Spain; with the Philadelphia
Orchestra under Eugene
Ormandy; Faure (Nocturne
in A flat, French Suite;
Symphonic Variations of
the Air with Walsheen);
Albéniz (Tannhäuser and
Catalan); Faure (Piano
Quintet in C minor, Op 15;
Members of Guernsey

RADIO 4

6.00am Open University (PM
only)
6.45 Weather and News
Headlines
7.00 Journeys and Places:
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Quintet in C minor, Op 15;
Members of Guernsey

SUNDAY'S TELEVISION AND RADIO

Compiled by Peter Dear
and Gillian Maxey

BBC 1

7.10 Open University
6.30 Melodrama (r)
8.15 Article of Faith (r) 8.30 This is the Day from Gibratlar
10.00 Sunday (r) 10.30 Buongiorno Italian for beginners (r) 10.30 Europeans. Chantal Guérard talks to the first gypsy member of the European Parliament (r)
11.30 Spelling It Out (r) (Ceefax)
11.30 Step Up to Ward Power. (Ceefax) 11.30 Safer Advice on photographing animals (r). (Ceefax)
12.00 See Hear Magazine for the deaf and hard-of-hearing
12.30 Country File. Anne Brown reports on the simmering salmonella controversy 12.30 Weather
1.00 News with Fiona Stuart. Followed by The Recipe, Family Loans? Jennifer Dingley talks to John MacGregor, Secretary of State for Education, about the controversial student loan scheme 2.00 EastEnders (r). (Ceefax)
3.00 International Snooker. The first of eight days' coverage of the Benson and Hedges Masters from the Wembley Conference Centre, introduced by David Bates
3.05 The Clothes Show. Selina Scott goes to the men who redesigned the high-street. Next: David George Davies - about his comeback and revamp of ASDA's clothing and footwear ranges. Jeff Banks announces this year's Clothes Show Dream Bride choice.
3.30 Antiques Roadshow from Leominster, Herefordshire. (Ceefax)
4.15 It Doesn't Have to Hurt Painless exercise (Ceefax)
4.25 News with Fiona Stuart. Weather
4.45 Songs of Praise from the Playa Mai Pas, Benidorm (Ceefax)
7.15 You Rang, Mr Lord? Upstars. Downstairs comedies (Ceefax)
8.05 Bergman's Story of Evil. Jersey detective Jim Bergman investigates when one of the island's chief men is terrorized but refuses to help the police with their investigations. Starring John Nettles, Geoffrey Palmer and Terence Alexander. (Ceefax)
8.30 Mastermind. Magnus Magnusson introduces tonight's four contestants from St Andrews' University in Scotland. Their specialist subjects are the Stonehenge, the Celts, Scotland, 1371-1603, the Five and works of Somerville and Ross; the apostle Paul; and the Para Handy tales and Glasgow stories of Neil Munro.
8.30 That's Life! Esther Ramzon and the rest of the team with more investigations, reports and a weekly look at the more humorous side of life.
10.15 News with Michael Buerk. Weather
10.30 Evergreen: A Land of Our Own. New Zealand celebrates its 150th anniversary this week, but the Maori chiefs who signed the Treaty of Waitangi with Britain feel they have been cheated of their homeland and betrayed by the failure of the treaty to guarantee their rights to a piece of land. The film examines two family stories: the case of Charles Royal, a Maori whose ancestors came to the island before the Norman Conquest, and John McDonald, the descendant of a Welsh tenant farmer who came to New Zealand in the 18th century with the promise of cheap farming land.
11.30 International Snooker. Further coverage of the first day of the Benson and Hedges Masters tournament at the Wembley Conference Centre.
12.45am Blacklist. Continuing the Indian drama. Episode five and Rajakishan is thrown out, along with her mother and sister. (In Hindi with English subtitles) (r)
1.30 Weather

ITV LONDON

6.00 am begins with News and Good Morning Moment presented by Ulrika Jonsson: 7.00 It's Stardust, Alvin Stardust with a selection of songs and stories about clothes.
8.00 David Frost on Sunday. The guests include David Mellor and the Duke of Norfolk. The newspapers are reviewed by Ned Sherrin and Eve Pollard
8.25 The Disney Club presented by Andrea Boardman, Gordon Ingalls and John Eccleston.
8.45 Link. Peter White talks to disabled activists about political representation.
11.00 Morning Worship from St Luke's Greek Orthodox Church in Newcastle upon Tyne.
12.00 News. The work done by chaplains of the continental Church Society who accompany older people on Thomson's long winter holidays in Spain.
12.30 My Little Pony. Cartoon adventures 12.45 Police 5 with Shaw Taylor 12.55 LWT News and Weather
1.00 News with Fiona Armstrong. Weather
1.10 Weather includes an interview with Mike Tyson and a report on the High Street crisis caused by the down-turn in consumer spending
2.00 McCloud: Give Me Reggae to Broadway. Marshal Sam McCloud investigates an explosion in which a fellow officer has been killed while covering a duty for him. Was McCloud's colleague killed in his sleep?
3.30 The Match. Tottenham Hotspur vs Norwich City from White Hart Lane. The commentator is Alan Parry. Also featured are goals from the weekend's other First Division matches.
5.35 Bullseye. Winchman Paul "Chox" Barton outlines to ramblers the dangers that can await the unprepared climber or walker. Weather 6.00 LWT News and Weather
6.40 Highway. Sir Harry Secombe visits Swaythorne, a Christian healing centre in Grosmont on the Kent/Sussex border.
7.15 Wish Me Luck. General Stuckler and his men interrogate Sylvie and her mother (Oracle).
8.15 The Two of Us. Elaine decides that she and Ashely should go green. (Oracle)
8.45 News with Fiona Armstrong. Weather 8.00 LWT Weather
9.05 Agatha Christie's Poirot: The Disappearance of Mr Davenham. Poirot accepts a wager from Inspector Japp to solve the mysterious disappearance of a city banker without leaving Whitehaven. (Oracles)
10.05 Taramundi TV. Chris Taramundi examines attitudes to speed and illustrates how the world's funeral directors can profit from it.
10.30 The South Bank Show. Chinua Achebe gives the sixth annual South Bank Show lecture on African literature.
11.35 One to One. Anne Nightingale meets Cliff Richard
12.05am Whistbred Round the World Race. An up-date by Gary Evans
12.35 The TV Chat Show (r)
1.30 Pick of the Week introduced by Steve Hodge
2.05 The Man Before Winter Comes (1965) starring David Niven, Topol and Anna Karina. A British major in charge of a displaced persons camp in Austria after World War Two is duped by a cunning Russian deserter. Directed by J Lee Thompson
4.00 Horses. Stock car racing. 5.00 ITN Morning News with Richard Bath. Ends at 6.00

BBC 2

6.35 Open University
12.00 Winterwatch Week. (Ceefax) 12.35 Around Westminster 1.00 Open Forum Magazine includes an interview with the Secretary of State for Education, John MacGregor.
1.30 40 Minutes: Hillary's in Hiding (r). 2.10 Reportage Update (r)
3.00 Film: The Naked Spur (1953)
4.30 Crafts 1990: The World of Dogs. 5.00 Rugby Special: Five Nations Championship. France v England and Ireland v Scotland
6.00 Six Sunday from Chamonix. The Alpine Programme. Anthony Simmonds-Golding of British Satellite Broadcasting and Rupert Murdoch of Sky Television talk about their battle for the audiences and the cost of the satellite "war".
7.15 The Natural World: La Loue Sauvage. The battle to prevent a dam being built on the upper Loire (Ceefax)
8.05 The Name Game: Whistbrey's Last Case (r)
8.40 The Hides Tousles: The Quest for Immortality (see Choice)
9.30 The Talk Show with Clive James, Clive James with Arthur Miller, Glenda Jackson and Max Hastings
10.15 Film: Close Relations (1990) starring James Hazeldine, Clive Hornby and Rosalind Morris. Trevor's mundane life is thrown into turmoil when he meets an attractive young woman at his brother's funeral. Directed by Adrian Shergold. (Ceefax)
11.30 Rapide (r). Ends at 12.05am

CHANNEL 4

6.00 Hallelujah (r) 6.30 Country Ways (r) 7.00 World of Herbs (r) 7.30 Box Office Weekly 8.00 The Batters 8.30 Boy Dominic. Episode 13 (r) 9.00 Dennis 9.25 Orientations. Highlights 10.00 A Week in Politics includes a look at the implications of the Colin Wallace affair.
11.00 Pot Goes to Hospital (r) 11.30 The Henderson Kids 12.00 The William Tell 12.30 The Glitterati 2.00 Film: The Naked Spur (1953) starring James Stewart and Robert Ryan. Western drama about a bounty hunter's search for a killer. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Ceefax)
4.30 Crafts 1990: The World of Dogs. 5.00 Rugby Special: Five Nations Championship. France v England and Ireland v Scotland
6.00 Six Sunday from Chamonix. The Alpine Programme. Anthony Simmonds-Golding of British Satellite Broadcasting and Rupert Murdoch of Sky Television talk about their battle for the audiences and the cost of the satellite "war".
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SATELLITE

SKY ONE
5.00am The Hour of Power 7.00 Fun Factory 11.00 The Hour of Power 12.00 Beyond 2000 1.00pm That's Incredible 2.00 WWF Superstars of Wrestling '89 3.00 Incredible Hulk 4.00 Emergency 5.00 Eight is Enough 6.00 Family Ties 7.00 21 Jump Street 8.00 Princess Daisy 11.00 Sky World News Tonight 11.30 The Big Valley

SKY NEWS

News on the hour.
5.00am Sky News 5.30 The Best of Target 6.30 The Unesco Report 7.30 Those Were the Days 9.30 Our World 9.30 Planet Earth 10.30 The Unesco Report 11.30 Beyond 2000 12.30am 48 Hours 1.00 The World War II Years 2.00 The Great War 3.00 The War of the Worlds 4.00 Entertainment This Week 5.30 The Unesco Report 7.30 Those Were the Days 8.30 Cops 9.30 48 Hours 10.30 Planet Earth 11.30 Entertainment This Week 12.30am Cops 1.30 Those Were the Days 2.30 48 Hours 3.30 Entertainment This Week 4.30 Those Were the Days

SKY MOVIES

From 8.00am The Shopping Channel 9.00pm Carry on Loving (1970): The facts of life according to the Carry On team 10.00 The World of the Unknown 11.00 The Moonstone 12.00 Entertainer 1.00pm The Unesco Report 2.00am The Hour of Power 3.00pm The Unesco Report 4.00pm The Big River (1982): The father of two teenagers suffers a fatal heart attack during a camping trip in 1923 7.45pm Projector: Forthcoming movies on Sky 8.00 Power (1986): Richard Gere plays a media executive who grows to detest his work creating images for politicians 9.00pm The Big Picture 10.00pm The Big Picture 11.00pm The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.00am The Big Picture 6.00am The Big Picture 7.00am The Big Picture 8.00am The Big Picture 9.00am The Big Picture 10.00am The Big Picture 11.00am The Big Picture 12.00am The Big Picture 1.00am The Big Picture 2.00am The Big Picture 3.00am The Big Picture 4.00am The Big Picture 5.0

Flood alert as rising rivers swamp the west

Scotland battered by more high winds

By Ruth Gledhill
and Craig Suton

Storm-force winds battered Scotland again yesterday, bringing down trees, damaging sea walls and causing snow drifts.

One Scottish electricity worker died after he was drafted in to help with emergency repairs in Wiltshire.

Exceptionally high tides affected coastal routes and some roads were closed because of drifting snow and fallen trees.

Streets were flooded and closed in Dundee and Glasgow after scaffolding and planks were blown down and part of the sea wall collapsed on the Clyde coast.

Snow ploughs were out at first light in parts of Northern Ireland to open roads blocked by snowdrifts.

The electricity worker from Scotland who died in Wiltshire was knocked down and killed by a van while repairing power cables at Lingfield, near Warminster. His name was not disclosed.

In Worcestershire, the Severn rose to its highest level for 22 years, 14 feet above normal, flooding riverside homes, shops and public houses.

The National Rivers Authority said the river levels at Worcester were about the thirteenth highest in 130 years.

At Gloucester the floods were among the worst five since records began and the highest since 1963.

Dozens of riverside homes throughout the region remained under several feet of water and many roads were impassable.

Several parts of Tewkesbury were also under water yesterday and in nearby Cheltenham homes were evacuated as levels rose.

Upton on Severn, north of Tewkesbury, remained virtually cut off.

A flood alert was issued for the first time on the River Avon at Evesham and there were also alerts on the Avon, Leam and Stour in Warwickshire.

River levels were reported to be falling slowly further north at Shrewsbury, Ironbridge, Bridgnorth and Ironbridge.

Wind speeds were reported



Stormy weather: Villagers in Tiverton, Gloucestershire, find themselves isolated by the rising waters and, below, a fallen tree menaces a block of flats in Glasgow.

Bewdley, where they had been at their highest for many years.

Thousands of acres of farmland in Somerset were underwater.

In Nottingham, a 19th century listed building which was to have housed the Department of Transport's driving examination section, collapsed in the high winds.

The Government had refused an application to demolish the building.

Bad weather again halted attempts to reach the wreck of a ship thought to be the Flag Thracian which sank off the south coast near Hayling Island, Hampshire with the loss of 19 lives four days ago.

An elderly woman with multiple sclerosis was one of several people whose homes were flooded when the river Ebrone burst its banks near Newbury, Berkshire.

Some residents who had recently been reconnected to electricity supplies after the gales last week were again left without power by the fresh

winds everywhere will be strong again in early hours today, with severe gales, hail, snow and sleet over north-west Scotland and Northern Ireland. Western and southern coasts in England and Wales will be windy with rain and hails.

The north of England and Scotland will remain wet and windy, with temperatures falling on Monday.



WORD-WATCHING
A daily salut through the language jungle. Which of the possible definitions is correct?
By Phillip Howard

- KANZU**
a. Chinese water jug
b. A long white robe
c. A passing game
- AFPLUIENZA**
a. Worldwide excess of wealth
b. Allergy to the sun
c. The Venetian mask
- RUNCH**
a. The wild callish
b. A swindler at work
c. A corner stick in dress-making
- MAUD**
a. Frenzied love
b. A shepherd's plaid
c. A hinged chisel

Answers on page 14

TIMES WEATHERCALL

For the latest regional forecast, 24 hours a day, dial 0898 500 followed by the appropriate code.

Greater London 701
West Midlands 702
South-West 703
Devon & Cornwall 704
Wales, Shropshire, Herefordshire 705
Wessex 706
Bedfordshire, Herts & Essex 707
North-East 708
West Mids & Sth Glam & Gwent 709
Shrops, Herefs & Warks 710
Central Midlands 711
East Midlands 712
Lincs & Humberside 713
Yorks & Humberside 714
Gwent, Monmouth, Gwent 715
N W England 716
W & S Yorks & Dales 717
N E England 718
Cumbria & Lake District 719
SW Scotland 720
Central Scotland 721
Edin & Lothian & Borders 722
E Central Scotland 723
Grampian & Highlands 724
Wales 725
Orkney & Shetland 726
Ireland 727
Weathercall is charged at 5p for 8 seconds (peak and standard) 5p for 12 seconds (off peak).

18 Where politicians may be kicked – but that's just a story (8).

19 Indicate ring held by girl and boy (7).

20 An uncommunicative person in Pistols world (6).

21 A mistake, many having left for the recess (4).

22 Concise Crossword, page 46

Solution to Puzzle No 18,202

- ACROSS**
- 1 Traitor in Paris who mixed drink (8).
 - 9 Proposal to have bowling square by river (8).
 - 10 Visionary lost catalogues? What a notion! (4).
 - 11 Coaches find bread immediately available outside gym entrance (7-5).
 - 12 Degree Sir Walter detailed in *The Talisman* (6).
 - 13 It's a blunder, in, eg, an elder's speech (8).
 - 14 Another course for supporters (7).
 - 15 Contact America about one's leader being insensitive (7).
 - 20 Means of evading arrows fired from her? (8).
 - 22 Old reformer abandoned church to become painter (6).
 - 23 Notes owl, perhaps? He hits it with ease (7).
 - 25 The mobster is carving a bit of the bird (4).
 - 26 Tonic he developed, beginning to esteem works of art (8).
 - 27 Four rooms about which small numbers appear to show curiosities (8).

Solution to Puzzle No 18,207

WISECRACKING
A N A C I A A W
T R I U M P H A L N I N T H
T C E E L C C E
E S K I M O E T H Y L E N E
U N I C O N S E M B A T S L E
A R P E R O O
F O R E T T L O B E R O N
A I A O A
B U L L S E Y E S C R E D I T
I L L A S A F A U
R E D O N Y A N O T A T O R
D H S C O U B A
W O R K I N G M O D E L

FIRSTFOOT ASPIRE
A E M H O R B H
C A P S I Z E P E R G O L A
E A R I O T R
T E P I D N O S E W H E E L
E R T H M G A
S A H A C H I E G E M E
I T E P
R E P R E S E N T E D O C A N
E I T Y A H A
B R O A D B E A M R E B E L
R H A M G A O D
A M E R I C A G A N D U
H E C S N O G C B U
G E R D Y M U R D E R E S S

The winners of last Saturday's competition are D. Bell, Luton Road, Dunstable, Bedfordshire, D. Poulett, Charter Drive, Sandringham, M.J. Clifford, Bafford App, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Gloucester, M. Younger, Roll Road, Aberavon, Gwent; H. J. W. Whately, Bayview Cottage, Lochdon, Isle of Mull, Argyll.

SHEAFFER A prize of a distinctive Sheaffer "Targa" Regency Strip fountain pen with a solid 14-carat gold inland nib will be given for the first five correct solutions opened next Thursday. Entries should be addressed to: The Times, Saturday Crossword Competition, PO Box 468, Virginia Street, London E1 9DD. The winners and solution will be published next Saturday.

Name/Address _____

WEATHER

Most of England and Wales will be cloudy with outbreaks of rain, which may fall as sleet or snow on higher ground in central and northern parts. Clearer weather with showers will spread from the West in the afternoon. Scotland and Northern Ireland will have a showery day, especially in the North and West, with snow on the hills. Outlook: windy with rain in the North and West; mainly dry in the South-east.

ABROAD

THURSDAY 1pm: Thunder; 4pm: fog; 5pm: sun;

FRIDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

SATURDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

SUNDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

MONDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

TUESDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

WEDNESDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

THURSDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

FRIDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

SATURDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

SUNDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

MONDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

TUESDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

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THURSDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

FRIDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

SATURDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

SUNDAY 1pm: sun; 4pm: cloud; 5pm: rain;

MONDAY

Executive Editor
David Brewerton

THE POUND

US dollar
1.6815 (-0.0030)

W German mark
2.8342 (+0.0022)

Exchange Index
89.2 (+0.1)

STOCK MARKET

FT 30 Share
1866.4 (+0.4)

FT-SE 100
2355.1 (+9.3)

USM (Dastream)
n/a

Market report, page 20

Reserves
rise £47m

Britain's gold and currency reserves rose by an underlying \$80 million (£47.5 million) last month — well below the \$338 million rise in December and less than the City had expected. January last year saw a \$330 million rise.

The Treasury's underlying figure, which excludes official repayments and new borrowing, indicates the level of Bank of England intervention on the foreign exchange markets.

With the pound supported by Britain's high interest rates, intervention has become unnecessary. A more relaxed attitude towards sterling since Mr John Major became Chancellor has also reduced moves to support it against short-term fluctuations.

Mainmet deal
ISS, a Danish cleaning contractor, has made a £250,000 agreed bid for Mainmet, a supplier of heat meters for council housing. It offers 10p a share, a sixth of the price before suspension last month.

STOCK MARKETS

New York:
Dow Jones 2812.16 (+25.90)

Tokyo:
Nikkei Average 37850.15 (+443.73)

Hong Kong:
Hang Seng 2736.55 (-1.69)

Amsterdam:
CBS Tendency 119.6 (+1.1)

Brussels: AO 1669.3 (-1.6)

Paris: CAC 40 1910.67 (+82.59)

Brussels: General 8237.52 (+11.06)

Paris: CAC 521.33 (-0.5)

Zurich: SKA Gen 613.8 (+7.1)

London:
FT - All-Share n/a

FT - Small Stocks 100.00 (-0.12)

FT - Gold Mined 362.0 (+12.7)

FT - Fixed Interest 91.03 (-0.08)

FT - Govt Secs 81.51 (-0.15)

MAIN PRICE CHANGES

RISES:

Royal Bank Boot 214p (+10p)

L Newark 10p (+10p)

Reed Trends 372.45 (+12.5)

N Brown 189p (+10p)

OAKS Simpson 'A' 467.65 (+10p)

Henderson Admin 795p (+10p)

Harvey Thompson 500p (+10p)

AAF Inv 175p (-10p)

Charter Cons 488p (-10p)

Empire Ind 935p (-10p)

Service 724.1p (+38p)

Western Motor 555p (-10p)

Barr Wallace 'A' 285p (-20p)

Euro Disney 872.4p (+12.5)

Carlton Comm 781.1p (-10p)

Rechem 505p (-10p)

FALLS:

Corus Group 855p (-10p)

Wholesale Fittings 340p (-35p)

Smiths Inds 249p (-10p)

4pm prices

Bargain 263.88

SEAO Volume 487.4m

INTEREST RATES

London: Bank Base: 15%

3-month Interbank: 15% - 15.1%

3-month eligible bills: 14.7% - 14.9%

UK Public Funds: 10%

Federal Funds: 8%*

3-month Treasury Bills: 7.79 - 7.78%

30-year bonds: 9.67% - 9.97%

CURRENCIES

London: New York: £ 1.6815

£ DM 2.542

£ SFR 1.51

£ FF 8.532

£ Yen 244.40

€ Index: 69.2

ECU 0.720501

£ SDR 0.787737

£ ECU 1.387153

Gold

London Fixing:

AM \$417.35 pm - \$417.95

close \$417.50 - \$418.00 (E248.50-

20.00)

New York:

Comex \$417.70 - \$418.20*

NORTH SEA OIL

Brent (Mar) ... \$19.65 bbl (\$19.95)

* Denotes latest trading price

TOURIST RATES

Australia \$

Austria Sch

Belgium Fr

Canada \$

Denmark Kr

Finland Mkr

France Fr

Germany DM

Greece Dr

Hong Kong \$

Iceland Kr

India Ru

Italy Lira

Japan Yen

Netherlands Gld

Norway Kr

Portugal Esc

South Africa Rand

Spain Pts

Sweden Kr

Switzerland Fr

Taiwan Lira

USA \$

Yugoslavia Dinar

Rates for small denomination bank notes only as supplied by Barclays Bank PLC. Different rates apply to travellers' cheques.

Retail Price Index: 118.5 (December)

Bank: Buys: Sells

2.307 2.127

20.75 19.55

62.25 59.50

2.27 1.957

11.37 10.77

7.03 6.63

10.01 9.47

2.95 2.71

26.00 26.50

13.78 12.88

1.122 1.052

2200 2070

250 240

3.21 3.13

11.61 10.75

261 245

4.70 4.20

185.75 177.50

181.75 172.50

2.63 2.47

4.225 3.825

1.765 1.655

refer refer

forster refer

notes only as supplied by Barclays

Bank PLC. Different rates apply to

travellers' cheques.

Retail Price Index: 118.5 (December)

Bank: Buys: Sells

1.6815 1.6515

2.8342 2.8030

89.2 (+0.1)

refer refer

forster refer

notes only as supplied by Barclays

Bank PLC. Different rates apply to

travellers' cheques.

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Bank: Buys: Sells

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2.8342 2.8030

89.2 (+0.1)

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BUSINESS ROUNDUP

Elsevier denies talk of Wolters Kluwer bid

Amsterdam (Reuter) — The Dutch publisher Elsevier has denied market speculation of a merger with or a bid for Wolters Kluwer. Elsevier denied that the two publishers were in discussion. Elsevier owns 33.3 per cent of Wolters Kluwer, whose spokesman declined comment on its remarks. Speculation began after Wolters Kluwer said that Mr Harry Langman, a supervisory board member, would resign. He played a key part in fending off a bid by Elsevier in 1987.

Earlier this week, Elsevier, which has cross-shareholdings with Pearson, the British group, denied a press report that it and Pearson had dropped plans for a full merger, but admitted that a cross-border merger posed major problems.

Wholesale Fittings falls

Wholesale Fittings' pre-tax profits fell to £2.56 million from £2.98 million in the six months to October on turnover of £30.45 million (£28.77 million). During the period five new depots were opened but did not contribute to profits. Directors are keeping the interim dividend at 3.23p, on earnings per share of 11.8p, down from 13.9p.

Michelin slowdown

Michelin, the French tyre maker, is to review costs and investments because of slowing demand worldwide. It confirmed a report in *Cote D'Orfex*, a financial newspaper, that a letter had been sent to members of its central works committee last week announcing the review.

The newspaper said 1989 group net profit, expected in mid-April, would be slightly under 1988's level of Fr2.37 billion (£247 million), but Michelin declined to corroborate this. Last year it bought Uniroyal Goodrich Tire in the US for \$690 million, making it the world's largest tyre maker.

Ciba venture for China

Ciba-Geigy, the Swiss chemical firm, is setting up a joint venture in China to make drugs for poultry, sheep and cattle. Shanghai Ciba-Geigy Animal Health will employ 200 local people. Investment costs will total approximately SwFr30 million (\$11.9 million). Production at the plant will start at the beginning of 1993.

Mastercare in £460,000 sale

Mastercare, the Dixons Group subsidiary, has sold its computer installation and maintenance business to National Technical Services for an estimated £460,000. Dixons says this is equivalent to profits. The Kingfisher bid for Dixons was recently rejected by Mr Nicholas Ridley, the Trade Secretary, to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

From David Tweed, Sydney
Bell Resources, a 60 per cent-owned subsidiary of Bond Corporation Holdings, has lunged at the heart of the Bond empire by applying to have its parent and associated companies wound up.

The move is likely to trigger a frenzy among local and international creditors who are expected to descend on Bond Group with claims for repayment of loans of more than Aus\$5 billion (£2.34 billion). Bell Resources filed petitions in the Supreme Court of Western Australia to wind up Bond Corporation, the group's flagship, Dalhold Investments, Mr Bond's private company, Bond Media, the listed television arm, and Dalhold Nickel Management.

Dalhold investments owns 60 per cent of Bond Corporation, and Dalhold Nickel owns the Greenvale Nickel refinery in northern Queensland.

Bond Media owns Network 9, the Australia-wide television station, and is 51 per cent owned by Bond Corporation.

Though Bell Resources is a Bond Corporation subsidiary, Bond Corporation lost board control last December to Adsteam Steamship owned by Mr John Spalvins, a business rival, under pressure from the National Commissions and Securities Commission.

Mr Geoff Hill, the merchant banker from Sydney, has the casting vote on the board which has equal representation from Bond Corporation

and Adsteam. Mr Michael Kent, the finance director of Adsteam, who is on the board of Bell Resources, said the board moved to wind up Bond Corporation because it wanted to restore value to Bell Resources.

"I am not in any position to comment on the board action," he said. "I am one director out of five on the board."

"But the whole purpose of taking the action is to restore value."

The move was initiated in the Supreme Court of Western Australia, ironically over a debt of just Aus\$24.2 million, or 9.7 per cent of Hermes that is not held by the Hermes family. *Tribune de l'Expansion*, the French financial daily, calculated Hermes is worth Fr8 billion.

the general situation can be found by ringing 0898 121221.

Items of company news are on 0898 121221, while the prices of shares actively trading in the market may be found by ringing 0898 121223.

• Telephone calls are charged at a rate of 38p per minute in peak times and at 25p per minute at standard times. All charges include value-added tax.

• Stock market comment:

THE TIMES STOCK WATCH
0898 141 141

• The Times Stockwatch service gives our readers instant telephone access to the prices of more than 13,000 shares, unit trusts and bonds.

• Stock market comment:

Majority-owned subsidiary applies to wind up parent company**The Bell tolls for Bond empire**

Sinking feeling: John Spalvins, left, has fired a broadside at Alan Bond's flagship company

and Adsteam. Mr Michael Kent, the finance director of Adsteam, who is on the board of Bell Resources, said the board moved to wind up Bond Corporation because it wanted to restore value to Bell Resources.

"I am not in any position to comment on the board action," he said. "I am one director out of five on the board."

"But the whole purpose of taking the action is to restore value."

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Philip Pangalo
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Abit Disney World
five hotels with
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hotels were not
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Portfolio

PLATINUM

From your Portfolio Platinum card check
your eight share price movements on this
page only. Add these prices to your
running total for the week and check this
against the weekly dividend figure on this
page. If it matches that figure, you have
won outright or part of the total weekly
price move stated. If not, follow the
claim procedure on the back of your card.
You must always have your card available
when claiming. Game rules appear on the
back of your card.

No.	Company	Group	Gains or Loss
1	Northgate	Water	
2	CRT Gp	Textiles	
3	ABB Kent	Electricals	
4	Bank of Ireland	Banks/Discount	
5	Provident	Banks/Discount	
6	Yellowhammer	Paper/Print/Adv	
7	Wessex Water	Water	
8	Church	Drapery/Stores	
9	First Nat Fin	Banks/Discount	
10	Water	Property	
11	LASMO (am)	Oil/Gas	
12	Mitis Grp	Industrials L-R	
13	British Gas (am)	Oil/Gas	
14	McGoffield Estates	Property	
15	Abbey National (am)	Banks/Discount	
16	Poly Peat (am)	Foods	
17	Welcome (am)	Industrials S-Z	
18	ISA Int'l	Industrials E-K	
19	Charter Coms	Industrials A-D	
20	Debenham Twiss	Property	
21	Next (am)	Drapery/Stores	
22	Target Res P/P	Oil/Gas	
23	Dawson	Textiles	
24	Rosenthal	Property	
25	HTV Group	Leisure	
26	Macro 4	Electricals	
27	Quadrant Group	Leisure	
28	Scot TV	Leisure	
29	Scholar Gp	Electricals	
30	Stanley & Hawkes	Leisure	
31	Bretf. Chees	Chemicals/Plas	
32	Ultramar (am)	Oil/Gas	
33	AAH	Industrials A-D	
34	Ward Group	Building/Roads	
35	Buckingham Int'l	Leisure	
36	BPP	Newspapers/Pub	
37	Anglia TV "A"	Leisure	
38	Johnson Cleaners	Industrials E-K	
39	MB Grp 7.1-4 P/P	Industrials L-R	
40	Glencon (M)	Building/Roads	
41	Blenders	Building/Roads	
42	Racial Elect (am)	Electricals	
43	Brierty Inv	Industrials A-D	
44	Burnish (am)	Oil/Gas	
	© Times Newspapers Ltd.	Daily Total	

Please take into account any
minus signs

Weekly Dividend

Please make a note of your daily totals
for the weekly dividend of £4,000 in
today's newspaper.

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN	Total
100	100	100	100	100	100	100	700

BRITISH FUNDS

High	Low	Share	Price	Change	Yield	PE
SHORTS (Under Five Years)						
100	97	Times C	1250	-10	10.00%	10
101	98	Times D	1250	-10	10.00%	10
102	99	Times E	1250	-10	10.00%	10
103	100	Times F	1250	-10	10.00%	10
104	101	Times G	1250	-10	10.00%	10
105	102	Times H	1250	-10	10.00%	10
106	103	Times I	1250	-10	10.00%	10
107	104	Times J	1250	-10	10.00%	10
108	105	Times K	1250	-10	10.00%	10
109	106	Times L	1250	-10	10.00%	10
110	107	Times M	1250	-10	10.00%	10
111	108	Times N	1250	-10	10.00%	10
112	109	Times O	1250	-10	10.00%	10
113	110	Times P	1250	-10	10.00%	10
114	111	Times Q	1250	-10	10.00%	10
115	112	Times R	1250	-10	10.00%	10
116	113	Times S	1250	-10	10.00%	10
117	114	Times T	1250	-10	10.00%	10
118	115	Times U	1250	-10	10.00%	10
119	116	Times V	1250	-10	10.00%	10
120	117	Times W	1250	-10	10.00%	10
121	118	Times X	1250	-10	10.00%	10
122	119	Times Y	1250	-10	10.00%	10
123	120	Times Z	1250	-10	10.00%	10
124	121	Times AA	1250	-10	10.00%	10
125	122	Times BB	1250	-10	10.00%	10
126	123	Times CC	1250	-10	10.00%	10
127	124	Times DD	1250	-10	10.00%	10
128	125	Times EE	1250	-10	10.00%	10
129	126	Times FF	1250	-10	10.00%	10
130	127	Times GG	1250	-10	10.00%	10
131	128	Times HH	1250	-10	10.00%	10
132	129	Times II	1250	-10	10.00%	10
133	130	Times JJ	1250	-10	10.00%	10
134	131	Times KK	1250	-10	10.00%	10
135	132	Times LL	1250	-10	10.00%	10
136	133	Times MM	1250	-10	10.00%	10
137	134	Times NN	1250	-10	10.00%	10
138	135	Times OO	1250	-10	10.00%	10
139	136	Times PP	1250	-10	10.00%	10
140	137	Times QQ	1250	-10	10.00%	10
141	138	Times RR	1250	-10	10.00%	10
142	139	Times SS	1250	-10	10.00%	10
143	140	Times TT	1250	-10	10.00%	10
144	141	Times UU	1250	-10	10.00%	10
145	142	Times VV	1250	-10	10.00%	10
146	143	Times WW	1250	-10	10.00%	10
147	144	Times XX	1250	-10	10.00%	10
148	145	Times YY	1250	-10	10.00%	10
149	146	Times ZZ	1250	-10	10.00%	10
150	147	Times AA	1250	-10	10.00%	10
151	148	Times BB	1250	-10	10.00%	10
152	149	Times CC	1250	-10	10.00%	10
153	150	Times DD	1250	-10	10.00%	10
154	151	Times EE	1250	-10	10.00%	10
155	152	Times FF	1250	-10	10.00%	10
156	153	Times GG	1250	-10	10.00%	10
157	154	Times HH	1250	-10	10.00%	10
158	155	Times KK	1250	-10	10.00%	10
159	156	Times LL	1250	-10	10.00%	10
160	157	Times MM	1250	-10	10.00%	10
161	158	Times NN	1250	-10	10.00%	10
162	159	Times OO	1250	-10	10.00%	10
163	160	Times PP	1250	-10	10.00%	10
164	161	Times QQ	1250	-10	10.00%	10
165	162	Times RR	1250	-10	10.00%	10
166	163	Times SS	1250	-10	10.00%	10
167	164	Times TT	1250	-10	10.00%	10
168	165	Times YY	1250	-10	10.00%	10
169	166	Times ZZ	1250	-10	10.00%	10
170	167	Times AA	1250	-10	10.00%	10
171	168	Times BB	1250	-10	10.00%	10
172	169	Times CC	1250	-10	10.00%	10
173	170	Times DD	1250	-10	10.00%	10
174	171	Times EE	1250	-10	10.00%	10
175	172	Times FF	1250	-10	10.00%	10
176	173	Times GG	1250	-10	10.00%	10
177	174	Times HH	12			

THE TIMES UNIT TRUST INFORMATION SERVICE

Edited by Lindsay Cook

FAMILY MONEY

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 3 1990

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INSIDE

BANKING

Illicit operators
Banking licences from small island nations are allowing tricksters to open phone banks in London offering attractive loans which never materialize and taking deposits with the promise of high returns... p24 and p25

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Sixties

Tax relief on health insurance premiums for the over-60s starts on April 6. To qualify policy holders must register or even change their contracts... p24

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Charges

Low costs used to be a virtue with investment trusts but not any longer... p26

INSURANCE

Little joy for names

Storm damage is the latest catastrophe to hit Lloyds but new members are still prepared to lodge £250,000... p27

SELF-BUILD

Home Starts

Some 12,000 people built their own homes in 1988. This year high mortgage rates have increased interest... p28

SOCIETIES

Merger mania

Four societies announced they were merging this week and the members of three will get cash bonuses. Details... p29



Lindsay Cook reports societies' reaction to independent taxation

Offshore status sought to stem exodus of savers

The Inland Revenue gave the go-ahead this week to the first building society gross-paid accounts designed for the millions of non-taxpayers that will be created by the change to independent taxation.

But most societies will not be able to follow the Bradford & Bingley and launch such products before independent taxation is introduced on April 6. As a result they are concerned that money will flow from their accounts to banks and investment salesmen selling offshore funds.

The Building Societies Association has made efforts to reduce the impact of composite rate tax (CRT) on society accounts. The tax is deducted from interest on savings and cannot be reclaimed by non-taxpayers.

The Treasury announced in December that CRT would rise from April 6 to 22 per cent. The Building Societies Association wrote to it asking for the rate to be reduced.

"We wrote expressing the view that the tax should be reduced to take account of the large numbers of married women who will no longer be taxpayers," said an association spokesman. "Building societies could lose money as a



Steven Spilsbury of B & B

result and we said it was open to legal interpretation and question. The Government wrote back saying that it was standing by its decision."

The Building Societies Commission is seeking amendments to the Building Societies Act to allow societies to operate overseas subsidiaries but the earliest date for a change is late May.

The Bradford & Bingley Building Society has launched two accounts paying 13.5 per cent and 15.2 per cent gross to UK residents through its new company Bradford & Bingley (Douglas). It is writing to

customers in the next month advising them to consider independent taxation. But they will not be sent the brochure on the gross-paid accounts.

Mr Steven Spilsbury, general manager of B & B, said that the society had made it clear in seeking permission to offer the accounts that it did not intend to promote the account actively. He still has to decide whether or not to make the leaflet available at branches. Those investors who respond to the independent taxation letter by asking for a meeting will be given details of the accounts.

The Abbey National, which has a subsidiary in Jersey, had to scrap an independent taxation leaflet suggesting that non-taxpayers should use its offshore accounts following its official intervention last autumn.

The Jersey authorities do not want a flood of building society money into the island to take advantage of independent taxation. They prefer to receive large sums from a small number of people. They are also concerned that the Inland Revenue does not clamp down on their paying tax gross if a lot of money

moves to the Channel Islands.

The Britannia Building Society is converting its Isle of Man operation into a formal subsidiary and plans to offer gross-paid accounts to UK residents from next month. The Halifax has a branch on Jersey, which could be converted. It also considering offering a cash unit trust with Standard Life. This would allow investors to claim back any tax deducted from the dividends. The society will publish a leaflet on independent taxation later this month.

The Cheltenham & Gloucester Building Society has started promoting its time deposits on sums over £50,000, which can be paid gross and is looking at offering a cash unit trust in conjunction with Legal & General.

Building societies report an increase in requests to divide joint savings accounts up into two accounts ready for the tax changes.

The Department of National Savings, which pays 11.75 per cent on its Investment Account and 12.5 per cent on Income Bonds, will begin an advertising campaign in April aimed at married women who will benefit from their gross-paid products.

One-company bonds banned

Traditional broker bonds, which invest in the funds of one insurance or unit trust group, are to be banned by the Securities and Investments Board, writes Lindsay Cook.

In a policy statement published this week the board made it clear that the majority of the £2 billion of existing broker bonds are not in the best interests of their investors.

SIB wants to see broker bonds that invest in the funds of a number of companies. This gives clients access to all of the market instead of restricting them to the funds of one company. It also reduces the chance of insurance companies and brokers forming cosy arrangements, which benefit them at the expense of investors.

Last July the Department of Trade and Industry had to

revised insurance companies not to give the managers of broker bonds more favourable terms than other investors. At that time the board was considering whether or not the existing 3,500 broker bonds had a role at all. Now it feels ready to auction open or unfeeder funds, which are free to invest in the products of more than one investment house. These account for about a quarter of the market at present.

With such funds the intermediary can choose from the market at large and select the best funds of the various managers. If they only use the funds of a single institution it might not have a Japanese fund when the broker felt it appropriate to move into this market, or might be poor performers in that sector. These restrictions mean that

clients should be told what effect the charges will have so that, for example, they will know that to give the same return as a high interest building society account of say 11 per cent, the fund would

have to achieve growth of 17 per cent or 18 per cent.

SIB is anxious that broker funds should give value for the higher charges that their investors pay than those who invest directly with insurance and unit trust groups. It has accepted representations from brokers that such funds because of their size can be more flexible in their investment policy than the managed funds of insurance companies.

Investors must be informed of the risk strategy being employed and given comparisons so that they can tell how their broker is performing. They will be encouraged to publish their performance records through agencies such as Micropal.

Clients should be told what effect the charges will have so that, for example, they will know that to give the same return as a high interest building society account of say 11 per cent, the fund would

SIB rule revision will still leave tied agent clients out in the cold

Revision of the investors compensation fund will still leave clients of tied agents — such as Garston Amhurst, which dealt with unauthorized investments — out in the cold, writes Lindsay Cook.

The Securities and Investments Board this week published details of changes to the scheme, which should come into effect on April 1. These will require insurance companies and building societies to pay towards the costs of the scheme but will not protect the clients of tied agents who sell investment products other than those of the company to which they are tied.

"We don't have the power under the Financial Services Act to bring in anyone who is an exempted person," said Mr Roger Purcell, finance director of SIB.

Tied agents are not covered

by the scheme but insurance-based investments are subject to the Policyholders' Protection

Act as well as the Life Assurance and Unit Trust Regulatory Organization's indemnity scheme when they are selling products of the insurance company to which they are tied.

Garston Amhurst clients, who were invested in National Financial Management Corporation, have no worries but the future looks bleak for



Unauthorized: nameplate at Bristol office of Garston Amhurst

number of full-time salaried compliance officers.

"Unfortunately, large numbers of appointed representatives up and down the UK are breaking just about every rule in the Financial Services Act," said Mr Andrew Paddick, the institute's director general.

Lautro's reprimand to Property Equity & Life this week revealed the case of a tied agent who had broken a watchdog rule by sharing offices with the tied agent of another insurance company. Lautro said it had come across tied agents sharing offices with independent advisers, occasionally they were husband and wife.

The Institute of Insurance Brokers this week called upon Lautro to engage a substantial

LEV share demand

Investors, whose shares were held by LEV Investment & Management when it went into liquidation in 1988, are told this week by the liquidators that they will have to pay £55,000 before they can retrieve their share certificates, writes Lindsay Cook.

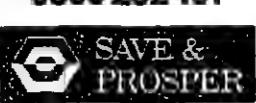
The liquidator, Coopers & Lybrand Deloitte, told investors at a meeting on Wednesday, that it would be recommending to the High Court that those shareholders whose ownership was not in dispute should be given their shares pooled and get part of their value; and people whose shares seemed non-existent would get nothing.

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*Source: Micropal 1130 to 1139. Offer to bld. net income remitted. Over 5 years the Trust ranks No.2 and £2,400 invested would have increased to £39,175.

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Tony Hetherington reports on questionable banks registered with small island nations...

UK vetting fails to stop trickster banking scams

Banks have a solid reputation in Britain not least because they have a bricks-and-mortar presence on almost every high street in the land.

The mere word "bank" is protected by law. It cannot be used in the title of a company without the approval of the Bank of England. A foreign bank should not be able to open a branch in this country without seeking permission first.

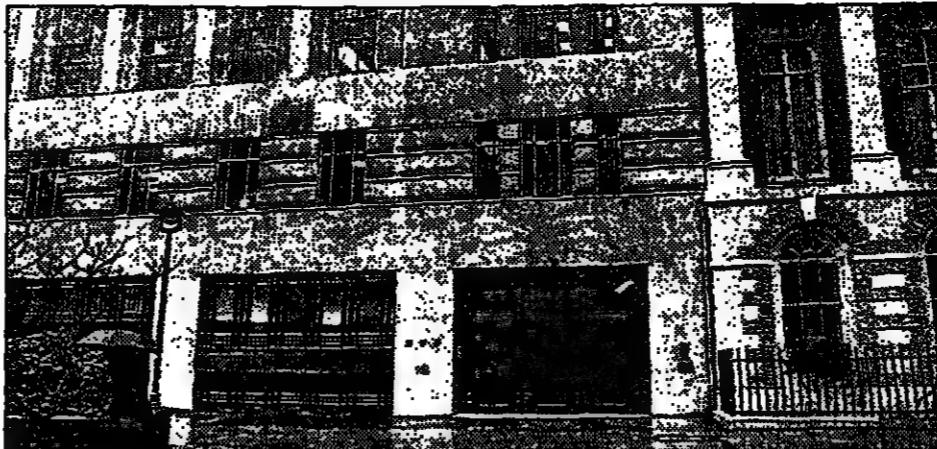
Even to open a representative office—an eyes-and-ears presence which does not actually engage in banking—obliges overseas banks to notify the Bank of England followed by a compulsory two months of waiting to discover whether or not the Bank objects.

None of this deters tricksters from opening phoney banks in London. If anything, it attracts the fraudulent, since their victims will see a London address and trust them by assuming they have been vetted by the Bank of England.

First Reserve Bank carried on its business for several months from an address in London's West End, an address which it described as being its United Kingdom Liaison Office.

It offered, according to the bank's advertisements in *Time* magazine, "one of the highest interest rates in the world" and promised "no taxes whatsoever".

First Reserve Bank was registered in the Caribbean island of Montserrat where, according to the bank's lit-



Illegal operation: the former offices of the American Business Bank in London's West End

erature, the same rules apply as are imposed on British banks.

"Montserrat banks are as sound as the Bank of England," boasted First Reserve.

In fact the London address is a well-known accommodation address. The Montserrat bank was operating illegally in Britain. Cheques received were simply forwarded to an address in Italy, for collection by the man behind the bank, Peter Joseph Fabiani, or Dr Fabiani as he called himself in London.

It is not known how much money was lost to Dr Fabiani before he was scared off by investigators from the Bank of England.

At least First Reserve Bank did hold a banking licence, however valueless it turned out to be. The same cannot be said of American Business Bank, which has been operating in London for over a year,

The building is run by British Telecom and provides office space, together with telephone, fax, telex and other services. The bank left Stratford Place about three months ago. Since then it has kept a low profile but the people behind it are now using a private address in Mount Street which is off London's Park Lane.

Enquiries by *The Times* have shown that American Business Bank is not simply operating illegally in the

Licensed to commit fraud

For those who move in the world of now-you-see-them-now-you-don't banks, the one man to contact is Mr Jerome "Jerry" Schneider.

Working through his WNI Corporation of Beverly Hills, California, Mr Schneider persuades the banking authorities of little-league nations such as Montserrat, Vanuatu and Nauru to issue him with licences which he then sells to anyone with the cash.

Before the recent clampdown on Montserrat, Mr Schneider was advertising for sale licences for 12 banks granted permits by the island's government. The banks had no physical presence on Montserrat. They were files in a local lawyer's office that had helped Mr Schneider obtain an estimated 100 licences including one for First Reserve Bank, which operated illegally in London.

The licences cost \$29,500 each, though Mr Schneider at one point had a sale, offering licences for \$19,500 "for a limited period only".

According to US bank investigators Mr Schneider is currently very active in obtaining licences from the tiny

Pacific states of Nauru and Vanuatu. One international bank regulator complained: "Secrecy laws there are so strict that they won't even tell me the names of the banks he has acquired."

Europe's prime vendor of banking licences is believed to be Dutchman, Dr Milbank Amass. Discreet advertisements in magazines, such as *Investors' Chronicle*, invite people to contact him through a post office box number in Gibraltar. In fact, he is based in the Netherlands town of Dordrecht from where he has recently offered licences for banks in Nauru or Montserrat for \$12,000 to \$15,000. Insurance companies come even cheaper — a fully authorized Nauru or British Virgin Islands business can be had from Dr Amass for \$5,000.

The cheapest bank to be offered recently, at \$7,500, was advertised in *The Economist*. The advertiser was Nauru International Services with an address in Phoenix Hills, Arizona, USA. This is the address of Corporate Structure Inc, rebuffed when it approached the Isle of Man government about obtaining banking licences there.

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Health insurance tax changes for over-60s

People over 60 years old who have medical insurance will have to register for the benefit and in some cases change to a new style policy before April 6 if they are to get the tax relief on premiums which will be introduced in the new financial year.

A leaflet explaining how tax relief will be given on private medical insurance premiums for the over-60s was published by the Inland Revenue this week to guide existing policyholders and those contemplating taking out cover.

It points out that not all private medical insurance schemes are eligible for tax relief. To qualify a policy or contract should only cover those over 60 and the spouses of people over this age.

Policies which provide cover for cash benefits above £5 a night, dental treatment in a general dental practice; eye tests not carried out in a hospital; plastic surgery for cosmetic reasons; and alter-



Can he claim tax relief on this stuff?

native medicine, such as acupuncture will not qualify for tax relief.

Employers with employees over 60 in their group scheme will not qualify for relief on these. But tax relief will be available for people over 60 paying premiums for themselves and for relatives or friends above 60. In the case of a married couple only one of them needs to be over 60.

Anyone covered by the policy or who claims tax relief must

live in Britain. Policyholders with family contracts will have to change their policy if they are to get tax relief. Premiums on qualifying policies will be paid net of the tax relief in the same way as mortgage interest relief. This means that non-taxpayers will also automatically get the tax relief. Higher rate tax payers will have to claim the additional 15 per cent relief at the end of the tax year by producing a certificate showing the premiums paid.

BUPA, the leading health insurer, has adapted its schemes so that policy holders over 60 can qualify for tax relief. Other insurers are launching policies specifically for older people.

Leaflet IR 103 is available from tax offices and enquiry centres and the Inland Revenue Public Enquiry Room, West Wing, Somerset House, Strand, London WC2R 1LL.

Lindsay Cook



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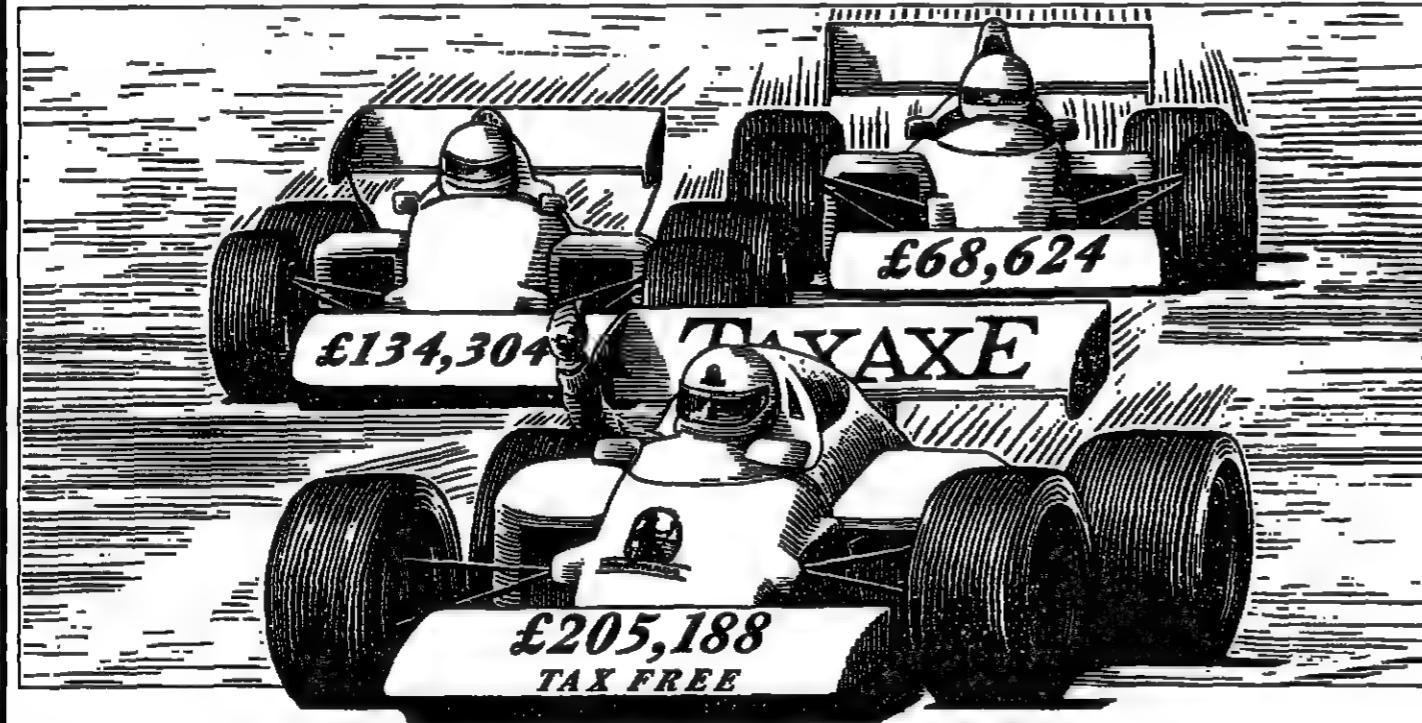
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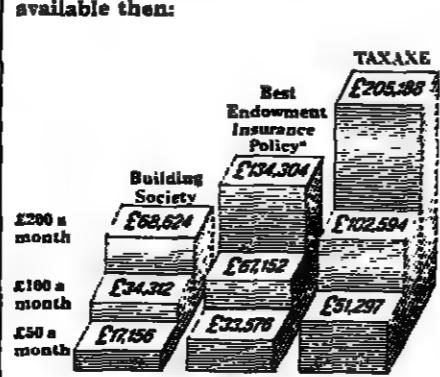
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FAMILY MONEY

Barbara Ellis looks at how mainstream investors could be sold down the river through charges

Taking a small man for a long ride

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rather than trusts. She denied that the trusts were originally intended for wealthier investors, pointing to a 19th century prospectus for the first Foreign & Colonial trust, which mentions the man of "moderate" means.

Both Ms Renvoize and Mr Korwin-Szymanowski warned small investors against paying over the odds for investment trusts — unaccustomed advice from trust specialists, who have spent years explaining how it was that nobody was prepared to pay the full price for their shares.

Unlike unit trusts, priced by formula exactly in line with the value of the shares they hold, investment trusts are themselves quoted companies and priced by what investors are willing to pay — on average 16 per cent less than the value of the trust's assets at present.

However trusts specializing in difficult Far Eastern or European markets have recently traded at substantial premiums to the value of their holdings. Ms Renvoize said investors should not consider paying a premium of above 5 per cent. "I wouldn't pay any premium at all if it were my own money," said Mr Korwin-Szymanowski.

Investor clubs as a way of learning to play stock markets



Investment spread: Pauline North serves at Harry Ramsden's

Enquiries are flowing into the Stock Exchange's Investors' Club at the rate of 75 a week these days against just two or three a year ago, writes Barbara Ellis.

Spurred on by water share profits, investors are wanting to find out more about the stockmarket. The Investors' Club was established with classic mistiming in June 1987, almost at the peak of a bull market. It signed up about 1,600 to 1,700 members in its first three months just in time for the October crash.

"People really didn't want to know anything about the Stock Exchange after that. It just died," said a spokeswoman, recalling that the club soon lost over half its members, though about 100 of the drop-outs had recently been in touch again.

For their £15 annual subscription, Investors' Club members receive a quarterly magazine, *The Stock Market*, plus information leaflets and invitations to seminars and investment weekends. The club has used brokers as speakers at its seminars and weekends, but has no information on how much business they drummed up as a result.

"We don't ask our brokers that question," said the spokeswoman. "We say when you are doing your talks you must represent the Stock Exchange, but they are perfectly free to talk to people afterwards. I do know that some of our brokers have met clients through the events."

She stressed that the club did not give advice on particular investments. "We don't give tips. That is down to our brokers. We tell investors how to do it, but not what to buy. We always make it clear at the end of the day the choice is personal and should be discussed with a broker."

The next weekend investment event on the club calendar is scheduled for March 16 to 18 in Brighouse, Yorkshire, and has been named the "Last of the Summer Wine Weekend" in honour of the TV series filmed in the area.

Priced at £150 for singles, £250 for two people sharing a room or just £75 for investment content only, the programme is heavy on local colour. It includes a talk on

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£ 4,400 (min)	12.50%	£ 550 annually
£34,331 (max)	13.17%	£3,767.8 per month
£18,124	12.73%	£192.36 per month
£ 8,685	12.28%	£ 90.92 per month
£ 4,400 (min)	11.84%	£ 43.41 per month

*Net of Basic Rate Tax. Other rates on request.

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Storm warning at Lloyd's

Storm damage is the latest catastrophe to hit Lloyd's of London. About 4,000 members known as "Names" have resigned in the last two years and more are likely to follow in the wake of a surge in claims and growing competition from the large insurance companies.

The issue is one of concern to the underwriters and brokers who cross paths each day, placing risks on everything from shipping and aviation to cars and home contents. It affects the 28,000 Names who put up the money which allows Lloyd's to exist. But still newcomers are attracted by the cachet of membership and hoped-for profits.

The Names have to lodge at least £250,000 each in cash or assets to be eligible for membership. They can spread their investment over several syndicates or group them under one roof. But if things go wrong, they face unlimited liability.

Mr Shaun Parsons is one of a handful of Names lucky enough to have made a profit year after year. After becoming a member in 1976, he gradually increased his investment to 20 syndicates, and so far has not made a loss.

Mr Parsons, a group finance director, said: "I am what you would call a satisfied customer. This is a high-risk trading venture as you accept unlimited personal liability. But if all goes well, you can make your money work twice, investing it elsewhere and taking a profit."

Mr Parsons reckons that much of the skill of Lloyd's is choosing the right managing agent to act for you.

He said: "There are all sorts of things that can go wrong within a syndicate. It took me three years to find a members' agent I considered suitable."

These days, even finding the best managing agent may no longer be enough. Lloyd's is reeling from an unprecedented run of disasters, from earthquakes to explosions. It is still counting the cost of the Piper Alpha tragedy and the latest storm.

The Council of Lloyd's, drawn from its working mem-

bers, would like to see a contingency fund set up to ward off the threat of "the big one" — a disaster so costly that it would seal Lloyd's fate once and for all. This would also help bring Lloyd's into line with the Continent, where "disaster reserves" are already in place.

Mr Murray Lawrence, the chairman, said: "We accept the fact that we are going to have catastrophes. What we need is the reserves and solvency to counter the threat."

The number of resignations in the last two years have led some observers to wonder whether Lloyd's will survive. Mr Lawrence sees the fall in numbers as a "necessary shake-out" rather than a loss.

He added: "What we have is fewer Names writing the same amount of business. It's a matter of bigger, stronger Names with a better spread of syndicates, making them less susceptible to any one syndicate going wrong."

He also accused the Government of taking Lloyd's for granted, even though it accounts for as much as 50 per cent of Britain's invisible earnings.

Meanwhile, far below the Council chambers, brokers and underwriters get on with the business in hand. The chain of events which lead to Lloyd's often begins when a local insurance broker decides he cannot take on a certain risk. He will approach a Lloyd's broker, who in turn puts it to various underwriters, working from "boxes" in the building.

One risk may be divided between Lloyd's and any number of the world's leading insurance groups, creating a complex web of reinsurance.

In this way, home contents insurance and motor policies rub shoulders with the weird and exotic — insuring a satellite in space, perhaps, or putting a value on a wine tasters' palate. What the brokers of 1990, who began Lloyd's in local coffee houses, would make of it all is anyone's guess.

Jon Ashworth

Evolution of the 'money-back' bond continues

The number of investment bonds which guarantee your money back whether markets go up or down is heading for a peak.

But while the latest issues promise great things for investors, sharp falls in world stockmarkets have taken some of the shine off last year's star performers.

The latest batch includes Albany International's Secure Index-Beater III, a new version of Midas, from Johnson Fry, and Capital Guarantee Bond, from Scottish Provident.

Legal & General has applied the same idea to its pensions and unit trusts, but has not launched a separate bond.

The bonds gamble on a rise in one of the world's stockmarkets and invest in high-yielding stock to cover the risk of a fall.

They should give investors a high return if all goes well and protect all, or most, of the money if the markets crash.

Secure Index-Beater III is again backing a rise in Japan's Nikkei index. It hopes to guarantee a return of between 130 per cent and 140 per cent on any rise in the index, after the 6 per cent management fee, while returning 95 per cent of the money if things go wrong.

The first Secure Index-Beater took in £6.25 million from 800 investors when launched last July as the Nikkei touched 34,000 points.

Index-Beater II, in October, attracted more than £18 million from 2,300 investors. By

now, the Nikkei had climbed to 35,280. It now stands above 37,000.

Mr Rodney Churchill, Albany Life's broker-director, said investors were still ahead despite the Japanese downturn, adding: "The market volatility may have frightened many investors off, but they have the security of the 95 per cent safety net."

The latest batch includes Albany International's Secure Index-Beater III, a new version of Midas, from Johnson Fry, and Capital Guarantee Bond, from Scottish Provident.

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Portfolio**PLATINUM**

For readers who may have missed a copy of *The Times* this week, we repeat below the week's *Portfolio* price changes (today's are on page 21).

Item	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	Total
1	+4	+2	+6	+7	+8		
2	+4	+5	+2	+4	+5		
3	+5	+3	+6	+5	+6		
4	+4	+2	+5	+7	+8		
5	+5	+3	+4	+6	+4		
6	+4	+4	+3	+5	+6		
7	+8	+6	+2	+3	+3		
8	+3	+1	+5	+6	+5		
9	+6	+2	+4	+4	+5		
10	+3	+5	+2	+3	+2		
11	+7	+7	+1	+2	+4		
12	+5	+4	+3	+5	+3		
13	+9	+6	+3	+2	+4		
14	+6	+3	+2	+3	+5		
15	+5	+1	+5	+7	+5		
16	+5	+3	+5	+5	+3		
17	+4	+3	+4	+8	+5		
18	+5	+4	+3	+6	+5		
19	+3	+3	+1	+3	+4		
20	+5	+3	+6	+7	+8		
21	+6	+2	+5	+4	+4		
22	+6	+4	+0	+4	+6		
23	+7	+8	+0	+1	+4		
24	+3	+3	+1	+4	+4		
25	+5	+2	+7	+7	+6		
26	+6	+3	+3	+4	+3		
27	+5	+5	+1	+1	+2		
28	+3	+4	+2	+4	+6		
29	+3	+2	+5	+7	+5		
30	+4	+3	+3	+3	+6		
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32	+5	+5	+2	+3	+5		
33	+8	+5	+2	+3	+3		
34	+4	+1	+5	+6	+6		
35	+5	+3	+5	+7	+7		
36	+7	+6	+2	+2	+3		
37	+8	+3	+1	+5	+5		
38	+9	+5	+2	+2	+3		
39	+5	+4	+3	+5	+4		
40	+6	+1	+1	+2	+2		
41	+4	+2	+5	+7	+5		
42	+5	+2	+4	+6	+3		
43	+7	+5	+3	+2	+3		
44	+3	+5	+1	+5	+6		

Weekly
In Mon Tue Wed Thu Fri Sat Total

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FAMILY MONEY

Bonus time as building societies amalgamate

Lindsay Cook notes the trend of offering windfall gains to members of small societies to win their votes in takeovers

The bonuses to be paid out to members of three building societies, if two mergers announced this week go ahead, will sharpen the appetite of building society investors for windfall gains as the number of mergers accelerates.

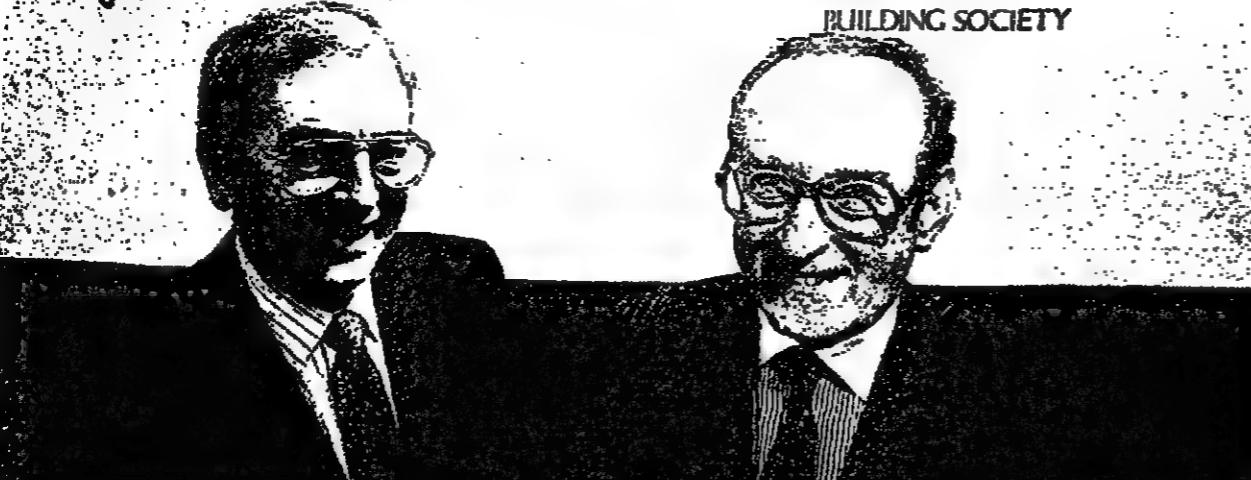
Such payments were first proposed by the Cheltenham & Gloucester Building Society for the members of the Guardian Building Society last year in order to win the votes of members following the distribution of 100 free shares to all members of the Abbey National.

The 430,000 savers of the Regency & West of England and Portman Wessex societies are to receive a four per cent bonus, after tax, up to a £100 limit per account. The bonus will be paid in October if members vote in favour in April and the Building Societies' Commission sanctions the merger.

Borrowers will have a 1 per cent reduction on their mortgage payments for three months up to a maximum of £100. In all, the societies will pay out £21.5 million and members will receive £17.5 million after tax.

Investors with the Frome Selwood are to receive two per cent with no upper limit, and

**PORTMAN WESSEX
BUILDING SOCIETY**



Mood to merge: Gerry Aiken (left) Portman Wessex general manager, soon to join Ken Culley's Regency & West of England

borrowers will have a 0.5 per cent reduction from July 1 to December 31 if the merger is agreed by members in May.

However, investors and borrowers with the Stroud and Swindon, which is taking the Frome over, will receive nothing.

"The bonus is intended to equalize the reserves of the two societies," explained Mr Richard Payne, the chief executive of the Stroud and Swindon.

The 42,000 borrowers from the Regency should also benefit from the merger in the long

term. They are currently paying a basic rate of 14.75 per cent compared with the Portman Wessex rate of 14.5 per cent.

"These will be brought into line," says the Regency's chief executive, Mr Ken Culley, who will hold the same position with the new society, which will be called the Portman.

The societies will have to decide which insurance company they are to be tied to and which cash dispenser network the Regency is tied to Legal & General and was the first building society

were 2,000 building societies and soon the total will be less than 100.

The new Portman will be 14th in size and one of the largest regional societies. It is expected many more mergers will take place in the coming months among smaller societies and involving windfall bonuses for members.

National Counties has the highest reserve ratio at more than 20 per cent but the Mansfield at 13.7 per cent and Penrith at 10 per cent could provide healthy bonuses if they are taken over.

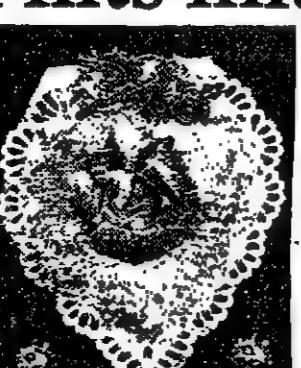
Valentines daze as cards inflation hits infatuation

Love is for sale in London next month when Christie's auctions Valentine cards which are expected to fetch from £20 to £160 apiece.

A total of 65 lots of one to 150 bygone cards will go under the hammer at the company's South Kensington salerooms on February 5. At a similar sale 12 months ago 96 per cent of the material offered was sold and the proceeds totalled just under £56,000.

Prices for old Valentines have yet to rival those commanded by love letters — the jewel-encrusted card bestowal on Maria Callas by Aristotle Onassis was a rare exception — £180,000 when new — but there are signs of inflation.

Sotheby's, which included Valentines in a December sale, said values were in the range £400 to £600 per card. The majority reaching the market, however, are still affordable by amateur buyers keen to start collecting — as well as by



Husbands wanting to give their wives an especially memorable love-token.

The other main charm of Valentines in this keepsake category is their visual appeal. The Christie's catalogue features silken hearts, paper lace borders that copy fabric lace in every intricate detail, pressed flowers, gilding, silvering and embossing. Amassed from various existing collections these belong chiefly to the 19th century, which saw a

Charles Kersley

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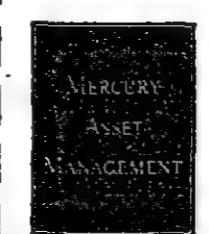
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No. of unmarried children, aged under 21, to be covered:

Date of Birth of eldest adult

Do you already have private medical insurance? Yes No

If yes, what is the renewal date?



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THE TIMES

SECTION 3

- EATING OUT: MICHELIN MAN'S BARGAIN
- DRINK: FEBRUARY WINE CHOICE
- SHOPPING: A TREASURY OF GADGETS
- COOK: CHEFS' WINNING RECIPES

REVIEW

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 3 1990

After trudging 2,000 miles through Antarctic wastes to the Pole, they were refused even a hot shower

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN STETSON / GORDON WILTSIE

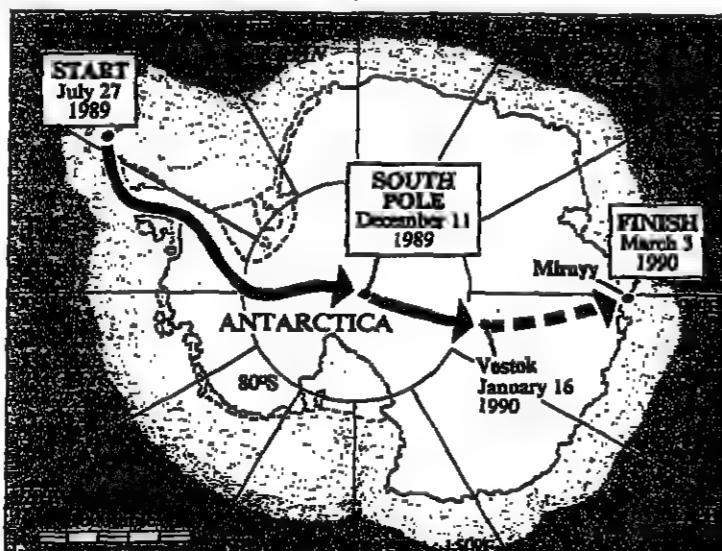


By Alan Franks

Six men of the 1990 International Trans-Antarctica Expedition are locked into a grim battle with the elements on the final leg of their bid to become the first across the 4,000-mile wasteland by dog sled. They are now deep into the heavily crevassed terrain between the remote Soviet bases at Vostok and Mirny on the Davis Sea, the finishing post of a seven-month odyssey in which the men and their 30 dogs are covering the distance of a marathon each day.

The £4 million mission, supported by more than 100 private companies, was organized as an exercise in international co-operation, and to draw attention to the resources and vulnerability of the icebound continent. It has nearly been called off at various stages along the way because of injury, accident, and weather conditions so bad that the team has often spent two hours a day digging its huskies and sleds from the snow.

In the early stages, as the men forged inland from the peninsula, they spent 13 days trapped in their tents as a two-month storm



brought freezing, 100mph winds.

During the journey, they have maintained contact with the outside world through a small device which transmits brief messages via satellite to the expedition's American and European headquarters in Minnesota and Paris. "Urgent please," they signalled from the so-called Area of Inaccess-

sibility, west of the Soviet base, "Need location to find Vostok." When they found the base, they received an ecstatic reception from the Soviet staff who live there throughout the year and who made their arrival an excuse for a lavish party. It was a welcome contrast to the team's arrival at the South Pole in mid-December.

The Americans, adhering strictly to the rules, offered the travellers a coffee but refused them a hot shower after a perilous journey of almost 2,000 miles that took four and a half months.

The six nations taking part are Britain, America, France, Japan, China and the Soviet Union. Apart from the self-confessed element of sheer adventure, the team has been conducting research on glaciology and pollution, ozone data, meteorology, nutrition and thermoregulation. Thousands of schools in America, France, Britain and Australia have been following its progress.

The landscape at the present stage of the expedition has been sculpted into fantastic shapes by the gale-force wind, with 6ft sastrugi, or waves of snow, looming out of the gloom and overturning the sleds. This was happening several times a day until the dogs somehow found a way to sense their coming and began to take avoiding action.

The animals are gaining weight, but the men are losing it. They have shed up to 10lb each and cut lean, powerful and passionately determined figures as, with

Continued overleaf



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TM7



Smiles of success: after 2,000 perilous, weary miles, the six-man team got coffee — and the cold shoulder — from the Americans at the South Pole

THE NED SHERRIN COLUMN



Doggone on namedropping

We're into serious namedropping this week. A princess, a poet laureate, dames, knights, musicians, ballerinas, nonagenarians, octogenarians, newspaper editors, all human life is here. On one of those recent gale days, John Dankworth and Cleo Laine hosted their annual Wavendon All Music Awards — presented by their most loyal supporter, Princess Margaret.

More than once she had to reassure herself that the scaffolding on the building next to the Banqueting Hall, in Whitehall, was not going to attack us as we limched a few feet away from the scene of Charles I's execution.

What with that, and her plane being struck by lightning at Gatwick, the weather was not too kind to HRH this week.

Ronnie Scott, an award-winner along with George Shearing, Sir Michael Tippett, George Martin,

John Mauner, Benny Green (happily restored to Radio 2), and Cantabile, told a terrible tale of the last big blow. Not known for his true stories, he swears a friend lost his panicked dog on that awful evening.

Early next morning the hound returned with the neighbour's dead pet rabbit proudly held between his teeth. Scott's friend guiltily washed and blow-dried the rabbit, scrambled over the garden wall and replaced it in its pen.

Later he was visited by the neighbour, visibly distressed. He asked if all was well. "No," said the neighbour, "just as our son was getting over the death of his pet rabbit, which we buried yesterday, some swine's dug it up, washed it and put it back in the pen."

Cleo sang a cabaret after lunch, including two Arthur Young settings of Shakespeare lyrics. Princess Margaret and Steve Race learnedly debated if this might be the first time they had been heard in that setting since the days of Inigo Jones.

I forgot to check with John a story which Neil Shand told me. The Dankworths once performed at Carnegie Hall in a classy promotion for a new Japanese car. Also on the bill were an infant prodigy and

Patrick Lichfield, entertaining



two stylish blondes at the next table, looked surprised to see a stately *pas de deux* danced between the tables by Alexander Grant and Dame Ninette. In fact, she had an ankle cramp and he was showing off the excellence of his hip operation.

Ninette produced a nostalgic birthday present for Sir Kenneth: informal photographs of the Sadler's Wells company at Cambridge in 1947 with Nadia herself, John Cranko, Michael Boult and

Anne Heaton. The shots suggested that, at 16, Sir Kenneth had the longest legs in showbusiness.

NOSTALGIA RAN riot at the Duchess Theatre on Sunday night when The Players celebrated no particular anniversary of Sandy Wilson's *The Boyfriend*, which opened 37 years ago. They are about to move back to their own theatre underneath the Hungerford Arches by Charing Cross, and Maria

Charles organized the gala evening as a fund-raiser. She was one of 11 of the original cast on parade, and the other five all have long associations. It would be ungallant to total up the ages, but they passed the 1,000 mark.

Age obviously has nothing to do with energy. Billed as a concert version, it was slickly and imaginatively staged, and high kicks and clarion tones were two-a-penny. The score sounded as fresh as it did in 1953, and the evening offered more fun than most these days.

Sandy Wilson presided benignly and revealed that The Players' managers initially gave him £25 down to write *The Boyfriend* and another £25 on completion. When he played it to them they heard it gleefully and agreed that, as they'd paid out such a large sum of money,

they would have to put it on.

Here is a chance to do something useful. When Sandy Wilson was up at Oxford he wrote several ETC revues — notably *High, Broad and Corny*, and *Ritz, Regal and Super* (after the three popular Oxford cinemas). Now old Oxfordians write to him asking for copies of the numbers, most of which he has not kept and cannot remember.

My man in Deal recalls a parody of *Oklahoma* in which the title song was translated from "Oklahoma, okay" into "Stanley Parker, BA!" and "Don't throw bouquets at me" became something like, "Don't drop your hands at me/Or make too much noise tonight/Don't praise all the boys in sight/People will say that we act".

He also remembers an early Ken Tyman song, "My ma's gone to Reno and we're getting a new papa". Are you hiding a script in your attic?

I PROMISED you the poet laureate, but I fear I cannot deliver for another week. I instead my invitation yet again and turned up a week early for the Arvon Foundation's Gala Gourmet Literary Dinner at the Savoy. I nearly found myself in the Metal Box Company's thrash, but retreated just in time.

Many of us have been concerned this week about how many editors it takes to change a light bulb. There are conflicting views.

Some hold the traditional opinion that it takes 10: one who does it, one who wishes he could do it, one who remembers George Melly doing it, and seven who can't wait to write about it.

A more economical approach suggests that it can be done by four: one to do it, one who would like to do it, one who complains of other people doing it, and one who paid £500 to do it.

Next week we will be pondering the following profound question: how many Welsh weight lifters does it take to...?

FRANCES EDMONDS

If I were...

If I were Dr Ali Bacher, leading light of the South African Cricket Union and mastermind behind the controversial "rebel" England tour, I would be contemplating the bitter fiasco into which the current series has degenerated. An eminently decent man, fully committed to multiracial cricket in my country, I would be wondering what this ill-advised expedition will ultimately manage to accomplish. Traumatized and depressed, not so much by the anti-apartheid protests themselves as by the brutality of an unchanged police reaction, I would be forced to face reality. In the end, I would realize belatedly, this witched enterprise could undermine the multiracial successes I have so far struggled to achieve.

As a brilliant batsman in my Springbok heyday, I would know more than most about the importance of timing. In the light of events, I would be obliged to admit that the timing of this tour could not have been worse. Its announcement, when English cricket had reached its nadir, was (I would not mind reiterating) just "horrible". Far worse: at a time when black expectations of the new De Klerk administration were



... Dr Ali Bacher

running high, this series harkens back to its '81/82 precursor and to the stone-faced repression of the hated Botha regime.

Sick of liberal clichés about "cricketing mercenaries", amused by naïve "Olympic nonsense" about "keeping politics out of sport", and cynical about right-wing British Conservative MPs' claims that sporting links with South Africa "help to build bridges", I would explain how this particular tour would never have come about if only the International Cricket Conference had given me a fair hearing last summer.

Next, I would show how the stupidity of cricket's international governing bodies, particularly England's Test and County Cricket Board, have done far more than I could ever do to recruit disaffected rebel tourists. I would point to English county cricketers, the only cricketers in the world who play seven days a week and who are precluded from pursuing another profession simultaneously.

Is it surprising, I would ask, that cricketers whose livelihoods are at the mercy of selectorial whim or unexpected injury, professionals who have no security of tenure or guaranteed wage, and performers who are shuttled into the sidings of life by the age of 35 should make such easy prey?

I would then beg the South African government to prove its new liberal credential by allowing peaceful demonstrations within cricket grounds. How else can we possibly attract spectators to watch this extraordinarily lacklustre series? Finally I would return to the collected works of that great West Indian journalist, author, playwright and cricket enthusiast, CLR James and would agree with him: "What do they know of cricket, who only cricket know?"

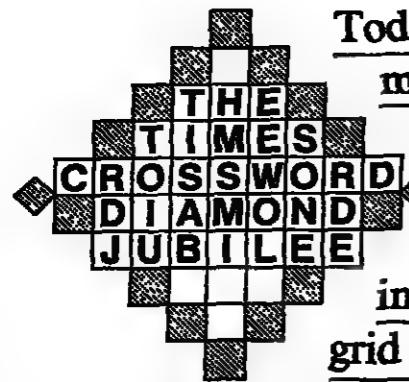


William dropped by just as the night was getting serious.

COMPETITION CROSSWORD

Final clues to our prize puzzler

Today we publish the remaining multi-section clues in *The Times*



Diamond Jubilee Crossword
together with the clues already published during the week and invite readers to fill in the whole grid to enter our holiday competition

All entrants must complete the crossword grid and address box printed below. There are 12 prizes on offer for the successful solvers. The first correct solution opened on Friday, February 9 will win £1,000 and a trip to India for two, courtesy of Hogg Robinson Travel, Cots & Kings. The nine-day tour begins and ends in Delhi and includes trips to the Pink City and Agra. The second prize is a numbered set of the 32-volume *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in the limited edition platinum binding, together with a matching copy of the *Britannica World Data Annual*. The 10 runners-up will each receive *The Times* *Atlas of the World*. Send your completed entry to: The Times Diamond Jubilee Crossword Competition, The Times, 1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN, to arrive by no later than Thursday, February 8, which is the closing date for entries. The winners and solution will be published in *The Times* on Saturday, February 17.



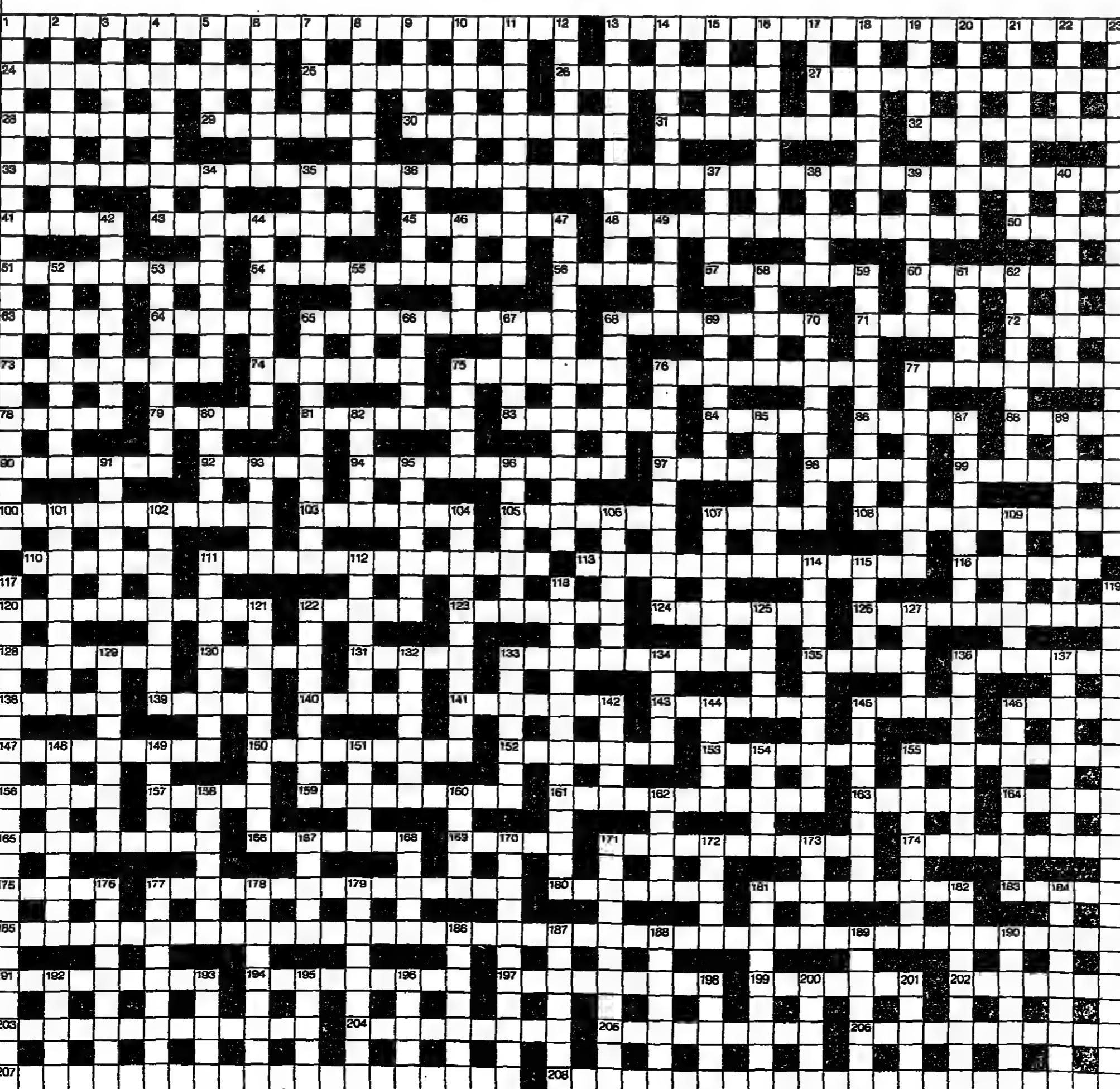
ACROSS

- Proverbial statement of relative solidarity (5,2,7,4,5)
- Our team extended 1200 of the Romans (10,7,4)
- Diagnostic aid doctor encountered in there? Right (11)
- Like a writer annoying us in angry letter, initially, about the Thunderer (9)
- Need animal, take gorilla at random (9)
- Places on board to steer our empty vessels (13)
- Giri cutting fabric (7)
- Hero-worshipper (7)
- Heard a little boy, if I'd made tart (9)
- What is a quarter of five? (9)
- So oddly neutral a period in Europe (9)
- Proverbial reason for an evening out (4,3,4,2,3,6,3,4,2,11)
- Object of veneration Catholic priest embraced (5)
- Settling for late retirement? (7,2)
- Descriptive term — one *The Times* leader placed on record (7)
- Select tailless pony — hope he might do for special race (3,6,6)
- Abandon insignificant person (5)
- Christian name for Arab child, oddly (9)
- Jazz songstress affected in vacation centre (7,4)
- Physician gets nothing for one wine (5)
- Momentous wicket, with score less than 100 (7)

- Erased or printed? (6,3)
- Discharge former PM half-heartedly (5)
- Better, perhaps, to capture rook (5)
- Ready for American business in EEC (11)
- Safeguard metal used by jeweller (9)
- Section of ground I duly opened (5)
- Sportsman placed in the middle of runners (5)
- Mucking about is silly — shop early (9)
- Coach called by viewer (5-2)
- Merit of French answer (7)
- Us force to move weapon-carrier to border (9)
- Banding together for rising in Scotland (7,2)
- Wines produced in Picardy? (5)
- Firmly establish distinction in limited edition (5)
- No change in fur seal (7)
- Fire burning part of church (7)
- Crack only visible, initially, inside (5)
- Little bird, with cry of pain, suffered (5)
- Old German settler's point of view (5)
- Place for sisters, including 153? (7)
- Find very little strap on horse (5)
- Plant in volume if not so plentiful (11)
- Announce jury's conclusion in the box (5)
- Particularly wide, possibly (5)
- Demanding individual has to stir things up endlessly (7)
- Man older than most — than an elder, possibly (11)
- One new chapter in revised text is lifeless (7)

ADDRESS

NAME

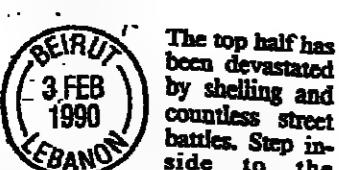


- 105 Covering man without weapon (7)
 107 Large number in net? No (5)
 108 Refuse a true novel writer (11)
 110 Swearing in part of Russia (6)
 111 Start . . . (8,6)
 113 . . . and finish of 47, 118 (8,6)
 116 Dread slip on front of tower (6)
 120 Mount sentries in military HQ (5,6)
 122 Money for composer, say (5)
 123 His visitors are sometimes filled with dread (7)
 124 Unhappy student finally getting rebuke (7)
 126 Adam's wine-flask? (5-6)
 128 Promise union to endure a sort of Communism hothead (7)
 130 Pick a size of type (5)
 131 Plain food (5)
 133 Note deserter appeared without honour (11)
 135 Within impressionism, one talented contributor (5)
 136 Track almost complete — but sleepers aren't (7)
 138 Left before midsummer? Gosh! (5)
 139 Plan to get man on US board (5)
 140 Better device for cutting vegetables? (5)
 141 This ship, for example, at no point retreated (7)
 143 Type who doesn't believe in passion with female (7)
 145 Inn's surroundings, where learners get together (5)
 146 Plant I removed from earth (5)
 147 Left a ring to only daughter (9)
 150 In science lab or at experimental complex (9)
 152 Notice former Israeli leader make decision (7)
 153 For part of Hamlet, put old coin back (7)
 155 Jet-set? (4-5)
 156 Contents of home, say, that you'll find in city (5)
 157 Like Eliza in this fur (5)
 159 Place of maximum damage i.e., per cent destroyed (9)
 161 One with an interest in hobby, perhaps (11)
 163 Make steady progress in workshop (5)
 164 King, a fellow showing element of nobility (5)
 165 Reassamble never, once scattered (9)
 166 Like eternity ring, in more ways than one? (7)
 169 Watering hole used by natives (5)
 171 One who lays down his life for another (11)
 174 Where a too-enthusiastic wet has gone? (9)
 175 Guard's intended to remove source of ill-feeling (5)
 177 Character in *Bleak House*, thwarting one of the defence (8,7)
- BONNIE**
- However, those carpenter addressed weren't quick to reply (3,6,4,5,4)
 - Everybody succeeded, we hear, as well for both sides (3,3,3)
 - Faulty memory — first daughter put in Joan's place (7)
 - Genuine tanner not spotted (5-4)
 - The novel about love set on lake — in this (5)
 - Bunch of flowers with flag in the middle (7)
 - Dash'd animal (5)
 - Trip south changed teacher's position (9)
 - A foreign city's peculiar charm (5)
 - Why, for audience, *The King and I* is repeated in resort (7)
 - Discussing one's work in ineffective assembly (7,4)
 - I invested in property, in fact (7)
 - Disturbed mother and child (only a little boy) (11)
 - A target set in order to produce sporting event (7)
 - Such a person can move supply (5)
 - Piece of music one harmonizes for singers (9)
 - Push, for example, to make someone pay up (5)
 - Boxer, say, disguised other scar (9)
 - Men who ruled their people, too (5)
 - Acquaintance king has currently placed on left side (9)
 - Match-boxes as part of laboratory equipment (4-5)
 - Foreign currency, including nothing that moves between French banks (5)
- Using**
- A minder with us, originally? (9)
 - Buoyant, to survive amongst broken ice (7)
 - Colourful man of letters (11)
 - Tent, for example, endlessly there for king (5)
 - Inside story, as told by Oscar (3,6,2,7,4)
 - See 47
 - Threatening acquaintances booked in France (3,8,11)
 - National hero dismantling segregation (5,6)
 - Mavis's relative produces country food (9)
 - Further forward (5)
 - Tribesman repeatedly volunteers to run (5)
 - Pulled too far back on the rocks (9)
 - Rant and rail, initially, creating heat (7)
 - Rich food — get pains through tucking into it (7)
 - Awfully hard-core material used in some pictures (5)
 - Old men from Ireland it's futile to chase (4,5)
 - Patriotic work from staff in land I adore (9)
 - Shrub out of place in nursery? (5)
 - Earmark complete set of books (5)
 - Group with mission providing work for church (4,5)
 - Possible to get quarters that can be improved (9)
 - Chairman's confused, hence total disorder (9)
 - Keener parent who overpraised children (5)
 - Ring, as it happens, for a girl (5)
 - Magistrate's conclusions in the summing-up much too clever (5)
 - Science established by sound investigations (9)
 - Artist to draw merchant from his city (7)
 - Organized workers having the edge in plant (5)
 - Poet's angry? Wordsworth's speechlessly distraught (5)
 - Split money (5)
 - Fish was perceptibly stale (5)
 - Thought character of festivities should be changed (11)
 - Book with coloured cover (11)
 - Unqualified to speak, mainly (5)
 - Deliberately lose a chance (5)
 - Opening doctor spotted in cancellation (9)
 - Endowed altars church retains after Reformation (9)
 - Highly effective money (9)
 - Joined — one enlisted and served in army (9)
 - U.S. writer sets end of play in Californian city (9)
 - Fine judgement makes sound sense (4,5)
 - Immediately on the side of river, initially (9)
 - Learning garland is for seductress? (7)
 - Overwhelmed by anxiety, doctor's admitted (7)
 - Old man's work the lion destroyed (7)
 - Remove smooth characters before I appear in French city (7)
 - One bound I set free he escaped with ease (7)
 - Has potential to take power (5)
 - Scroff food for cattle (5)
 - General purpose sort of instrument (5)
 - Home of religious leader, an apostate of the prophet (5)
 - Confusion upset university supporters (5)
 - Scratched and bloody when admitted (5)
 - Pursue game silently under cover (5)

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Life in Lebanon is a constant battle, even for the owner of a West Beirut cocktail bar, Juan Carlos Gumiucio discovers

Shaken, but never to be stirred



The top half has been devastated by shelling and countless street battles. Step inside to the ground floor and you might almost be in a Kensington pub — if the heating system was working. Welcome to the freezing Megalith bar and, in many ways, welcome to Lebanon.

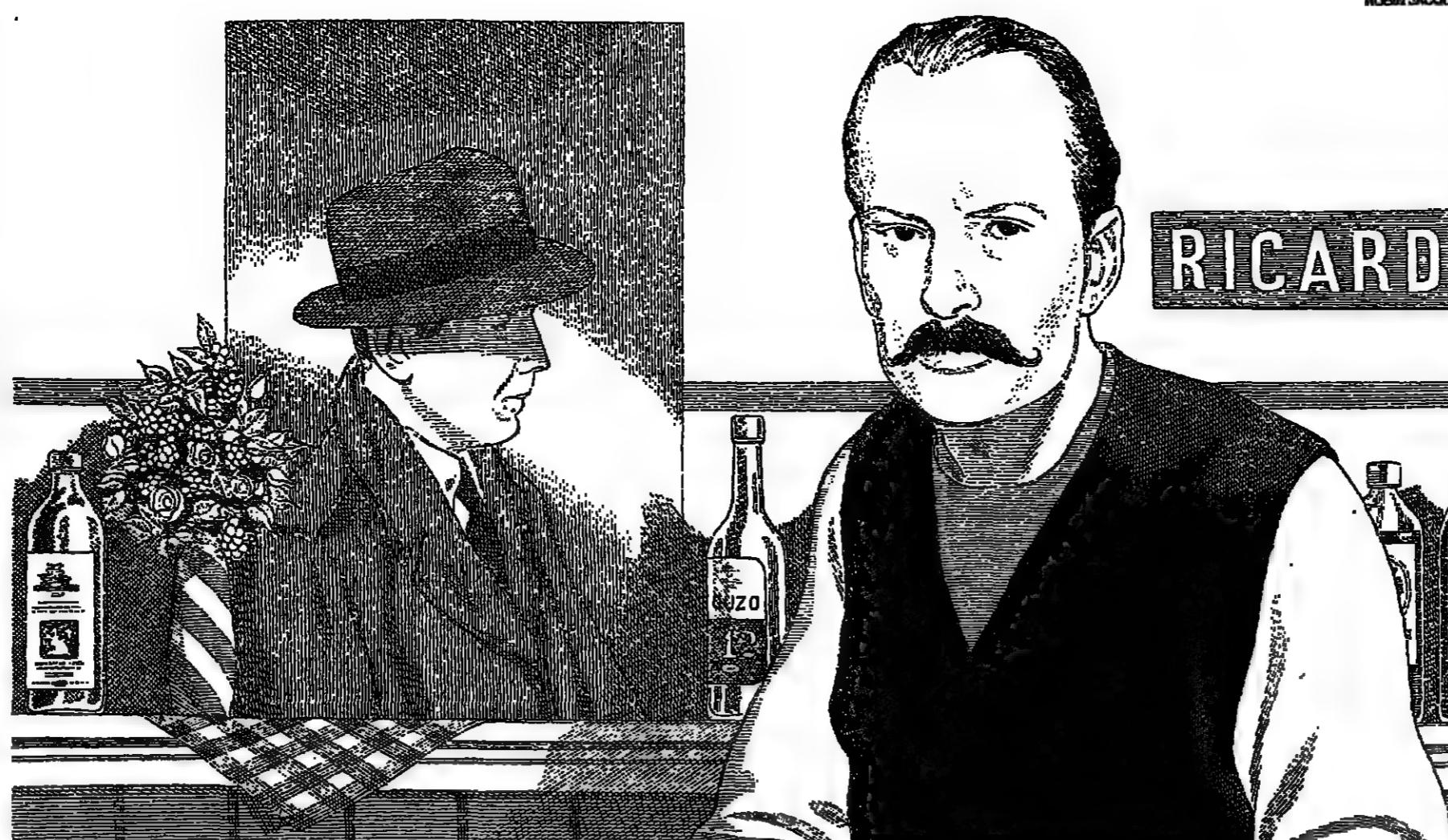
The family that owns this bar in West Beirut is part of the Sunni Muslim establishment. The mustachioed man who runs it is an affable Greek Orthodox Christian called Habib Naimeh. The cook is a Shi'ite Muslim and there are six waiters, some Sunni, some Druze. Like every Lebanese, Habib has his own little daily wars to fight, as Beirut, after so many years of chaos, sinks deeper into decay.

The most recent battle is against the thieves who are defying Beirut's latest "security plan", the capital's most recent illusion. The Syrian soldiers who came to the city nearly three years ago to crush the militias and street hoodlums are withdrawing to their barracks inside the city. They are in hand over all security tasks to ill-trained Lebanese soldiers and the "Squad 16" paramilitary police.

Habib's mistake was to believe in a new Lebanon with the same conviction with which he contends that the upper floor of the Megalith was broken by demolition workers, not by war — although the traces of shrapnel and bullet holes are everywhere. Because the bar is only 15 steps from the police station at Hobisien, just across Blies Street, he felt secure and protected. Now he has serious doubts.

A few days ago the bar was robbed, and 48 hours later two fat policemen, shivering under their heavy woolen coats, turned up to question Habib — at lunchtime, of course. They took down an inventory of Habib's losses — one stereo system, one television set, 10 cartons of cigarettes, one calculator and two new jackets — thanked him for the beer and nuts, and left. Technically, the case was closed as soon as they left.

"There's not much else you can do," Habib says with a shrug. "They asked me if I suspected anyone." He laughed. "Even if I did, how could I tell them? In this country you don't answer those questions. If you do, you're likely to end up dead." But he found far more serious problems than his unhappiness: "Who killed Kamal Jumblatt? Who killed Bashir Gemayel? Who killed President Muammar?" Habib knows that



there will never be clear answers. Yet crimes have one redeeming feature in the Lebanon: They are quickly forgotten and investigations are buried with the victims.

So, Habib has taken the sceptical approach — the Megalith is now encircled by thick belts of razor-sharp barbed wire. The bar looks like a garrison prepared for an infantry assault.

But Habib has other things to worry about.

General Michel Aoun is threatening to cut off the electricity in West Beirut. Already Habib runs a generator and borrows an electrical line from the local Beirut International College. Much of the meat on sale in Beirut is weeks old, and power cuts mean that sons of rotten meat are offered to settle. Aged 39, Habib is balding and already walks with a stoop.

"Look," he says, "Working 11 or more hours a day, hardly seeing your family and trying to please people all the time is no joke." But he will not let fatigue win over pride. He opens his arms to the darkness of the Megalith, where a poster of Humphrey Bogart in one of his Sam Spade roles stares down

were armed. I informed them that we were having a private wedding reception. I gave them our card and told them they were most welcome if they made reservations next time. Fortunately they got the message."

Habib knows that with or without "security plans" he must ensure that the Megalith remains open so that he can still take home \$100,000 Lebanese pounds (about £600) at the end of every month.

That in itself is a challenge, now that nights out are more than ever threatened by thugs, high prices and stiff competition from the back-street bars, with which Habib says he has a personal score to settle. Aged 39, Habib is balding and already walks with a stoop.

"Look," he says, "Working 11 or more hours a day, hardly seeing your family and trying to please people all the time is no joke." But he will not let fatigue win over pride. He opens his arms to the darkness of the Megalith, where a poster of Humphrey Bogart in one of his Sam Spade roles stares down

from the same door broken by the thieves. "This is my life and I would not give it up for anything in this world. I could go to the 'other [Christian] side' or even abroad and make more money. But I will not leave West Beirut. I am needed here. I have not had enough of my town, my relatives, my friends."

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Then there is the age-old problem of unwanted guests, which in Beirut can be a dangerous matter.

"Three guys walked in the other day — they were bad news. They were crooks. I couldn't tell if they were

Beirut. He was 30. The two men had taken opposite sides. "His best friend took his machine gun and shot Nadim," he recalls. "His body was riddled with bullets."

Habib does not seem surprised

at what has happened. Beirut is a story of betrayal. For four years he worked in a back-street nightclub half a mile away in Makhoul Street. During last year's bombardment Habib kept the club open every night, after the owners — four rich West Beirut Christians and Muslim businessmen — fled to Canada, the United States and France. "I made huge profits for them during that period," he says.

"When things cooled down they came back, and I asked one of the owners for a bonus to take my wife and three children on a brief holiday. I was told that 15 bottles of whisky were missing. I left the place. I had no money. They had full pockets but empty hearts."

Now Habib intends to have full pockets. Every drink costs the equivalent of about £1.80. A fillet steak is about £3.30. The cus-

tomers are mostly young Lebanese businessmen with their girlfriends, the occasional rich student from the American university of Beirut and the even more occasional foreign journalist.

Habib began working in this trade at the age of 15, working as a waiter in the now-devastated Palace Hotel in Bhamdoun. Since then he has served drinks in more than a dozen bars in West Beirut.

His most famous drink is the Green Line, named after the trail of ruins which marks the frontline between Muslim West and Christian East Beirut. "It is very dangerous — my clients love it,"

Habib says. "It's made of equal amounts of tequila, Malibu tropical coconut liqueur with light Jamaican rum, blue Curacao liqueur and a thimbleful of orange juice." But like everything else in the Lebanon, this cocktail is deceptive. At first it looks blue. Only after a minute or so of stirring does Habib's cocktail turn green. Thus does the Lebanon's partition flow through the Megalith.

OUTINGS

CLOWN'S SERVICE: Special service and wreath-laying ceremony in honour of the great Grimaldi, whose influence did so much to popularize the genre. Clowns from all over the country, in full costume, will attend. Get there early. Holy Trinity Church, London E8. Tomorrow 4pm. Further information (01-254 5062).

JORVIK VIKING FESTIVAL: First day of a three-week festival of events celebrating the ancient fire festival, Joloblot, which brightened winter months in Scandinavia and Viking York. The festival always starts and ends with fire. Today, 7pm at Knave's Mire, a massive fireworks display. Also, from 10am to 4.30pm in the Merchant Adventurers Hall, war games and competitions. Tonight 8pm, University of York Central Hall, Acker Bilk's Paramount jazz band. York. Until Feb 24. Today, fireworks, free. War games, adult £1, child 50p. Jazz, adult £6, student £4.50 (profits to charities for the disabled). Further information: Jorvik Viking Festival Office, 37 Micklegate, York, Mon-Fri.

QUILLING AT KENSINGTON PALACE: Family activity for adults and children aged eight and above. The art of rolling and shaping strips of coloured paper to make pictures was a popular pastime in the Victorian era. Today, using Victorian objects in the palace as inspiration, you can create your own pictures. State Apartments, Kensington Palace, London W8. Today 10.30am-12.30pm and 2-4pm. Admission 50p plus normal admission (adult £3, child £1.50).

THE WORLD'S LONGEST EVER NON-STOP MUSIC HALL SHOW: Marathon charity event which began yesterday morning at London's oldest music hall. Participants are aiming at a Guinness Book of Records entry. Go along to watch, sponsor or take part. Hockton Hall, 130 Hockton Street, London N1 (01-739 54312). Today until 10pm.

THE TALE OF THE WHITE GIANT: The Northern Light Black Light theatre for children uses puppets, masks and "black light". In this colourful presentation, The Matlings Arts Centre, adjacent public library, St Albans, Hertfordshire, Today 3pm. Adult £3, child £2. Box-office (0727 44485).

A NEW LOOK AT DINOSAURS: Philip Doughty from the geology department talks about the dinosaurs in the museum's Dinosaur Show. Ulster Museum, Botanic Gardens, Belfast. Tomorrow 2.30pm-4.30pm. Free.

KEEPING GLASGOW IN STITCHES: The city attempts to rival the Bayeux tapestry by producing 12 large fabric hangings, each depicting a different aspect or mood of Glasgow, by the end of the year. Go along to watch progress or lend a hand. Glasgow Museum and Art Gallery, Kelvin Grove (041 334 8006). Sat 10am-1pm, Sun noon-6pm, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm.

Judy Froshaug

COLLECTING

Using your horse sense

The equine model field is wide, so how can you be sure of picking a winner?

Peter Philip looks at the favourites



French bronze horse by Barye, sold at Christie's for £2,860

Horses have always been a popular subject for sculptors and painters, but it can be difficult to pick the winners from the array of collectable equine models available.

At the modest end of the market are the 1950s Staffordshire figures of heavy horses and hunters, covered in a shiny brown glaze, that turn up now and then at minor auctions, fairs and antiques supermarkets and can often be bought for less than £50.

Victorian "hatback" equestrian figures in pottery are relatively commonplace, but examples of horses without riders are not as plentiful. Staffordshire vases dating from around 1860, supported by mares with their foals, are likely to cost £300-£350 a pair from a specialist dealer. A rare early 19th-century figure of a piebald pony in Yorkshire earthenware can bring £2,000-£3,000 at auction, but it might not be recognized at a venue where the expertise is limited.

The most celebrated type of pottery horse was made in China during the Tang dynasty (618-906AD). Like the clay figures of servants, soldiers and dancing girls, the horses were placed in tombs to serve the master's needs in the afterlife — a human custom that replaced the earlier practice of burying the people and animals alive, but it became so popular that in 741, a royal edict was issued to limit the number of figures per grave. Even so, a great many have been looted from tombs and

ACADEMY CLEAR-OUT: Sale includes 153 lots of pictures and a few sculptures which have been accumulating in the vaults of the Royal Academy. Content ranges from traditional to abstract. Sale in aid of the Royal Academy Benefactors' Fund. As this is a charity auction there will be no buyers' premium. Bargain opportunities.

GLASGOW GALA: The city's artists and landmarks celebrated in a special sale at the Royal Scottish Automobile Club in Glasgow Square. More than 90 Glasgow pictures on offer, including six very

SALES GUIDE

Grace Before Meals (est £800-£1,200). Also over 150 lots of Baxter Prints and a set of Le Blond ovals.

Philip's West Two, 10 Salem Road, Bayswater, London W2 (01-229 8900). Viewing: Tues 9am-5pm, Wed 9am-11am. Sale: Wed noon.

POT LIDS: One couple's collection of 175 lids, including a rare exhibition example of

"See here's a heart you may behold, which breaks when you these lines unfold." This message, from an early 19th-century folding Valentine card, features in a selection of Valentine cards in this sale of sphere (estimates range from £20-£120).

Christie's, South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 (01-581 7611). Viewing: Tues 2pm-5pm, Wed 9am-5pm, Thurs 9am-10am. Sale: Thurs 10.30am.

John Shaw

More Antiques and Collectables in The Times next Wednesday.

ENVIRONMENT

Under the Greenwood tree

Peter Davenport reports on the growth of organizations which aim to replace some of Britain's lost woodlands

short leases will be thinned out to provide more growing room for those on the longer leases, giving a coverage of 50

feet an acre.

So far more than 500 plots at Bearah have been sold, and a similar number reserved. Among those who have already bought plots are Sir John Gielgud, Sir Yehudi Menuhin, the naturalist Gerald Durrell, and Lady Richardson, the widow of Sir Ralph, on behalf of her late husband. Palmer hopes to announce a similar scheme on a 60-acre site in Surrey shortly and is looking in the Midlands for another suitable location.

The oldest of the pay-to-plant schemes is run by the Woodland Trust; its "Plant a tree for a Pound" programme, launched 10 years ago, recently reached the milestone of the 250,000th sapling to be dug into the ground. For £25 the Trust will plant trees in a specific wood which the donor can choose from a list of sites, currently stretching from Devon to Yorkshire.

Even more ambitious is the campaign by the British Trust for Conservation Volunteers, launched in the autumn of 1988, to plant one million trees around the country over a three-year period. It is well on target, with almost half a million planted already with more than 30,000 people taking up the challenge.

The Trust's Jane Bevan says: "The increasing awareness of 'green' issues is leading to more and more people coming forward. When you think of the destruction of the rain forests, of the trees lost in the Great Storm, it might not seem much to plant one million trees. But to achieve anything you have to start somewhere. Every tree has an effect."

• *Heritage Conserved, Afallon, High Street, Llanfihangel, Powys SY22 5AR (069 184 749)*

• *Traditional British Broadleaf Heritage, 1 Briston Orchard, Duchy of Cornwall Estate, St Mellion, near Saltash, Cornwall PL12 6RC (0579 51195)*

• *The Woodland Trust, Autumn Park, Dysart Road, Grantham, Lincolnshire NG3 6LL (0476 74297)*

• *British Trust for Conservation Volunteers, 01-381 9927*



Trees for the future: British Broadleaf Heritage's Alan Palmer

Business has flourished in the past four months, and almost 1,000 plots have been claimed by industry and agriculture since the Second World War, and the losses have been compounded by the hurricane of October 1987 and by the recent storms.

Palmer's company offers two leasehold schemes. A payment of £30 buys a 75-year lease on a 9sq yd plot of land on which a tree one of the 30 varieties of broadleaf on offer at Bearah is planted. For £142, you receive a 110-year lease on a 16sq yd plot in which your tree is set.

Initially the company is planting 250 trees per acre after 75 years the trees on the

EATING OUT

Jonathan Meades visits a restaurant that has perfected the trick of serving fantastic food at realistic prices

Developing a taste for gimmickry

Laid end to end, the gimmicks at Tall Orders would stretch from Searcys in Charlotte Street to J. Walter Thompson in Berkeley Square. Here are some of them: everything costs the same; everything is served at the same time; everything is served in tall stacks of Chinese bamboo steamers. It sounds like a nightmare from the Bright New Ideas section of *Cooks and Cookmen*; it must surely belong in the same league as those establishments where you have a really good time cooking your own food or arm-wrestling an octopus of your choice in the vivarium or being served by robots. I've got nothing against fun, but most fun strikes me as being no fun at all. Sometimes, however, fun is fun, despite the desperation of those who peddle it, despite the lengths they go to in order to foist it. The difference with Tall Orders is that it is enjoyable and thoroughly commendable because of its gimmickry, not despite it.

The ideas, the concepts and so on, are not applied, they are integral. They are not spray-on, they are foundations. What we have here is, essentially, a notion of restoration so far out of court that it might have been conceived in Bedlam. And it has been followed through with total conviction. There are slight affinities with other establishments — with the dim sum canteens of Soho, obviously, and with Kensington Place and Stephen Bull. Both of those places are built around gifted chefs who have eschewed haute cuisine (and commensurate prices) for a sort of cooking they've invented for themselves — affordable, unfussy and generally better than all but the finest haute cuisine.

Nick Gill, the chef at Tall Orders (and, apparently, the man who thought it up) is another renegade from the Moussettes-and-Servility tradition, a tradition that will not disappear but whose less able adherents will probably get found out in the undistant future. They

will get found out because if chefs such as Gill continue to defect in order to open places such as Tall Orders there will be a decreased demand for pinchbeck shrines of Culinary Art. The fact that the emperor has no clothes will no longer matter, since no one will turn out to see him. Gill's cooking is of a very high standard and his prices are very low. What more could anyone wish for?

The establishment where he won his Michelin star is a "country house" hotel in the east Midlands called Hambleton Hall. I've never been to it, so have no idea (other than one based on supposition) of what he cooked there. The menu at Tall Orders is predictably strong on what is proving to be the kiwi fruit of the new decade — the lentil. Also, perhaps predictably, there is a reliance on the sort of north Italian repertoire that the River Cafe specialises in: tuna steak with white (fagoleto); beans, *cotechino* with lentils, stewed peppers and mustard dressing; chicken with *ziti* and fried potatoes; a salad of rocket, spinach, pine nuts and goat's cheese. Everything, including sweets, is delivered simultaneously in the aforementioned steamers; within the steamers are blue and white plates that are more 1880s than 1990s. Everything is £2.95 a throw. The simultaneous delivery of dishes must, to some extent, determine the repertoire — for, as anyone who has eaten dim sum knows, steamers are not the most efficacious retainers of heat. Therefore, this north Italian range of dishes that are habitually eaten lukewarm is probably ideal. Portions are larger than today's first courses usually are, and smaller than main courses. The menu is probably too short and lacks daily specials. But that is a snail's cavil. These simple dishes have rarely been better prepared. Flavours are patently fresh and of ace quality. With the dishes listed above, one aperitif, one bottle of beer and

another of mineral water, a dish of raw salmon with guacamole (too much dill in the marinade) and a chocolate mousse with rum jelly the damage was £31.50, which is what any formulaic suburban Peking place costs. Wine would have upped this bill by a fair bit.

This terrific canteen also succeeds in looking better than most culinary shrines. The ceiling is DIY Richard Rogers, with blue pipes the circumference of a Frisbee making about. There are shelves of poison-blue bottles of innocuous mineral water from Lampeter. There are also big blue lamps outside — one of Nick Gill's partners, Andrew Leeman,

TALL ORDERS
★★★★★
576 Fulham Road, London SW3
(01-371 9673). £26. Major cards. Noon to midnight every day.

PEKING DUCK
★★★
30 Temple Fortune Parade, Finchley Road, London NW1 (01-458 3558). £28. Lunch and dinner, Wed to Mon.



wanted to be a policeman in his younger days. In the centre of the room is a bar. The lasting impression is of light wood and heavy noise, tempered chaos and proper food. One hopes that future months will produce more of this.

Further establishments such as Tall Orders — I don't mean copies of it, but places which ape its standards and prices — would eventually create a new norm of everyday eating. That norm has for the past quarter of a century been provided by Indian, Chinese and, more recently, Thai places. There is no reason why such restaurants should be cheap, save that this is our expectation of them. There was a certain excitement about the first Indian and Chinese establishments, which aimed for the middle market and fixed their menus and prices accordingly. That excitement didn't last when it became clear that in London, at any rate, the main talent of these places' owners was to copy each other. We have now a new level of Asian restauration that has become clichéd with alacrity — it wouldn't much matter, but the

new clichés are far more expensive than were the old ones, and so these restaurants can hardly be counted as a utility unless, that is, you have twin daughters who, like Lord Lucan, prefer to eat the same meal time and again. This, I hope, is the only thing my daughters have in common with the pitiful trio — they are certainly kind to their nanny. Lucky's tippie was lamb cutlets or, in summer, lamb cutlets en gelée. Theirs is won-ton, seaweed, spring rolls, duck with pancakes, fried noodles. You can get it on any high street. The mean standard is good. At the Peking Duck in Temple Fortune they had no complaints. I could have done with less gluton on my scallops and more who had stolen more of their won-ton had the batter not been so thoroughly soaked in sweet 'n' sour syrup. Squid with garlic and chilli was a decently ungreasy version of the dish. With tea, toffee apples and orange juice the bill was £38, the sort of sum that should encourage other British chefs to follow Gill and grab a slice of a market which is being abandoned by its long-time occupants.

Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Prices are for a three-course meal for two. There may be an aperitif and modest wine in the case of French places, tea in the case of oriental ones and so on. Prices change; they usually go up. Dishes also may have changed — they are given only as an indication of the establishment's repertoire. I accept no responsibility for disappointments and claim no credit for happy surprises. Always phone first. J.M.

KENSINGTON

Kensington Place,
201 Kensington Church Street,
London W8 (01-727 5384)

★★★★★
Large, noisy, vital. This is a mouldy, smoky, metropolitan venue of the moment. This is fashionable precisely because of its cooking — not despite it like, say, Langans. A combination of chef (Rowley Leigh), restaurateur (Sam Gurney) and architect (Ulysses Wickham) has created something far beyond a mere showplace for kitchen excellence. Nowhere else in London offers such cooking at such prices. Intelligent English chef of his generation. His own inventions are remarkable: chicken and goats' cheese mousse; warm oysters with cucumber and wild rice or cherrystone; rice gratin with saffron. The sweets are nice, the wines well chosen and inexpensive. The entire operation makes most grand restaurants look meagre. An added bonus is great fizz cocktails. £20-£30, £35 at lunchtime.

Bayre's Glass Garden
135 Kensington Church Street,
London W8 (01-727 5452)

★★★
Great view of the Stour and Orne estuary, pleasant service, nice enough cooking which is at its best when not competing to be flashy. The fish and shellfish are notably fresh. £20-£30.

The Pier at Harwich
The Quay, Harwich, Essex
(0225 241212)

★★★★★
Great view of the Stour and Orne estuary, pleasant service, nice enough cooking which is at its best when not competing to be flashy. The fish and shellfish are notably fresh. £20-£30.

The Carved Angel
2 South Embankment,
Dartmouth, Devon
(0803 2465)

★★★★★
The cooking is Anglo-French in the best sense with Tuscany and Lombardy added. The food produces earthy, down-home dishes such as lamb with croquettes of seaweed, battered offal — all ordinary enough sounding but accomplished with flair and taste; the kitchen's techniques to be envied. The view over the Dart estuary is glorious and so are the wines, which are particularly strong in minor Rhônes that yield major pleasure. Tremendous British cheeses. £28.

Clarke's
124 Kensington Church Street,
London W8 (01-221 8225)

★★★★★
No choices dinners, limited choice lunches. The cooking is superlative dinner party stuff — fairly simple, well balanced, good ingredients, not much showing off. Risotto and arancini have a hardy rank of taste, the risotto creamy, the rice breeds. If you can accept the rather tyrannical premise, it's a worth-while establishment. Sound wine list, strong New World bargains. £20.

Sticky Fingers
1a Phillimore Gardens, London W8 (01-938 5330)

★★★
Sir Wyman's restaurant is a shrine to Himmel and to the rest of the Rolling Stones — photos, news clippings, gold discs, guitars; there's nothing that can't be put in

DIRECTORY

a frame. It's a loud and pretty frantic place: part burger-joint, part sports-bar, part cage-match. By the standards of such economic substitutes it's not too bad at all. £20 plus.

RIVERSIDE

Brown's
The Old Commill, South Quay, Worcester (0352 226253)

★★★★★

Historically acclaimed conversion of the Saxon, Anglo-Franco-British cooking, smart service, excellent French wines at decent prices. Seafood sausages is pretty good and so are pheasant breast cooked with a barding of mint between the gravy, the cheese and splendid ice cream.

Midsomer House
Midsummer Common, Cambridge (0223 892299)

★★★★★
Genuinely unrehearsed cooking by Hans Schweizer in an elegant, done-out former park-keeper's house on the banks of the Cam. The wine list leaves much to be desired — reasonably priced Australian and French wines are spot-on; quails with a forest stuffing and a fine A&S; monkfish done in fish mousse and spinach; beefy beef with a beaufiful sauce; hairy round chops and excellent crème brûlée. £40-£120.

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SURREY

Michaels'
Portsmouth Road, Ripley (0483 224777)

★★★
Good looking, airy restaurant in the middle of a quiet Surrey village. The cooking suffers the oft-often encountered Home Counties syndrome: the presentation before flavour. Nevertheless, it is a good place and one which might become rather impressive were the kitchen to let loose. Aromatic rabbit, bland lamb with wimble terragon mousse, smoked salmon with basil. Decent wines at decent prices. Congenial service. £20-£30.

CAMPUS

The disaffiliation debate must result in NUS reform, Edward Grant says

The result of last week's referendum at Southampton University, on whether or not to disaffiliate from the National Union of Students, is a sharp warning for the NUS. The student union is still a member of the organization, but only just: 1,517 students voted to remain in the NUS, while 1,401 students (48 per cent) voted to disaffiliate.

As Bristol and Cambridge universities last year, disaffiliation was supported by 33 per cent and 42 per cent, respectively, of those students who registered a vote. So far this academic year, nine colleges have announced that they are voting on NUS membership.

Extremism has been a problem with the NUS for years and moderate students are beginning to react. The fundamental problem is that the NUS is participatory: the structures are only as representative as those students who are politically motivated enough to get involved.

Widespread uninterest means politically motivated extremists inevitably dominate decision-making. Fewer than 10 per cent of students nationally vote for delegates to the NUS conference. As a result, NUS policies are grossly out of tune with the silent majority of moderate students.

In the past the NUS has evaded demands for change through an "all or nothing" approach. Either students can remain inside the national body or they can risk isolation by disaffiliating. This has worked in the NUS's favour because students preferred imperfect national representation to none at all.

The result has been a growing dissatisfaction that has not been reflected at conference, and student leaders have grown isolated. Entrenched in their political

Warning vote in the union



positions and supported by many unelected delegates, the national executive has ignored many demands for reform.

The impetus for disaffiliation came from within Southampton Student Union and not from right-wing Conservative students who oppose such unions for ideological reasons.

The NUS likes to portray itself as an intrinsic part of the local student union and relies on union officers to promote it

to apathetic students. But the political extremism of the organization and its frustrating inefficiency have alienated many student union officers.

The credibility of the NUS is low. The organization budgeted for £28,200 to promote itself and fight disaffiliation campaigns in 1989-90. A feature of all disaffiliation campaigns is the arrival of professional organizers and speakers: at Southampton, six members of the NEC came down in two weeks, which is

Propping up the NUS

no central body for information and research on welfare and academic issues.

By adopting consumer politics and threatening the withdrawal of its bank account, the NUS forced the banks to pull out of the loans scheme. Such tactics reveal that these student politicians can think beyond the bluster of protest. The NUS should, however, respond to threats of disaffiliation with promises of reform. This is the occasion for delegates to voice the concerns of their individual unions and they should not miss the opportunity of pressing for change. National executive posts should be full-time jobs and the president should be elected for a two-year term to improve continuity.

But students should remember some of the benefits of the NUS. Information on loans, education, welfare, and sport, for example, is best obtained from the resources of the national headquarters.

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Seriously unfunny, truly unreal America

Thomas Pynchon, theatrical impresario and invisible man, presents his fourth great travelling show, after 17 years away from the circuit. Critics, feature writers, literary odd-jobbers – the whole peanut-crunching crowd – have had ringing seats reserved for months. Steadily they move in, fixing their questions like fishbills. How does it look? Is it any good? Where is he?

"He", that is Pynchon, is nowhere to be found of course. Still on the run from fame, he has become a refugee in his own country. His fabled elusiveness fascinates because his apparent paranoia is so close to that of his fictional characters. It is as if he is evading his novels' predictions.

These books are pariah acts of theatre which satirize blackly, the fevered theatricality of modern America. His style – a sinister vaudeville – owes much to Nathaniel West, whose novel *The Day of the Locust* gave similar treatment to Hollywood. As it does in West, America exists so hugely in Pynchon that it seems unreal, like a dream: a seedy miracle of grotesque superabundance, where the trashy and the ephemeral are the only constants; where foolish brand-names and sterile convenience stores multiply like humanoids; a land rigged with highways and junction-networks and desolate parking lots.

A thrilling place, but for Pynchon, also sinister. Such a land, with its over-productive jungle,

Thomas Pynchon has closed the distance between himself and the world he used to menace, James Wood laments

threatens and confuses the poor civic explorer. Who is in control of this mess? We are not, for sure. This confusion encourages, in many of us, paranoia, sudden flight, and prolonged quests. So Pynchon delights in secret worlds and underground agencies.

In *V*, his first novel, one of the characters discovers that the New York sewers are full of alligators; the Pynchon touch lies in his creation of a large team of exterminators (the Alligator Patrol), a whole world working down in the stinks and effluvia of society. In *The Crying of Lot 49*, easily his best novel, a search for a mysterious benefactor gets mixed up with a secret society who communicate by messenger post rather than by US Mail.

Pynchon's previous novels are all sustained by an electric tension between the "real" America and the novels' alternative or secret worlds – a tension, you could say, between an unreal reality and an unreal unreality. The difference between the two worlds is crucial, because it gives their occasional merging – as at the end of *Lot 49*, when the heroic wonders which America she lives in, the real or the imagined – a dramatic force.

His characters are truly unmoved, exiled from their own America and shadowed by a

VINELAND
By Thomas Pynchon
Sector & Warburg, £14.95

silent, unsuspected world" which might turn out to be real or a mere figment of their paranoia. In *Vineyard*, the secret threat is technological: in this world we can be controlled or cancelled out any day with "just a short tap dance over the computer keys". But the tension has collapsed in this fourth novel, and the book collapses with it.

Vineyard is the story of a group of ex-hippies living in Reagan's America – people threatened not only with the consequences of their Sixties liberalism, but also by contemporary forces. One family in particular – Zoyd Wheeler and his teenage daughter Prairie – is terrorized by a shadowy FBI agent called Brock Vond. He is searching for Zoyd's former wife, French (it will be clear that Pynchon hasn't lost his talent for cartoonish names), and, it seems, will go to hideous lengths to find her.

There are flashbacks to the Sixties and to a student riot, but Pynchon's stance – Satirical? Comic? Earnest? – is so liquid that we are not involved. The plot

becomes cavernous and wayward, with more and more oddballs – FBI stooges, psychedelic monks, weird students – crowding the stage. The novel overloads, and Pynchon, in a frantic effort to keep it on course, pumps it up with hectic vaudeville and strained jokes.

What happens is that the novel stops being *serious*. Pynchon's depiction of the Sixties has no bite, so his critique of Reagan's America has no authority either. That sense one had in his past novels, of reality as a magical affliction, half mirage and half menace, has gone. The tension between one kind of unreality and another kind, zanier or more sinister, has disappeared: we are in one world here, and everyone seems to be having a wacky time. There is none of the genuine human confusion that animated his previous works.

What has disappeared is any controlling moral authority. That tension and balance at which Pynchon was so good was essentially – as everything is in literature – linguistic. He made fun of America, and tweaked its certainties, but he kept a verbal distance from the excesses of his imagination, and this verbal distance was the author's guarantee: he wrote better than America lived. It was the moral compass: it gave the

reader direction and perspective. And out of the squeezing of different verbal registers (literary, popular, technical) passages of great gaudiness were thrown up.

But Pynchon's language in *Vineyard* is unable to contain the modernity it depicts. It simply merges with it, and all its obfuscates – the loosened syntax, the modish lexicon, the pages of odd brand-names – are pointless because the language is no longer reorientating the world. It is simply rearranging itself.

Pynchon uses the latest phrases like "user-friendly" or "seriously" (as in "seriously sick") but without keeping a distance from them. Whenever he mentions a film, he puts its release date after it in brackets, and the aim seems to be a comic historical specificity, the notation of passing ephemera. But what about Pynchon's own language? When he writes (referring to the film star Clint Eastwood): "The doped cop permitted himself an Eastwood-style mouth-muscle manner", where is the necessary distinction, the *pizazz*?

In this novel Pynchon merges with the very world he used to menace, and it is sad to realize that this novel will fade just as fast as the sweet vulgarities and passing enthusiasm of the reality it describes. In 10 years' time, *Vineyard* will have to be annotated like a Ben Jonson comedy. And even then, no one will find it funny. The show, it seems, is over before it has really begun. We can all go home now and wait another 17 years.



No sense in worrying

FOR CHILDREN
Brian Alderson

A FOOT IN THE GRAVE
By Joan Aiken
Illustrated by Jan Piekniewski
Cape, £8.95



Eerie: the ghosts of "an old University Chancellor and a mangy dog"

"Honestly", said Mum. "If you can't get a group of ghosts to behave sensibly, what hope is there for humans?" What hope indeed! None of the chthonic powers in these eight stories is any-way sensible. Malicious perhaps, like old Mrs Wilde, who tries to kill poor innocent Cherry just because Cherry had seen her trying to pinch a carton of cream. Or vengeful, like the mangled hands that spill from Uncle Avvye's black bag and do kill him. And, as Mum said, the humans aren't much better – obtuse, careless, too busy doing the laundry to perceive the terror that is walking about so openly.

The accounts of these dreadful events come in the words of the children who have, at one remove or another, encountered them. The story-telling accents shift from generalized teenage, to vaguely posh, to sketchily Scottish, and this serves to bring the metaphysics down to earth. It may not lessen the impact of the more powerful tales, like "Amberland", a mixture of dream and tragedy, but it can salt others with a dry, nonchalant humour. "It's got fond of me, see," says Janet, finally unable to get rid of the dead highwayperson's baby that Aunt Ada insisted on bringing home.

Jan Aiken supplies illustrations of suitable eeriness. They are, however, composed with high sophistication out of cut-paper collages, and this is rather at odds with the flat or squawky tones of Joan Aiken's child narrations.

The bearded Oliver Sacks, so widely recognized as a successful neurologist and writer, is well-placed to play the Ancient Mariner and hold us with his latest thought-provoking tale deafness in children, a more familiar topic for the layman than the nervous disorders he has written about previously. There is, he writes, one deaf child in every thousand. The inability to hear, if congenital or contracted early in life, imposes a double tragedy: because the early deaf child cannot hear, he also cannot speak. *Seeing Voices* is chiefly concerned with this most serious category, the profoundly deaf.

In 1755 the Abbé de l'Epée, moved by the plight of the impoverished deaf in Paris, founded their first school, the National Institution for Deaf-Mutes. This great humanitarian also invented the first sign language, basing it on the mimics of the Parisian deaf poor. It forms the basis of contemporary Sign, the system so widely used

With the Berlin Wall in ruins, and the Evil Empire fraying at the edges, is the spy thriller finished? Of course not, but the plotlines set against dreary CIA/KGB/is-this-World-War-Three backgrounds should hopefully come to an end. *Glassnost* can give the genre a welcome shot in the arm if it leads to fresh settings and a new sense of drama.

Ted Albury solves the problem by returning to what he knows best – British agents working with the Resistance in wartime France. Philip MacLean is the brilliant leader of an SOE network. The great love of his youth, Anne-Marie Duchard, is now his wife and one of his closest lieutenants. In what seems to be an accolade for his success, MacLean is flown to London for a personal interview with Winston Churchill, who orders him to launch a wave of partisan attacks on the Germans in preparation for an invasion late in 1943. There is no invasion and the network is betrayed – systematically rounded up, tortured, shot. MacLean dies in Auschwitz.

Forty years later, an awkward question in Parliament reveals that all record of this tragedy has vanished. Harry Chapman of MI6 is ordered to France to discover the truth. A surprising number of the agents are still alive, including MacLean's wife, with a bitter story to tell. Can it be that Churchill deliberately betrayed them as part of a secret deal with Stalin?

As ever, Ted Albury captures the life of Parisian cafes and the French countryside lyrically; his characters are cleanly drawn; the wartime atmosphere of bitterness and mistrust pervades everything.

• **War of the Raves**, by Andrew Kaplan (Century, £12.95). This too tracks back to the Second World War – Buenos Aires in 1939. Will Argentina side with Hitler, giving him the South Atlantic, or stay neutral? The United States has not yet entered the war, but young agent Stewart is spying busily, hand-in-glove with a camp butler, Fowler, whom he isn't trusted

Grieving over the death of her cantankerous father, Marianne North found herself alone in their London home with only her dead parent's green parakeet for company. "After a while," she wrote, "I found out I was only a woman, and liked me no more."

Unhappily for Dea Birkett, the closer she drew to her Victorian lady explorers, whose stories she has skillfully meshed into *Spinsters Abroad*, the less she liked them, too. Their greatest sin was to view themselves as "white men", laying equal stress on their colour and their misplaced gender.

This makes them uneasy role models, to say the least. Carrying

today. All the subsequent schools for the deaf in both Europe and America sprang from these Parisian origins, and with the founding in 1864 of Gallaudet College in Washington DC, education for the deaf seemed to be progressing well. However, the proposal that they could and should be taught to speak aloud began to find favour, and when Alexander Graham Bell, whose mother and wife were both deaf, lent his considerable authority and expertise to the movement, it took hold worldwide. In 1880 the International Congress of Educators of the Deaf, meeting in Milan, made the sweeping decision officially to forbid the future teaching of Sign. Professor Sacks believes the Milan decision was extremely destructive, and led to a decline in the achievements of the

deaf for the next 75 years.

Throughout *Seeing Voices* Sacks maintains that, neither a linguist nor a child specialist, he has been merely an observer with no axe to grind. But his enquiry into the training of the deaf and their acquisition of language led him inevitably to the fascinating but highly controversial theories of Noam Chomsky. Chomsky is the most recent voice to be heard in the ancient debate: is the human brain capable of innate genius or is it, at birth, a *tabula rasa*? He has modified his original ideas considerably over the years, but essentially he holds the belief that there may exist in our brains a

Isabel Butterfield

SEEING-VOICES
By Oliver Sacks
Pan Books, £12.95

"deep grammar consisting of many hundreds of rules of different types Children between the ages of two and 13"

he suggests, "a genius for language", and may be able "construct a grammar from the parents playing an initial but only facilitating role but, or, alternatively and less controversially, that there exists in the child brain a natural ability to create a grammar.

Sacks, combining his enthusiasm for Chomsky with his neurological training, gives some weight to interesting hypothesis. Whether admitting that modern man does not yet understand the

I spy a plot problem

THRILLERS

Michael Hartland

A TIME WITHOUT SHADOWS
By Ted Albury
New English Library, £1.95

up with the passionate, slim and aristocratic Julia Vargas. The character of Julia is brilliantly etched, rejecting her husband and all he stands for, protecting her hunted lover, and losing her reason when he leaves her.

The Graf Spee arrives to

the pro-Nazi and with Stewart's help the Royal Navy ambush her in the River Plate. As espionage the story is pretty thin, but Andrew Kaplan's portrait of a corrupt and neurotic Latin American society is riveting – if you don't throw up. There are a wealth of powerful, if somewhat too anatomical, sex scenes, interspersed with Stewart's hideous torture at the hands of the Argentine secret police. Kaplan relies too much on violence to shock, and goes over the top with the sadistic whipping of a girl for a gawking audience in a night club. The writing has the force of a sledgehammer, but one can be more incisive with a scalpel.

• **Stackwave**, by Colin Forbes (Pan, £12.95).

Our hero once again

is Tweed, the colourless intelligence

officer who has foisted previous

Forbes thriller. This time he is

faced with an accusation of raping

and murdering a mystery woman in

his flat, and flies into snowbound Europe, accompanied by faithful Paula Grey. In a somewhat unlikely scenario, he is pursued by every Western security service, directed by arrogant politician Lance Blackmore.

As luckless Tweed zig-zags across the Black Forest being zapped by everyone, does the explanation lie in the hijacking of a ship carrying a giant defence computer? Tweed was responsible for its security – have the Russians cracked it? Glassnost has already dated this part of the story beyond repair, but the Bucharin-esque pursuit of Tweed just about compensates.

• **The Aranmila Maids**, by Jonathan Kellie (Hemel Hempstead, £12.95).

Jonathan Kellie's first novel is a gritty terrorist thriller, written with the vividness and authority of a man who is going places. The IRA is not a promising subject, but it is tackled here with rare sensitivity and insight. Annie McBride is a Provo activist in her twenties, suddenly horrified by the cause when she plants a bomb that kills dozens of young soldiers. Their commander, Marcus King, is black, revered by his men, but a pain in the neck to the Army for his unorthodox methods.

As Annie is appalled by the blood-letting, so King is shocked by the military backlash against innocent Catholics in Derry. He is unjustly branded a deserter and pursued across Ireland by two death squads, one SAS, the other IRA, finding an unlikely ally in Annie, who is also fleeing. The two character studies are stark but compassionate; and Mr Kellie grips his reader with tensions that can only end in tragedy.

• **Writing these round-ups for a couple of months has been a pleasant change from the politics and real-life espionage that I usually cover on these pages. But to go on much longer will have all my fellow thriller-writers taking out a contract on me, so back to non-fiction while I still have, I hope, a few friends...**

Feeling free to dance

Nigella Lawson

JAZZ CLEOPATRA
Josephine Baker in Her Time
By Phyllis Rose
Chatto & Windus, £18

It is the common practice of showbiz stars to dedicate themselves to the purveying of their own myth. It is not so, in economy with the truth, as among them to plot their trajectory of stardom so as to put maximum emphasis on their even shimmering achievement. Josephine Baker was mistress of her own myth, and fantasy, of much part in its construction, the facts of the case need embellishment.

Her beginnings are the stuff of legend: the poor black girl from Louis at the age of eight, out skinning to support a well family; the Cinderella-danced her way out of the south and caught the attention of an American woman on the look for something exotic to take to Paris. By the time she was 20, legend had been created. Josephine became "La Baker", whose "cuban arabesques" had won over Paris.

But this wasn't the only Josephine Baker. Scarce, in older, she wrote her memoirs as a novel, then donned the uniform of a lieutenant in the Women's Auxiliary of the Free French Air Force, later to be adorned by the *Chasseur à cheval* and *Légion d'honneur*, became a champion of the

Exploring women beyond

Jennifer Potter

SPINSTERS ABROAD
Victorian Lady Explorers
By Dea Birkett
Blackwell, £14.95

over the gamut and into virgin territory. If the joy of themselves, easily get lost in this enthusiasm. Cook's Tour of the women's professional horizons, the paradoxes of their lives emerge: the conflict between duty and a very sexual desire in the unknown; their charity to families

The Book of Evidence

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Patrick Gale, *Daily Telegraph*

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Charles

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Irish Independent

'I have read books that are as cleverly constructed as this one and I can think of a few – not many – writers who can match Banville's technical brilliance, but I have read no other novel that illustrates so perfectly a single epiphany. It is, in its cold, terrifying way, a masterpiece'

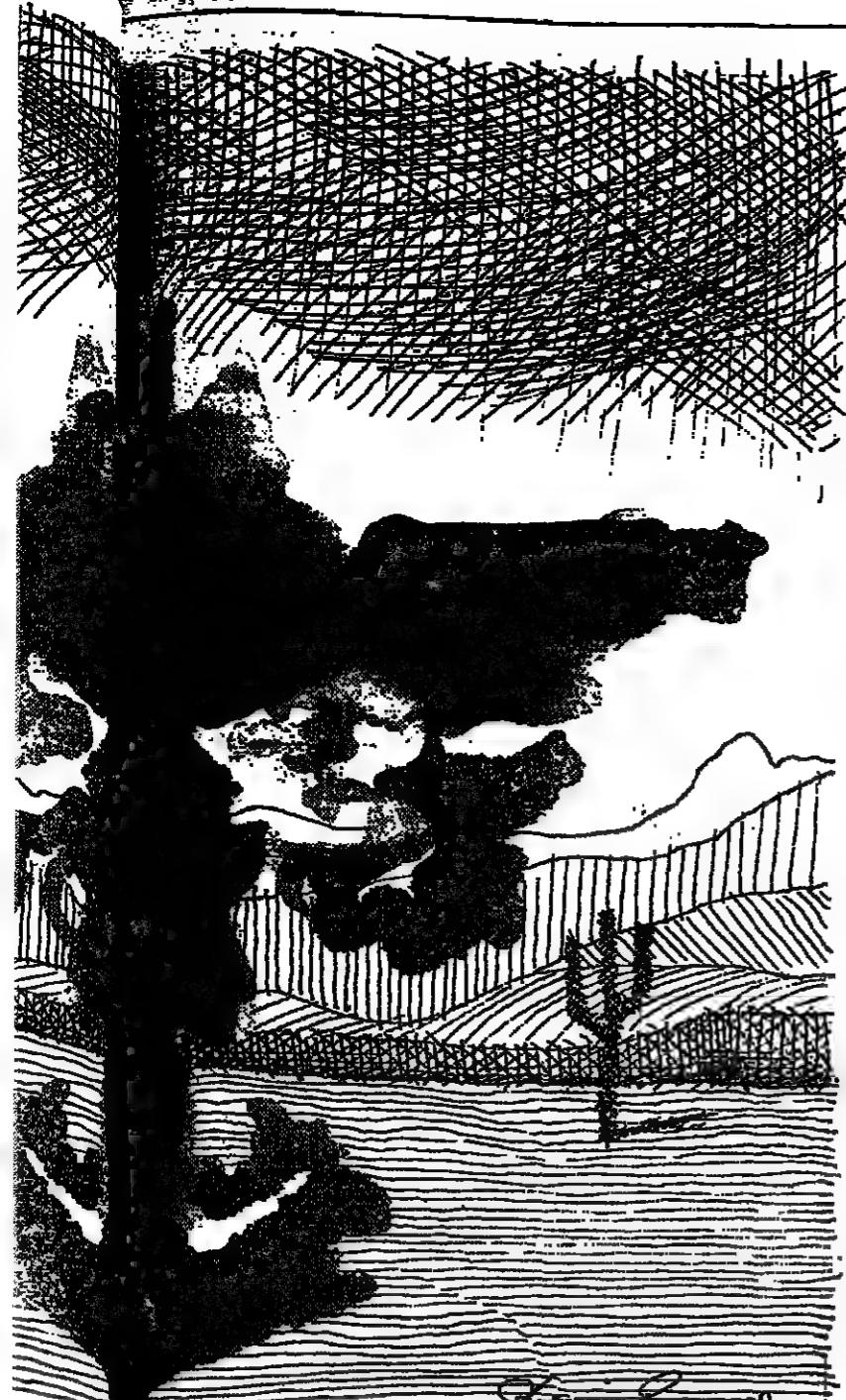
Maureen Freely, *Literary Review*

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leve heard?

"deep-seated chemistry underlying our constituents' talent for grammar, he says points out that the language centres of rats of the brain have been well-known for a long time; and observations children on patients who have suffered brief strokes and lost only their two grammatical competence could be interpreted as supporting Chomsky's views. Though not familiar himself with Sign language, Sacks defends it vigorously as "the language of four dimensions". He also dismisses the popular misconception that ho-reading is easy. Another misconception is that Sign is a simple, easily learnt form of communication which reflects the author's language of the Signs. A more serious misconception is that Sign is an attractive, self-reliant minority, with a highly developed sensibility and a vivid language all their own.



Born: Paris darling Josephine Baker, in chanteuse-chic mode

ights movement in America, and gave birth to her own "family of men" in the Dordogne, a "rainbow tribe" of children of all races. Paris, she had said, was what made the imagining of such a future possible. Her black skin had barred her from success in America, while it opened doors in France. The freedom she first experienced may have been the freedom of being recognized as an exotic, but was still better than the virulent racism with which she was accosted in her own country.

No wonder she was grateful to the French, even if they did praise her "primitive jungle elegance" and tease her when her revised act

didn't seem quite black enough — "restore your faith in dusky reality" — for they had, at least, made her a star. And it was her intelligence work for them during the war that led her to be dismissed with the confines of the stage.

Phyllis Rose is never quite equal to the contortionist vitality of her subject. Anxious in tone, her ruminations are cloaked in the phrase-turning ponderousness of *Vogue* captions from a more earnest era. Still, it could have been worse: the book was "concealed" during preliminary research for a project on Hemingway. *Jazz Cleopatra* has at least spared us that.

And only in 1913 were they finally admitted into the ranks of the Royal Geographical Society, overcoming male fears that they would turn the RGS into a register office for "teachers and governesses and that kind of thing".

So what of their achievements? Because their discoveries were largely of the self, rather than the world, they became at the end tired, lonely old women, playing solo bridge in Kent or patriciate in Baghdad; donning African bangles to jangle around their terraced houses. Only the dreams of their savage lands remained. "That's the trouble with wandering," said Gertrude Bell, "it has no end."

decorum and masculine achievement, their denial of the suffragettes' claim: "I should be very sorry if by the possession of a vote, 'Mme Marianne North,' and those sensible women would certainly make it if they had one."

Back in the grey lands of their childhood, their reception was as divided as their own selves. Peted by the popular Press ("She has the soul of the Amazon about her"), became a journalist's cliché, they were denied official recognition,

On the box, from poets' corner

Jasper Rees admires the urbane intelligence of D.J. Enright

When poets are not being the unacknowledged legislators of the world, they are often to be found legislating on books in the national and academic Press. Though a lower form of literature, reviewing is a surer means of relieving the penury that is a poet's traditional lot.

Such a poet is D.J. Enright, except that *Fields of Vision*, which is in part an anthology of Enright's best essay-reviews for the likes of the *New York Review of Books* and the *TLS*, devotes only one in three of its sections to literature. Another section is on language, and the third is a series of pieces, published here for the first time, on television — not a subject which tends to detain

unacknowledged legislators, but one on which Enright has a great deal to say.

His utterly sensible opinions on television's most urgent issues — sex, violence, and the "you can always switch it off" arguments — leave nothing to be desired. His admiration for the people's medium is not unreserved, but when he does admire he admires keenly and wittily. His chapter on the winning puns of Basil Brush is the finest (although very possibly the only) essay on the subject.

He has many a kind word for British soap operas ("I often think they are the best things on television"), and adjudges the Royal Family as the most tireless purveyors of, and actors in, the genre. He suffers *Spitting Image*, but worries that "its faces have begun to edge out the real ones. I have met the Queen once, and thought her a handsome woman, yet it is the later caricature that now usurps the real person".

Coming from a writer who marshals his words with regimental precision, that "handsome" is

probably loaded. Certainly, one of the funniest moments in the section on language is when he finds out that commercial television's nickname for the Queen's broadcast is "Corgi and Bess".

Enright has a subtle feel for absurdity which makes his reports on neologisms, oriental loan-words and semantic change (for better or worse) such a delight to read. He is in favour of pedantry (why use "literate" to compliment a writer on his way with words when all it denotes is him or anyone else's ability to read and write them?).

Although this reviewer begs to criticize his, and anyone else's,

slack use of the word "partially".

Enright's considerations of literature, as of language, are not merely reviews. His portrait of the satirist Karl Kraus doubles up as a portrait of Viennese culture between the wars, incorporating *Musil*, *Mann*, and *Canetti* (on whom there is also an essay). He also writes stirringly on two transatlantically exiled Slavs, Milosz and Kvorecky.

His prose is so measured, his intelligence so urbane and felicitous, his reading so wide, that he often gives the impression that he could have written the book up for review himself.

This is hard luck on the writer of the book, but good news for the reader of the review.

Screen dreams

Hubert Selby Jr's first novel was published in America in 1964. Though its supporters were uniform in their admiration for its "cinematic" prose, it has taken a quarter of a century to bring it to the screen. *Last Exit to Brooklyn* is the 10-minute egg of hard-boiled realism. It is not Selby's best book, but it has in essence all of his qualities: an almost obsessional feel for language, an unfliching attention to violent and sordid detail, and a ferocious moralism that is totally lost in Uli Edel's cleverly intercut screen adaptation of Selby's six, apparently discontinuous, narratives. Edel's version of the most notorious of these, the gang-rape of the prostitute "Trailor", is rather more like a Madonna video than Selby's brutally shocking verbal and physical assault.

Of all the monsters writers can't get out of their minds, none is the one that film directors most often finish from portraying.

The taboo is compounded when the victim is male. James Dickey was alleged to be President Jimmy Carter's favourite poet. Nothing in the verse, though, could have prepared anyone for the masterpiece of *Deliverance*, which comes, like *Last Exit*, headlined with grim Old Testament epigraphs.

In Dickey's only novel, four city friends head off into the southern mountains for a Hemingway-esque canoe-ride down a river valley soon to be flooded by a dam. Step by step, their civilized armour is stripped away.

In the 1972 film director John Boorman's headlong appropriation of Dickey hesitates only at the point where one of the friends is sexually assaulted by a mountain-man.

But what Boorman could not capture so successfully is Dickey's quiet insistence that the most profound and educative loss is of the power of narrative itself, of language, the men's complete inability in the disaster that overtakes

them to "get their story straight". It takes a less hair-raising journey to convince 18-year-old Sam Hughes that the war which took away her father was more than a compound of Bruce Springsteen lyrics and the tall stories of her secretly traumatised uncle, Emmet. Bobbie Ann Mason's first novel is about growing up, both a child's and a nation's.

Growing up involves recognizing the reality of the war. Driving to Washington with Emmet, Sam reads the letters and journals her father wrote "in country". She finds her name inscribed in the black marble of the Vietnam Memorial, unfamiliarly surrounded by ranks and serial numbers.

The book's road movie elements are less evident in print than in Norman Jewison's screen version, but so too are some of its heavier-handed symbols played down. Is Emmet's acne a symptom of Agent Orange, as Sam thinks, or merely of an arrested adolescence much like her own? Mason's grasp of dialogue, together with her sense of the importance of popular cultural images of recent history, rescue the book from portentousness, just.

The themes of Jackson's 1944 novel *The Lost Weekend* — alcoholism, homosexuality — were almost untouchable then, and it took a director of Billy Wilder's subtlety and confident amorality to turn it into an Academy Award-winning film the following year. But, in retrospect, Jackson's novel is another text about the transposition of language and images. Birnbaum is a failed writer, constantly pawing his typewriter to buy bourbon. He is set on his period of riot by a line in *Crime and Punishment*, but he is as beyond retribution or deliverance as he is beyond even ambiguous heroism. The man of words finds himself caught up in a cinematic swirl, some of it dreamt, some real, but none of it in his power of control.

Dressed at their second-rate eminences being trampled upon by the Great Powers at the 1919 Versailles peace conference which carved up Europe in the aftermath of the Great War, the Roumanians sent in their Queen to charm the socks off Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Woodrow Wilson and the rest of the big guns, who had little sympathy with her country's claims to the return of lost territory. She



Royal poser: Queen Marie of Roumania in 1922 and (right) 1881, when she was Princess Marie of Edinburgh



Europe's gowned head

Alan Hamilton

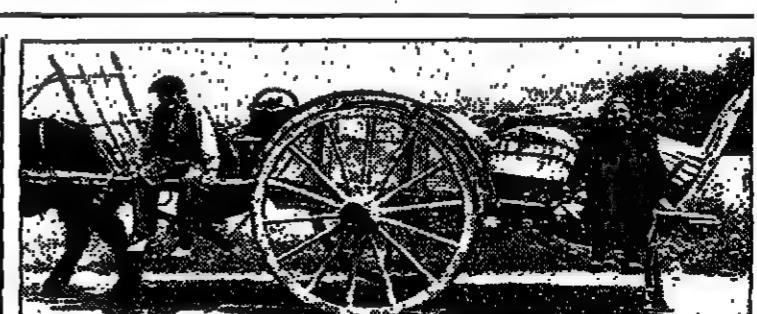
QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
The life of Princess Marie,
grand-daughter of
Queen Victoria
By Hannah Pakula
Eland Books, £9.95

arrived in Paris with 60 gowns, 31 coats, 29 hats and 83 pairs of shoes. "What if?" she remarked, "for the lack of a gown, a concession should be lost?"

Born the daughter of Queen Victoria's second son, Alfred, at Eastwell Park, Kent, in 1875, her expansive manner and constant entertaining — all for the sake of diplomacy — shocked her strait-laced cousin, George V, when she stayed at Buckingham Palace, but she wowed America during a visit at the height of the Jazz Age. Only Calvin Coolidge, another president cast in the same puritanical mould as Wilson, failed to be bowled over by her, as Wilson alone failed to be

in Paris. But her mission was not in vain: thanks in part to her energetic efforts, Roumania came away from Versailles with its population and territory more than doubled.

Hannah Pakula's biography is thoroughly and meticulously researched, and relies in large part on Queen Marie's letters in the National Archives in Bucharest (one is not a little surprised that they survived Ceausescu). The result is almost uniformly favourable towards a woman who, while not in the world-class tragic category of, say, Mary Queen of Scots, was in every way bigger than her small and down-to-earth country might suggest. Indeed, if Hannah Pakula is to be believed, the only bad thing Marie ever did was to give birth to her son and heir, Carol II, an unreliable and unlovable character who subsequently did more than anyone to ruin the reputation of the Roumanian throne. Perhaps, instead of parading her gowns in the corridors of power at Versailles, Marie should have stayed at home to bring up the children.



Transports of delight: Pagnol's Provençal memories were made of this

Summer thyme

Hazel Leslie

MY FATHER'S GLORY
and **MY MOTHER'S CASTLE**
By Marcel Pagnol
Translated by Rita Barisse
André Deutsch, £8.95

became bosom friends with a peasant boy, Lili. While Marcel's father and his uncle were off with their guns, the two boys roamed the hills, setting snares, and Pagnol recalls every smallest path and outcrop of that wild, thyme-scented countryside.

He also recalls the feelings accompanying this childhood idyll, often of anxiety, pain and betrayal.

Pagnol never under-estimated the strength of children's emotions, the anguish and the joy, and how quickly one can turn into the other. Marcel, like Manon, suffered for his par-

ents and there is a scene where the small boy is humiliated to see his father apparently bettered by his uncle during a shooting expedition.

He felt himself betrayed at the end of the summer when the time came to go back to the city. The adults seemed astonishingly sanguine about the event and were even quite looking forward to it, but to the child it was like the end of the world. He decided to hide out in a cave in the hills. "Above all you mustn't worry," he wrote to his parents in his farewell note. "It won't do any good. I have now found my vocation. It is a hermit."

But fear got the better of bravado and the would-be hermit returned to school. A few years later his mother was dead, and the time in the hills was like a dream.

Thinking man's church?

Clifford Longley

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS
By Hugh Montefiore
Macmillan, £9.99

Temple, influenced by R.H. Tawney. Temple and Tawney laid the foundations of what was later to become the post-war consensus on economic and social policy in Britain, with its emphasis on state welfare and on the importance of social structure in upholding justice, in reaction to the poverty — of resources and of ideas — of the inter-war years. The fourth stage of social thinking began when Temple died in 1944, since when "there has been a vacuum".

It is not that the churches have been inactive in the area of social concern. They have simply not thought sufficiently deeply about the problems of contemporary society. Their main failure "has been their inability to analyse the theological issues which underlie the differences in the main political

parties". Yet in the last six or seven years, he admits, there has been a sizeable increase in the quantity of Church of England comment on political affairs, measured not least by debates in the General Synod.

The reason lies in the Government's rejection of the consensus politics of previous decades. He insists that the church and its chief spokesmen had a positive duty to subject these new policies to "Christian scrutiny" which is to be done "in the light of the middle axioms which the church has developed".

This presents a difficulty, of which Dr Montefiore seems insufficiently aware. What can be the value of this Christian scrutiny if there is such a critical gap in the churches' theological equipment?

These middle axioms are surely no more than the generalized expressions of the political consensus of the post-war years.

The filling of the vacuum has to start from somewhere, and this intelligent review of the theological and political developments of the recent past would be a good place to start. But not a good place to stop.

from both distance and deep understanding. With critical but clear-eyed compassion he examines how and why the Afrikaner dream turned sour, and how its own will to freedom led it into the paths of oppression and privilege.

His book, however, is no apology for apartheid. Its author is the journalistic son of a great South African editor, both of them members of the forgotten band of Afrikaner liberals. The liberal dream of an inclusive South Africa, embracing all races, languages and tribes, is beginning to seem both feasible and attractive to many who once rejected it as heresy. But it will be realized only if the world takes due account of the Afrikaners' undiminished will to survive in the land which created them. For those who regard them as irrelevant to South Africa's future, *White Tribe Dreaming* is required — and salutary — reading.

During that summer Marcel

White tribe will to survive
Fleur de Villiers

WHITE TRIBE DREAMING
By Fleur de Villiers
Penguin, £5.99

however, it has been belittled by hostile observers, or inflated by the tribe's own scribes into a sacred history. De Villiers falls into neither trap. Instead he brings to his task a perspective which benefits

THE ARTS

Tears and cheers

TELEVISION
Sheridan Morley

In the wake of Lord Justice Taylor's scathing report on the Hillsborough tragedy, *Public Eye* (BBC 2) brought forward a report on football hooliganism which sought out the ring-leaders and talked for the first time to the leader of the new National Football Intelligence Unit, Superintendent Adrian Appleby.

He revealed the military discipline of the most organized hooligan groups, all of whom now appoint field-marshals and apparently see themselves involved in a war game.

The current English disease costs £10 million a year in policing London football grounds alone. As Lord Taylor has noted, there is no other sport in the civilized world at which it is necessary to keep spectators from attacking each other.

There are still no easy answers: things carry on talking to cameras of their need for "a bit of adrenalin" – provided by kicking rival supporters in the groin – and the police say that at least 500 recognized hooligans will be among British fans at this summer's World Cup in Italy. The question is, how many more bloodbaths before soccer matches are halted for, I would suggest, a 16-year cooling-off period?

Since Lord Rees-Mogg is warning broadcasters of the dangers of American television rabbiing raining down on us, it is perhaps worth recalling that whereas we tend to export our best programmes to the United States, even non-satellite stations here import America's worst. Little of the output of the US Channel 13 public-broadcast network gets shown to us.

All the more reason, therefore, to cheer the return of *Cleopatra*, which last night started a new Channel 4 series and time-slot with its 11th episode. The up-and-down mobile yuppie Rebecca is now, to her horror, having erotic dreams about the slobbiest bar-tender Sam, the kind of man who keeps his shirt unbuttoned in order to scratch his stomach. But help is on the horizon in the shape of our very own Royal Shakespearean, Roger Rees, following John Cleese as the series' resident Englishman.

Earlier on 4, *Bamboo* continued its immensely lavish six-part series on the Great Moguls – not, you understand, men like Cecil B de Mille or even Lord Grade, but instead figures such as Babur and Akbar, founding fathers of the vast Muslim Empire in 16th-century India. *Gencoglu's* master for 10 has been at the back of his mind for the 20 years since he first started asking questions about the Moghuls on *University Challenge*, and the long pregnancy shown in every frame of a richly textured mix of historical lectures and lavish period travelettes.

Porridge and poetry

RADIO
Martin Cropper

Leveson Prison is an unremarkable Victorian gaol – 500 cells, 50 of them flats – with an unusual attraction for the scribbling classes. Five years ago one James Campbell gained permission to set up shop in B Wing, where he daily interviewed inmates and staff for inmates on end, a project which resulted in his book *Cage Fever*. And for the past three years Stephen Plaice has been "writer in residence", the word "residence" to be taken equivalently.

Whispers on the Wing (Radio 4, Thursday) was an absorbing and evocative documentary that used Plaice's working day to compile a dossier of the autobiographical rethinks and special pleading that characterize the idealistic life of those who cannot quite grasp the connection between cause and effect. A well-spoken and often perceptive queen refuted the received idea of prison as academics of crime, his rationale being that such places are "filled with failed professors". This does not entirely add up.

Much of the prison population is indeed certifiably educationally subnormal – a circumstance which may well account for their presence – but many convicts are brilliant failures, creative accountants and so on who came within an ace of pulling it off.

"Few know Duncan Campbell?" demanded a Central Casting voice out of *Porridge*. "I done these – articles. Nice fellas." Mr Voice proceeded to detail how he was "one hundred per cent fitted up", and to boast of his credentials. "I've had the truth drug. I've had hypnosis ... lie detector."

Such material makes the rest of Radio 4 sound thin, wan and rather marginal.

The programme was mercifully light on the poetry or "poetry" which (we gather) progressively usurps the thieving impulse if applied in the correct dosage. Willow must be spitting in his gravy. But the balladeers of Leveson did supply odd moments of illumination. "Someone is having my summer out there," intoned an unnamed Plaicerian, and the sense of loss appropriate to genuine art came across immediately by the bricks and the clanging doors and the degrading stenches that not even the BBC has yet found a way of rendering on air.

John Higgins reviews *Prince Igor* at Covent Garden, and John Percival assesses the choreography

Red carpet fit for a prince

OPERA

Borodin's *Prince Igor* is back at Covent Garden after half a century and is staged, quite rightly, as an operatic spectacular. In view of the Royal Opera House's continuing financial problems it might be the last of that breed for a year or two.

Those attending the next seven performances will find massive forces before them, including the much publicized members of the Royal Ballet, expertly handled by the producer, Andre Serban. Deirdre Clancy's costumes, in their range and glitter, are among the best seen here for a long time and could have pleased Diaghilev himself.

Of course it will be questioned whether *Igor*, notoriously difficult to stage despite familiar music, is worth all the effort and expenditure. And the simple answer is that once the decision was made, the best approach was to show total confidence in it.

Covent Garden has done just that, especially in the matter of casting. Russia and Bulgaria have been raided for all the principal roles and for once there is the authentic Slavic sound on stage. The gain is even greater because one or two singers take on a new power back in their accustomed language: Sergei Leiferkus in the title role, a disappointing di Luma last summer, is quite a different proposition as *Igor*, and much the same applies to Paata Burchuladze with the Italian language, as Khan Konchak.

The production team of Serbian and his old mentor, Liviu Ciulei, is Romanian, and a bit of distancing from the Russian history books does not come amiss. *Igor's* world is one of a punishing God, represented by a wooden church spire gutted in the final act after the Polovtians have been on the rampage. The latter, under Khan Konchak, live beneath a languorous southern sun – Ciulei has produced a ravishing set for Act II, fringed with the sort of reeds Serban used for the Welsh National Opera's *Onegin* on his British debut. But, come sun or snow, the norm in 12th-century Russia is rape, boozing and pillage in that order. Serban made the point fairly graphically with a bit of nudity on stage, which might have caused some of the booing at the end.

Those who derided might have paused for a moment to admire Konchak, his bass welling up from a half naked torso. As his daughter, Elena Zaremba in her house début caught the ear at once with a smoky and seductive mezzo – and appearance to match – not often encountered. Alexei Stabitsko as her lover disappointed. The villainous Galitsky is often doubled with Konchak, but Covent Garden cast a second bass in the shape of Nicolai Ghiaurov, who was hard stretched to sing his aria while groping a half-naked dolly.

After a shaky start from the sopranos the chorus was in fire-class fettle. Bernard Haitink clearly loves this opera, delighting in its raw vigour and its streaks of melancholy. It was a delight to hear the Polovtian Dances played in the opera house under a top-flight conductor. And for a report on that section of the evening I hand over to John Percival ...

John Higgins



Rape, booze and pillage: Khan Konchak (Paata Burchuladze) incites the Polovtians to go on the rampage

A high-spirited Fokine revival

Choreographer David Blaylock might have been relieved, when he saw the limited space allowed by Liviu Ciulei's setting, that circumstances had prevented him from creating the new dances for *Prince Igor*. But for Christopher Newlin, given the task instead of putting on Fokine's famous version of the Polovtian dances with less than six days' preparation, there was the complication that adapting them spatially necessitated reducing the numbers – besides having

lost one of the dances, for reasons of the drama – in an ensemble of chorus ladies and volunteers.

In spite of this, or perhaps inspired by all the challenges, there was no lack of spirit from the dancers of the Royal Ballet, even if Stephen Jeffries, as the chief warrior, might have welcomed more time to practice catching his long-horn after hurling it high above him. In these circumstances, he had to rely on personality (no lack of that) and his pyrotechnics to dominate the stage, while his six

followers made up in energy what they lacked in numbers.

Bernard Haitink's conducting gave them greater vigour and a more lucious tone than this sequence customarily gets out of context; the Polovtian youths and maidens benefited from the former quality; the slave girls, featuring Elizabeth McGovern, from the latter. If the dancers had set out to prove that they are no second-class citizens, they made their point.

John Percival

Depressing chic beyond musical renewal

DONALD COOPER

Valerie Chevalier in fully staged piece *Trois Contes*

A generation ago it was opera that was being written off as a continuing form; now it is the alternative art of "music theatre" that lies on the sash, and it seems rather recklessly brave of Odile de la Martinez and her group, Lontano, to attempt a revival.

Perhaps that was Vic Hoyal's view, too, for his response to a commission for this double bill is a monologue for Linda Hirst that is no more theatrical than a solo cantata by Haydn or Berioz.

It is also, in a strictly factual sense, considerably less musical. *La Madre* is a tale by Dario Fo conveyed almost entirely in speech over music for two small ensembles. It is a powerful story of Sicilian peasants heartlessly treated by the bosses, but a story which also exposes the narrator to a kind of danger, even cruelty.

One can imagine what a Glenda Jackson or a Judi Dench might make of it, but Hirst is a quite different sort of artist (no doubt she does a niftier *Le marche sans mère* than either of the other two).

The few stretches of song in the

MUSIC THEATRE
Paul Griffiths

La Madre/Trois Contes
Lilian Baylis

piece, where Hirst suddenly produces a sullen, undefeated passion, show something of what might have been; there is also the usual problem of melodrama that one loses the verbal sense if one pays attention to the music – as there is every invitation to do. Hoyal's scoring for a group dominated by two marimbas, piano and harp being so tough and exact.

Like his Prom piece of a couple of years back, this is music that goes in hammer blows, without the violence being wasted as hysteria. It is the right style for the story, but it demands, and here fruitfully demands, a comparable imaginative involvement in the vocal writing.

The companion piece, Maurice Ohana's *Trois Contes de l'honor*,

able fleur, is fully staged, with the assistance of the Parisian troupe L'entremetteur under the direction of Elisa Toledo Todd. Ohana's solution to the music-theatre problem is rather like Britten's to draw on the clear precedents of Stravinsky and Noh.

The three little fables are told by a soprano (and engagingly pert and brightly florid Valerie Chevalier) with the help of two women dancers, within a set against the clichés of two other brands of *schock* fiction: the macho heroes of the Western, and an everyday tale of domestic possession in suburban London. The energy is present, and the fuel looks promising, but the two elements have so far failed to fuse.

Out among the ratiesnares of Navaho Gulch, a young missie is pappy in gunned down by a man named – spit – McIntyre, follows his trail to Brunswick Avenue, and takes up residence with the family next door, disguised as their baby Smasnah Rickards merrily sustains this mad premise.

True grit and spit

THEATRE
Jeremy Kingston

Wild
Battersea Arts Centre

The marvellously funny antics of *American Eagle*, the comic book spoof devised by the bright young wits of Phoenix Beam, have kept the company on tour for well over a year. Now they pit their skills against the clichés of two other brands of *schock* fiction: the macho heroes of the Western, and an everyday tale of domestic possession in suburban London. The energy is present, and the fuel looks promising, but the two elements have so far failed to fuse.

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The production now takes the confusing step of making the angel-faced Oscar Lewis, hitherto the man named – spit – McIntyre, take on the role of the loony father of the house. Husky-voiced Andrew Calverley plays the evil neighbour, soon standing leg astride on the sofa like Sting being sexist sialists. The situation cries out for every kind of nasty development involving the nubile daughter (Sarah Hasmip) and a mother (William Lawrence in an apron) in need of a friendly male touch. But the mixture is slightly shaken and not stirred.

With players so quick-witted, exuberant and disrespectful, the show will probably mature. The scene where three *hommes* mouth lines spoken for them slightly out of synch is good, while the catalogue of Shakespearean atrocities imagined by the parents as having befallen their tranced daughter offers a moment of very dark comedy.

The production has yet to acquire the toughness that gave *American Eagle* its stamp as political commentary.

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Strauss on song

CONCERT
Noel Goodwin

RPO/Ashkenazy
Festival Hall

Soprano who can get inside the *Four Last Songs* of Richard Strauss and illuminate the spirit of the music are much fewer than the number who attempt them. Maria Ewing put herself among that select few when she sang them with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra – starting at the end, as it were, to bring the RPO back to the last instalment of its long-running Strauss series.

The secret is in the "winter stroller Friede" the spacious, inner peace voiced in the last stanza of the last song, and although one obviously does not have to be an octogenarian, as Strauss was when he composed them, to share what was in his mind and heart, I maintain that no singer can do so without some comparable sense of fulfillment in their own experience.

The soprano this time touched the chord of deeper response in "September", the second song, after finding the higher phrases in the opening "Frühling" almost a strain.

The other songs brought tonal raptures and a vocal line curving mellifluously to achieve a benediction of gentle beauty, while Vladimir Ashkenazy shaped an orchestral texture that revealed the subtlety of the scoring.

They were followed by the confined suite from *Der Rosenkavalier* which Strauss appears to have sanctioned two or three years before the songs, but never disclosed who put it together. Once past some untidy playing in the operatic prelude, the heady preponderance of waltz rhythms was pretty forcefully driven here, but the rhythmic tilt was effectively caught.

Conductor and orchestra had found their way back to Strauss by way of Wagner, from whose *Parsifal* a different kind of suite perhaps furrowed a few brows in filling the first part of the programme. This patchwork of excerpts was sewn together some years ago by Erich Leinsdorf, often with audible joins at the seams.

Some well-judged tempi from the conductor brought warmth of string tone, some fine woodwind and majestic brass, but it remains unsatisfactory as a musical contrivance because of the compressed time-scale of the events and sentiments it reflects.

John Percival

Orchestrating the winds of change

With the fall of the Berlin wall, the conductor Kurt Masur finds he has a political role to play in East Germany, as he explains to Richard Morrison



Kurt Masur: question of survival

criminal if I did nothing. In a way I was only carrying on those principles that I try to uphold when I conduct: Beethoven's hope in the Choral Symphony was exactly for that which was happening all over Eastern Europe.

So on the day after Honecker issued his barely-veiled threat to the East German people to "remember what happened in China", Masur threw open the doors of the 200-year-old Gewandhaus – not for a concert, but for a political meeting. Meanwhile his entire Gewandhaus Orchestra, 180-strong, tore up their Communist Party membership cards and sent a letter to Honecker demanding dialogue for reform. Masur endorsed that.

"Then came that day, October 9, when everyone feared that East Germany might be heading into a Chinese or Romanian situation." Masur, as the leading non-political "establishment" figure in Leipzig, felt the onus on him to use his influence. "I would have felt a

To talk about music in such circumstances seems beside the point, but Masur does offer some thoughts. "In the old East German system, musicians enjoyed a high degree of security and stability, and ticket prices were kept extremely low. That cannot continue, I am sure, because the discoveries of the last few months have shown us that our economic situation is quite disastrous. It is a question of survival, of basic things like food, not concerts."

What then, of the fate of East Germany's orchestras: an astonishing 83 of them? "An orchestra like the Gewandhaus, with its tradition, that will be kept alive, no question. But any worries are for many of the other 82. Of course we will fight to keep tickets cheap, but if the government cannot afford to subsidize we will become more like the London orchestras, and many things will change."

Is Masur not delighted by the prospect of the cultural potential in a united Germany – of a Berlin in which, for instance, the Komische Oper (where Masur worked with Felsenstein in the 1960s) and the Berlin Philharmonic are equally accessible to all? "Yes, but we have to make sure we do not lose what is of value in our own country. We must not lose that feeling of art working for the community."

"Above all, we must keep the respect and friendship of our neighbours." Masur believes that too much flaunting of "united German power" – in cultural matters as much as in politics – will "bring back fears of what happened before the war; it would ruin the family of Europe".

RECORDS

A doomed poet and some bandits

OPERA
John Higgins

Deutsche Grammophon has gone to considerable lengths to make its new *Hoffmann* as attractive as possible. And it needs to: the market for Offenbach's posthumously staged opera could scarcely be more competitive.

It has managed to squeeze the sprawling work on to two CDs, with a playing time of just more than two and a quarter hours. EMI's most recent *Hoffmann* ran to three CDs and almost three and a half hours. Dapertutto is allowed his "Scintille d'isam", a popular aria, but one whose credentials are more than suspect. Luxury casting is accorded to some very small roles — Andreas Schmidt as Lindorf, Kurt Rydl as the tavern proprietor Luther and even Christ Ludwig (not in best voice) as Antonia's Mama. And there is Domingo back in the title role.

But does it all add up to a satisfying *Hoffmann*? Only intermittently. DG has decided to use Edita Gruberova for each of Hoffmann's three loves, but a different baritone for each of the villains who block the path of passion. A little consistency would have helped.

Gruberova is predictably delicious as the doll Olympia, and produces a quite ravishing trill on the death note of the consumptive Antonia. The courtesan Giulietta she finds more difficult. Gabriel Bacquier, who sang all three baritone leads, plus Lindorf, in Decca's set of 1972, here is confined to Coppélia, which he delivers with characteristic gusto. James Morris radiates evil as Dr Miracle, and it is a pity that he could not have been persuaded to take on Dapertutto as well. Justino Diaz does not impress in



Doubtful Jewess: Julia Varady, mightily impressive in the title role of Halévy's opera *La Juive*, while Justino Diaz does not impress in

And so to Domingo. He is up against very strong competition: himself. His performance is that '72 Decca *Hoffmann* was superbly lyrical, and the voice some 15 years later sounds a shade dry, especially in the *Antonia* act. The compensation is a gain in dramatic power of the sort Gedda used to bring to the part — EMI has just reissued on two CDs the 1965 Citylines set on which Gedda is the prime attraction (CMS 7 63222 2).

Seiji Ozawa has the advantage of a very spacious recording, which he uses to notable effect at the beginning of the *Barcarolle*, but the French National Orchestra does not always respond to the tag of the drama — there have been more theatrical *Hoffmanns* than this. First choice probably remains that old Sutherland set, well remastered by Decca on two CDs (417 363 2), but there is yet another *Hoffmann* on the way from Philips.

Ten years before *Hoffmann* Offenbach wrote *Les Brigands*, a straightforward comic opera with no pretensions but to entertain boulevardiers. It has had the occasional revival in Germany, but is scarcely known in this country. One reason might well be that *Les Brigands* (1869) had quite remarkable resemblances to *The Pirates of Penzance* (1879). Both concern a band of thieves down on their luck and suffering a distinct lack of rich personages to rob; and both feature a posse of cloch-hopping policemen who always turn up too late to make a fair cop. W. S. Gilbert, magpie that he was, could have been well aware of what was going on across the Channel.

Les Brigands may not have the hit times of Offenbach's greatest operettas but it contains a succession of utterly beguiling ones,

which give the Lyons Opéra a chance to turn out yet another of those recordings which, under John Eliot Gardiner's direction, it seems to produce utterly without effort.

The regulars are all there, including Colette Alliot-Lagaz in the trouser role of the young farmer Fragoletto, Ghislaine Raphaël as the girl "he" will inevitably marry, and Michel Tremont as a brigand chef. The latter excels in one of the best numbers of a busy score, the *Trio des Marmiteux*, where the robbers dress up as cooks at an inn on the Italo-Spanish frontier — a characteristic joke of Offenbach's prolific librettist, Meilhac and Halévy.

May *Les Brigands* come to

London again one of these days and may the Lyons Opéra go on turning out recordings as spirited, idiomatic and as thoroughly enjoyable as this.

The task of producing a "definitive" edition of *La Juive*, the best-known opera of another Halévy, would provide a mighty task. The Philips version, begun in 1986 and then interrupted by the ill health of José Carreras in the role of Eléazar, Jew and jeweller, carries more than three hours of music. And the cuts have been substantial, as Philips and the conductor, Antonio de Almeida, quite properly acknowledge.

Halévy was an almost exact contemporary of Meyerbeer and his rival, the Princess Eudoxie, have notable numbers, including the Act III Bolero for the latter,

taken in flowing style by June Anderson. Just before there is a persuasive duet for the pair of them, with Julia Varady mightily impressive in the title role. Halévy's casting is odd: there is a second high-lying tenor part, in which Dalmacio Gonzalez has to struggle less with the notes than with the French, but no baritone role and instead a tough bass assignment for Cardinal Brugni (Ferruccio Furlanetto) who tosses curves through the air like confetti.

Antonio de Almeida, who tackled this opera earlier with Tucker, makes a powerful advocate for the work with the Philharmonia and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus. A hugely enterprising set and a major contribution to the repertoire from Philips.



Too many chefs: Thierry Raffail, Colette Alliot-Lagaz and Michel Tremont as the robbers in Offenbach's beguiling comic opera *Les Brigands*

Politely sensual

CLASSICAL
Hilary Finch

Percy Grainger: Piano music for four hands, Vol 1 (Penelope TITW CD 9611)

Two pianists from the land of Oz have set their four hands to the music of the compatriot, Percy Grainger, and those who have a taste for such things will know exactly what to expect. Or will they? Thwaites and Lavender have unearthed four-hand transcriptions of many pieces never before recorded in these versions.

As well as the inevitable "Country Gardens", the "English Waltz" and the "Lincolnshire Posy", there are curiosities including "Mowgli's Song against the People", reduced from the hefty choral and orchestral version of 1903, and the six-minute "Wraith of Odin".

So spare and plaintively declamatory is this reduction of the original two-chorus and on-

chestral version of part of Grainger's setting of Longfellow's *Saga of King Olaf*, that one wonders how on earth such material could ever have been further inflated.

Thwaites and Lavender bravely take its big, naked bones. They give a nice introduction, too, to Grainger in the suite *In A Nutshell*, which is just that: Grainger crazed by the spell of the Orient, Grainger with Edwardian ease swinging, Grainger of the clotted cross-rhythms, and Grainger the unabashed sentimentalista.

What we do not hear is Grainger the sensualist, the anarchist, the outrageous. Thwaites and Lavender so far prefer to emphasize the gentle and the amiable by, for instance, keeping subordinate material to a minimum in check instead of allowing voices to jostle energetically one against the other. There is not a gladiolus to be seen in this Country Garden: perhaps their subsequent volumes will dare to be more voracious, more robust in their welcome advocacy of Australia's eccentric pianist and composer.

CLASSICAL UPDATE

Adams: *Fearful Symmetries*, The Wound Dresser Sylvan, Orchestras of St Luke's/ Adams (Nonesuch 978 218-2)

A disappointment. Adams has done better big-band farengos and *Fearful Symmetries* and subtler laments like *The Wound-Dresser*; the baritone Sanford Sylvan's excellent performance only emphasizes how far we are from the fine conclusion to *Axon in China*.

Babbitt: Various works (CRI CD 521)

An excellent introduction to the wit and wisdom of Milton Babbitt, ranging from the 1950s to the 1980s, and including electronic music, piano works, a chamber concerto and a set of modern madrigals for six female vocalists.

Kirchner: Various works (Nonesuch 9 79188-2)

A seventeenth-birthday tribute to Schoenberg with his own, very American energy, impulse and fullness of sound. He plays his own recent Five Piano Pieces and conducts two big pieces for chamber orchestra: Music for 72 and the Concerto for violin, cello, wind and percussion. The muscular and effervescent Piano Trio completes the programme.

Vibraphonist Frank Ricotti appears on three of the six tracks, adding welcome colour to the

Blowing a flexible trumpet

JAZZ
Clive Davis

Guy Barker Quintet + Frank Ricotti/Holy J. (Miles Music MM078)
Harry Connick Jr When Harry Met Sally... (CBS 485753)

ensemble work. The other lead solo is Nigel Hitchcock, a teenage saxophonist with intimidating technical skills, particularly on alto. A member of the saxophone quartet, Itchy Fingers, Hitchcock was the recipient of last year's Pat Smythe Award for

Given the chance to lead his own group on vinyl, he has turned in a typically polished display of hard bop. If the gentle walz of the title tune is anything to go by, he should be encouraged to write more material for Tracy's band.

Otherwise, the main point of interest is "It Never Entered My Mind", where Barker's rounded phrases, laden with unfashionable vibrato, make virtuous runs which stop short of swamping the original melody. As always, he can rely on capable support from the rhythm section of Tracy, pianist Jason Rebello and bassist Steve Laurence.

Vibraphonist Frank Ricotti appears on three of the six tracks, adding welcome colour to the

young British jazz musicians. At times his youthful enthusiasm gets out of hand, but when he is playing within his limits — as on his mid-tempo composition "Life Is A Beach" — he sounds like a true veteran.

The same goes for Harry

JAZZ UPDATE

Leadbelly Alabama Bound (RCA Heritage Series 90321)

Apart from some powerful solo numbers, the best reason for investing in this

amalgamation of 1940 dates is to hear the Golden Gate Jubilee Quartet. The extra voices give Leadbelly's work songs even more resonance.

Jay McShann Roll 'em (Black & Blue 233022)

The hour-long compact disc brings together two French sessions by the singer-pianist, from 1969 and 1977. The

presence of T-Bone Walker on the first set is sure to tempt blues enthusiasts.

Pearl Bailey Come On Let's Play With Pearle Mae (EMI/Roulette CDP 793274-2)

A beguiling attempt to transfer the singer-comedian's stage act to the recording studio, complete with monologues and asides at the expense of men in general and Louis Bellson's musicians in particular.

Originally issued in 1962, the disc is part of the first selection of vintage Roulette albums.

ROCK UPDATE

Jungle Brothers Done By The Forces of Nature (Warner Bros 26072-1)

Like De La Soul, Harlem's Jungle Brothers have broadened the emotional scope of rap to include warmth, humanity, humour and variety. Funky but friendly.

Fish Vigil in a Wilderness of Mirrors (EMI 1015)

Respectable solo debut by the burly ex-Marillion vocalist. The singles, "Big Wedge" and "State of Mind", rock out with unfussy conviction, while die-hard fans of the more convoluted, Genesis-style *magnum opus* will not be disappointed by the long-winded "Vigil" and the aptly titled "Cliché".

Dionne Warwick The Love Songs (Arista 260441)

The lush arrangements and Warwick's pitching and phrasing are manicured to perfection.

A-Z GUIDE TO ROCK

must have sustained a recording career of at least 10 years, and have mustered at least one decent album during that time. To qualify for inclusion in this series, an act

on to index cards and stored in a 6in by 4in filing box, available from most good stationery shops, to form an instant guide to the hits and misses of rock history.

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GARDENING

Francesca Greenoak pays a winter visit to Sir Roy Strong's garden in Herefordshire, and finds a surprise round every corner

The curtains of rain lifted at intervals, illuminating my tour of the Herefordshire garden belonging to Sir Roy Strong and Dr. Julian Oman, Lady Strong, with moments of dramatic brilliance. It was unwise, perhaps, to have deferred my visit until the winter, but a formal garden seems to have most to offer during these months without the dazzle of flower and foliage.

This garden is a playful, loving place, an expression of the personalities, history and passions of the two people who have created it from nothing during the 15 years since they bought the early-19th century border house and its adjacent garden.

To say it is theatrical is a truism – what else would one expect, given the talents and interests of its owners? – but it is a private theatre, designed to give pleasure to the visitor as well as to the owners. Shamelessly exhibitionist, it combines a strong sense of fun with ambitious designs and ornamentation.

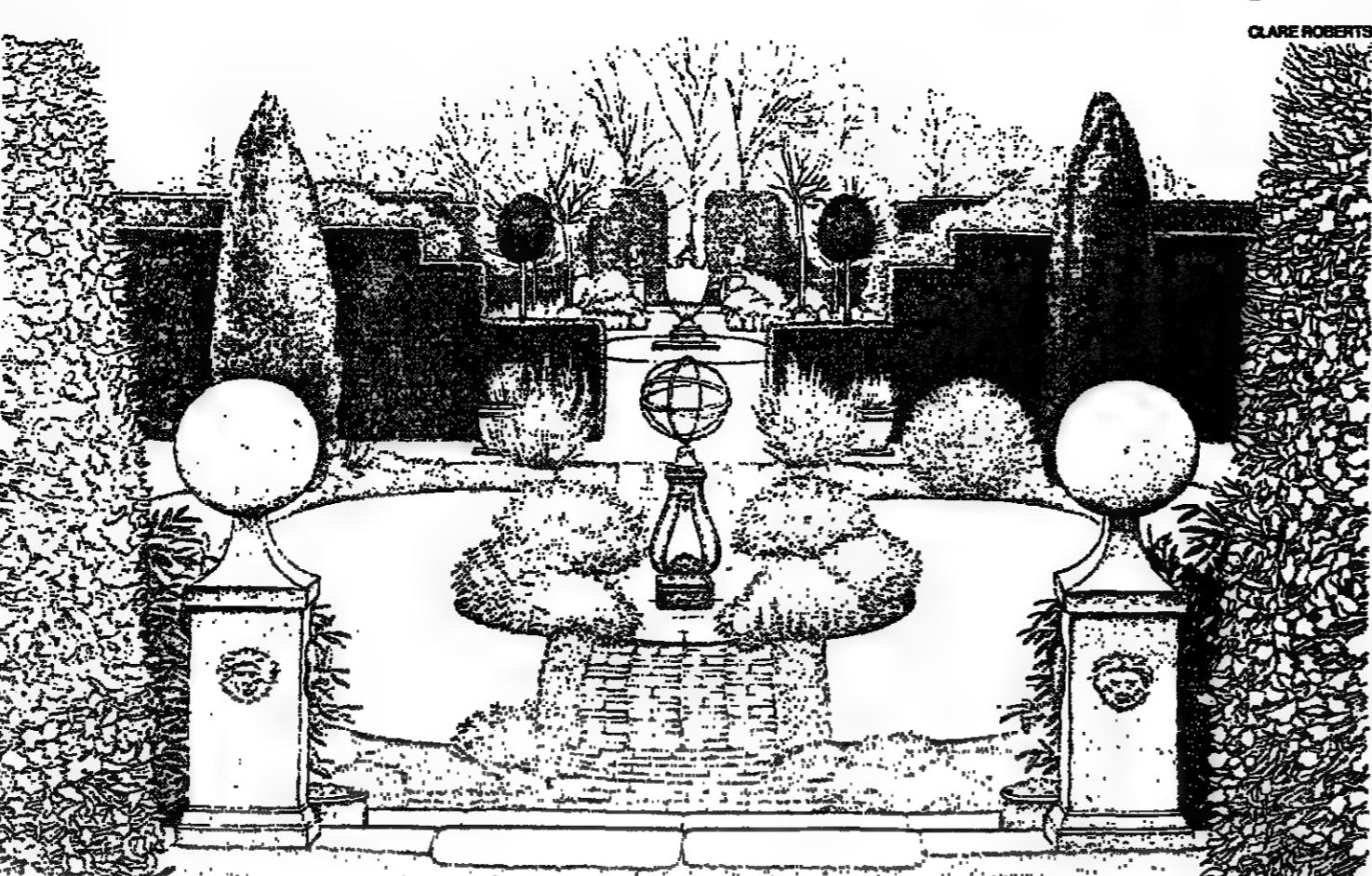
The garden covers three and a half acres, but its extent is concealed. Nowhere is there a plain view in this many-chambered garden, with secret passageways opening to side bays and sudden vistas. There are grand avenues and tall screens of beech hedges, barriers of thuja and Leyland cypress (with crenellated tops) which conceal and reveal surprises at every turn.

The garden is the result of a productive partnership. Sir Roy has often referred to his gardening as a kind of "exterior design". His greatest pleasure is in the structure of the garden, negotiating for the most dramatic effects. His wife Julia brings an appreciation of drama, a genuine feeling for plants. A single white stargazer, a cherished gift from a friend, winds from among the heliotropes in a birch grove; a dozen named snowdrops, just coming into flower, are being cosseted in a nursery bed. She has an enduring attachment to the genus *Malus*, and a diverse range of crab apples and edible kinds are coaxed into many shapes and forms.

This is a garden that is personal, not only in conception but in execution and daily care. One of Julia's favourite walks is along the brick path laid by Sir Roy in the Silver Jubilee garden. Made from house-bricks (not hard-edged paving), the path has a crumbly, slightly uneven texture; the kind of detail which gives a garden some of the subtle romance of decline.

The initial masterpiece for the future garden has been adhered to with only minor modifications.

Fine art of formality



CLARE ROBERTS

The first priority in the early years was to plant the hedging – thousands of tiny trees, scarcely more than sprigs. Although they look frail, tiny trees have a better chance than large transplants of establishing strongly and growing quickly to maturity. This is especially true of yew which is fiercely expensive in large sizes. Little yew trees, if

looked after properly, will reach 10ft in as many years. Within a few years of planting the overall shape of the garden was established, and internal planting and embellishment began.

As the garden grew up there were subtractions from the crowding trees and shrubs, and additions as new ideas took root. Every part of

the garden celebrates a piece of family history or achievement. "Statuary is moved here and there until each piece finds its right spot," says Sir Roy, who starts tours of the garden in the parterre to the east of the house, where a legacy from the Oman family, a weathered limestone spire from All Souls College, Oxford, and a royal

lion from the Palace of Westminster overlook formal box-edged beds thickly planted with bulbs.

The Shakespeare urn, bought when Sir Roy won the Shakespeare Prize in 1980, was "the first piece of statuary we put up". It draws the eye westwards, to the end of a grassy avenue planted with tall pleached lime (*Tilia plaryphyllas*)

WEEKEND TIPS

- Prune shrubs such as *Buddleia davidii* Leyscesteria and Caryopteris cutting last year's stem growth back to two buds.
- Keep the ground beneath fruit bushes and dwarf trees free from weeds.
- If you can't avoid treading on wet lawns, spread wire mesh over the working area.
- Prune apple and pear trees; they will then present less of a challenge to strong winds.
- Secure any climbing plants which have been blown about, and cut away broken branches.

secured with guy ropes to give support until the roots have regrown.

If the tree is heavy-headed, cutting away one or two large branches and decreasing the twigginess will reduce wind resistance.

This is the time of year to take counter cuttings – all the more important if a favescens tree has succumbed to the storm. Cuttings taken from many deciduous trees also stand a reasonably good chance of growing. Stumps of deciduous trees left in the ground

may sprout again like a coppiced tree.

Gales are likely to be a feature of the Nineties, according to the long-range forecast, so we should protect existing trees and give newly planted trees the best chance of survival.

When planting trees it is better to select very young trees which make stronger root systems, rather than larger or container-grown plants. Over-protection in the early years is a contributory cause to poor wind resistance, so stakes should be low.

AFTER THE STORM

I have trembled for gardens during the past week of storms but, sheltered by its own mature trees and a network of hedges, the Strong garden, though battered and drenched, suffered relatively little damage. The chief casualty was a mature Scots pine which fell into the Jacobean knot-garden, crushing some box but, by fortunate accident, dropping precisely between a grouping of junipers which had taken 14 years to make the desired effect.

Rubra) and low beech. The small temple, flanked by busts of a very young Victoria and Albert, stands at the top of another long turf alley (on a north-south axis), but this one is informally lined with crab apple trees.

Sir Roy's latest innovations are a small patch of dwarf box and gravel and a stately "bridge" of paving and balustrading which punctuates divisions between enclosures. The final positioning is "all done by eye" – you can only do so much on paper, in the end one needs to be on the ground, moving things about until they look right.

Although large, this is not a particularly labour-demanding garden, "except in late summer when we clip the hedges". Two gardeners work the equivalent of a day a week, trimming and mowing, but the Strong like to do as much as possible themselves. Sir Roy takes pleasure in the topiary, rounding the heads of formalized crab apple trees and low box hedges, and clipping new buds into shape.

Sir Roy advocates a formal style in smaller gardens, especially those in towns. *Creating Small Formal Gardens*, his latest book (Conran Octopus £17.99), provides a kind of directory of plants and ideas to this end, drawing inspiration from various periods of fine and garden art and from his own experience.

Many of the ideas he has explored in the compartments within his own garden could be reworked within a smaller context – though, of course, you could not capture the surprise and delight of so much diversity. Having admired the principal features, I was pleasantly surprised to come suddenly upon a compact orchard studded with old-fashioned apple varieties: classics such as Mangold and Orleans Reinette; rare cultivars such as Bess Pool, the Apfel Rose of French origin, Kentish Fullbush; and the sweet, dark red Herefordshire apple called Ten Commandments.

Another turn between high beech hedges and you are in a sheltered area, medieval in character with trellised alcoves of trained nectarines and peaches.

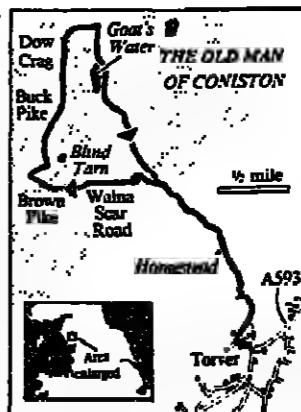
Proceed along the narrow path, peeping down the nearly vertical Easy Gully and Great Gully. Scramble up the rocks to the top of Dow Crag. Look to the Lakeland mountains in the misty distance and peer cautiously down the great chasm to Goat's Water. Then descend the path to Goat's House.

Turn right off the shoulder

and descend the steep rocky track to Goat's Water. Continue beside the tranquil tarn and then down again over rocky slopes to join Wain Scar Road. Turn left. Look out for the grassy path on the right that descends rapidly on the far side of Torver Beck. Soon the big hole and the spell heaps are reached. Continue homewards.

Mary Welsh

WALK



When overnight rain washes the air clean, the Lakeland mountains stand out clearly. Jagged-topped Dow Crag rears up, making the walker yearn to stride over the rugged ridge to the summit.

Park at Torver Beck bridge and walk uphill, following the signpost directions for Walna Scar. Climb the cobbled track where quarrymen used to urge their ponies to work.

Pass between two huge heaps of slate spoil and then bear right, passing the great hole of the disused Bantham Quarry.

Continue climbing the grassy path, always taking the left fork, until you reach a rough, rocky track. This is Walna Scar Road, once used by quarry workers. Turn left and cross Cove Bridge, walking along the track to Walna Scar Pass.

Turn right and climb to the cairn on the summit of Brown Pike. Stride along the path that keeps close to the edge of Blaw Tarn Scares. Look down to the small tarn far below. Another cairn denotes the highest point on Buck Pike.

Proceed along the narrow path, peeping down the nearly vertical Easy Gully and Great Gully. Scramble up the rocks to the top of Dow Crag. Look to the Lakeland mountains in the misty distance and peer cautiously down the great chasm to Goat's Water. Then descend the path to Goat's House.

Turn right off the shoulder and descend the steep rocky track to Goat's Water. Continue beside the tranquil tarn and then down again over rocky slopes to join Wain Scar Road. Turn left. Look out for the grassy path on the right that descends rapidly on the far side of Torver Beck. Soon the big hole and the spell heaps are reached. Continue homewards.

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Life support systems

From can-openers to computers, everyone needs a gadget, whether hi-tech or old-fashioned favourite, as Nicole Swengley discovers

Nicholas Bonham, auctioneer: My favourite gadgets are a brass theodolite, dated around 1860, and a turned wooden bobbin. The first cost about £80 and the second about £12. I have them on show at home; they make good conversation pieces.

Malcolm Green, chairman of the British Lung Foundation: Anyone who has a tendency to asthma or bronchitis should consider wearing a mask which protects the lungs from smog, carbon monoxide and so on. (£2, plus 40p p&p, from The British Lung Foundation, Kingsmead House, 230 King's Road, London SW3 5VE.)

Paul Bailey, novelist: I have a heavy-duty saucpan which has a separator inside for chips, but I don't like them so I make Creole jam. I also make plum, rum and almond, and aborigine jams.

Judith Chalmers, television presenter: I take my Mobiia portable telephone everywhere with me. It's particularly useful if I'm stuck in a traffic jam.

Mary Quant, fashion designer: I was late in discovering spaghetti spoons because they are such ugly-looking things. But now I use one all the time because the whole family are pasta-eaters.

Clive Arrowsmith, photographer: I hang a square Perspex oblong around my neck when I'm working. It has a small green luminous phial inside with a bubble but, though it looks like modern jewellery, it is a spirit level. When taking pictures, it's easy to get even New York's skyscrapers crooked. It is made by Sinar of Switzerland.

Terry Wogan, television personality: My Swiss Army penknife. I like to look at it a lot, and occasionally wave at a passing horse.

Nanette Newman, actress and writer: I would be without my small compact radio. It's the best thing in the kitchen, or when doing something really boring.

Manolo Blahnik, shoe designer: I rely on my fix the whole time for work. My life has completely changed since it arrived. I used to go to Milan four times a month, now I need to go only once. I have one at work and one in my bedroom.

Marie Helvin, model: I would be without my bread-making machine.

Roddy Llewellyn, landscape designer and writer: Although I am no great cook, kitchen gadgets hold a fascination for me. My lemon zester is not only fun to use but the resulting zest adds that *je ne sais quoi* to puddings and other dishes. I love the way it produces those squiggly worms. Unfortunately, the fruit, once zested, looks so sad.

Anita Roddick, director of The Body Shop: I never travel anywhere without my Sony Walkman. It's invaluable for long flights. The music relaxes and inspires me.

Rifat Ozbek, fashion designer: My favourite gadget is the television set's remote channel changer. It's really like a magic wand.

Nick Ross, BBC radio and television presenter: My Apricot word processor and printer make writing a joy. When you have to change the words constantly it can be a complete pain using a typewriter.

Claire Francis, novelist: Despite recent scares, I think the microwave oven is the answer to a working mother's prayers.

George Melly, musician and writer: I have a simple, never-fail, bottle-opener called a Waiter's Friend. You screw it into the top and the arms rise up like a Max Ernst statue.

Ian McCaskill, BBC weatherman: My Vacuum is absolutely terrific. It creates a vacuum inside a bottle of wine

and seals it properly so that the wine stays in perfect condition. As I prefer to drink a glass or two at meals rather than a whole bottle, I've found it very useful.

Martin and Graham Bell, brothers and men's downhill ski racers: Martin: An alarm clock you can shout at and it will stop ringing. Graham: The television set remote control.

Nicholas Parsons, television and radio presenter: My Supercall telephone is invaluable. You can program 20 different numbers and it has a calculator and a clock. I punch in the number and it calls it up. I can talk into the phone without picking up the receiver.

Frances Bissett, writer and *The Times* cook: My La Pavoni Casa espresso coffee machine cost just under £100 and adds greatly to the quality of life in the kitchen. It has easy-clean rounded edges and heats up quickly. I enjoy the ritual of the morning cup of cappuccino, first heating the cup, then frothing the milk and finally watching the drops of espresso staining the white foam. It takes forever compared with the cafetière but I love it.

Robert Kilroy-Silk, writer and television presenter: I like my electric swimming-pool cleaner because it takes away all the drudgery.

Patsy Kensit, actress: My favourite and only gadget is an American juicer.

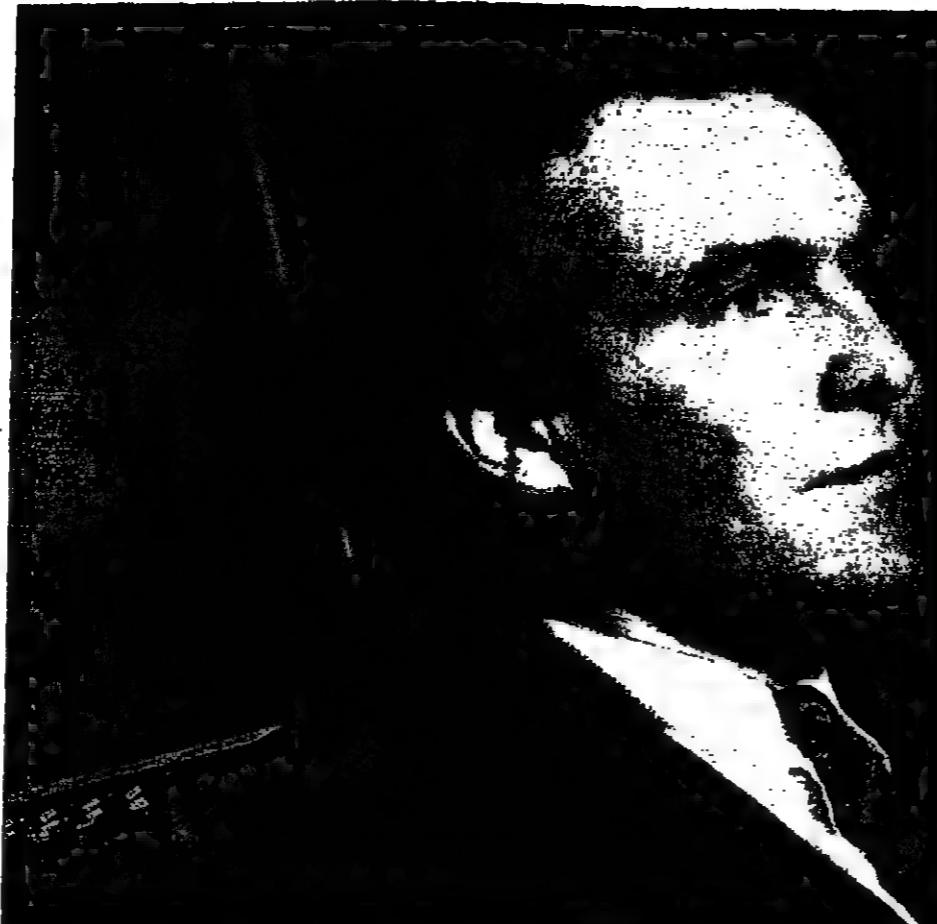
Patsy's husband, Dan Donovan, the photographer son of Terence Donovan, adds: My favourite gadget is an Agenda electronic organizer, which combines minicomputer, diary and address book. But I'd like a laser beam — useless but fun.

Edina Romay, fashion designer: After seeing *Breakfast At Tiffany's*, I was completely mesmerized and, on my first trip to New York, I went into the shop determined to find something beautiful to remember it by. I bought a pen, and it has been with me now for 10 years; it's a mix of fond memories, practicality and beauty.

Pat Leith, restaurateur and food expert: My favourite gadget costs less than 50p. It's one of those ugly plastic spoons with a hole in the bowl and teeth all round. It's useful for lifting eggs out of water and spaghetti out of pans.

Sir Terence Conran, chairman of Storehouse: The Factory is a gadget that has everything you need in your life, such as scissors, a hole-punch, stapler, tape measure, can-opener, staple-remover, tape dispenser, magnifying glass, and so on.

Tina Turner, singer: In my Range Rover I have a compact disc player embedded in the boot. I punch in my CD requirement on a gadget on the dashboard and enjoy



Stephen Bayley, founder of the Design Museum: My whole life is designed as a revenge against chaos, so I think my favourite gadget would have to be my Toshiba portable computer. It's smart, well-designed, powerful and folds to a size smaller than an attaché case



Su Pollard, actress: I like my Magican tin-opener. It's so much better than the old-fashioned type that you have to dig into the lid. When I found how good it was I rushed out and bought six tins of baked beans and six tins of spaghetti — and opened them all at once



Barbara Daly, make-up artist: Because I am almost as blind as a bat, I would be totally lost without my Itoya pocket lens. It's about the size and shape of a credit card and I use it constantly for reading small type. It is made in Japan, though I bought it in the United States



Paul Smith, fashion designer/retailer: My limited edition Olympus O camera is made of stainless steel and, though not strictly a gadget, it is the first design to come out of Japan with retrospective styling. Though hi-tech and fully automatic, it has that old-fashioned look

Elaine Paige, actress: I like the Franklin computer Spelling Ace, because I love words. I like to learn a new word every week. You punch in what you think is the spelling of a particular word on the keyboard and I've been pleasantly surprised that my spelling is more often right than wrong. Because it is only 50p by 4in it's a boon when travelling.

John Stephanidis, interior designer: My truffle-grater. It is very important to have the right instrument when you're preparing them.

Beannie Langford, performer: I wouldn't be without my eyelash curlers. After all, nothing else can do the job as well.

Terry Jones, owner of Antiques: The American Culinary 4000 food mixer is very heavy and stable with its chrome base and glass jug. It is simple to use and works brilliantly.

Arabella Polson, fashion designer: The Personal Killing System someone gave me for Christmas is my favourite gadget. When you press the buttons it lets off a noise like a machine gun. I use it in the office when I get annoyed.

Richard Branson, chairman of the Virgin Group: My favourite gadget is the video game, Sega. It's the best fun I've had with my feet on the ground. You've only got to plug it into the television set to see how advanced it is. The only problem is fighting with the kids to use it. We may have to become the first two-Sega household.

George Davies, farmer chairman of Next: There is a field near my home in Leicestershire where I've planted trees. I didn't realize it would need mowing so often — it's five acres — so I would say that my

David Davies, designer: The Canon colour laser copier 500 has to be my favourite gadget. You can plug it into a computer screen, create amazing images and even send them down the line to other countries. Kids can do a sketch, blow it up on the copier and then plaster their bedroom walls with the results. Anyone can become an Andy Warhol in 15 seconds. It is something that everyone will want in the 1990s.

David Mellor, cutlery retailer and designer: I have been putting up two large buildings, and working on the sites I have become converted to a battery-operated power drill, the Makita MO03, or the more powerful Makita 6073D.

What an improvement, and convenience, they are over those old electric or hand-operated drills.

Christopher Wray, lighting retailer: My favourite gadget is a big, old brass corkscrew, like they used to have in pubs.

When you pull the lever it takes the cork off and drops it into a bin. It is a collector's item now, and worth around £250

Ian McCaskill, BBC weatherman: My Vacuum is absolutely terrific. It creates a vacuum inside a bottle of wine

and seals it properly so that the wine stays in perfect condition. As I prefer to drink a glass or two at meals rather than a whole bottle, I've found it very useful.

Martin and Graham Bell, brothers and men's downhill ski racers: Martin: An alarm clock you can shout at and it will stop ringing.

Graham: The television set remote control.

Nicholas Parsons, television and radio presenter: My Supercall telephone is invaluable. You can program 20 different numbers and it has a calculator and a clock. I punch in the number and it calls it up. I can talk into the phone without picking up the receiver.

Frances Bissett, writer and *The Times* cook: My La Pavoni Casa espresso coffee machine cost just under £100 and adds greatly to the quality of life in the kitchen. It has easy-clean rounded edges and heats up quickly. I enjoy the ritual of the morning cup of cappuccino, first heating the cup, then frothing the milk and finally watching the drops of espresso staining the white foam. It takes forever compared with the cafetière but I love it.

Robert Kilroy-Silk, writer and television presenter: I like my electric swimming-pool cleaner because it takes away all the drudgery.

Patsy Kensit, actress: My favourite and only gadget is an American juicer.

Patsy's husband, Dan Donovan, the photographer son of Terence Donovan, adds: My favourite gadget is an Agenda electronic organizer, which combines minicomputer, diary and address book. But I'd like a laser beam — useless but fun.

Su Pollard, actress: I like my Magican tin-opener. It's so much better than the old-fashioned type that you have to dig into the lid. When I found how good it was I rushed out and bought six tins of baked beans and six tins of spaghetti — and opened them all at once

JANUARY 1990 STORM APPEAL



October 1987

Just as the devastating scenes from the hurricane of October 1987 are beginning to fade from our memories we are once again reminded of how terribly vulnerable our lives and our environment are to freak weather conditions.

The storm which swept Britain last week brings back harsh memories of when over 15 million of Britain's trees were ravaged in October 1987.

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JANUARY 1990 STORM APPEAL

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Number Expiry Date

Name _____ Signature _____

Address _____ Postcode _____

Please complete and return form to: 088/C/177/999

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SPORT | TRAVEL & LEISURE

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 3 1990

Sky falls in on Coe and co-stars

Anckland

A decade of excellence ended yesterday. Sebastian Coe's last hurrah fizzled out (this was especially sad for the people with the "Seb for PM" banner) when he failed to appear for the 1,500 metres heats. A sad way to go, at the end.

This is the way the athlete ends.

Not with a bang but a groan strain.

As T. S. Eliot would no doubt have expressed it, though in fact Coe's problem was a viral infection that had given him lumps on his neck and (ugh) around his groin.

It was obvious the day before that something was wrong. He was patently not himself in the 800 metres final: he looked drawn and out of sorts afterwards. This made yesterday distinctly weird: we began with much speculation about the Coe no-show business and then the England team manager, John Jeffery, made the extraordinary statement that he had withdrawn Coe against Coe's wishes: "I virtually had to drag him off the track."

I must say I found the idea of Coe doing anything at all that he did not wish to completely unacceptable. There was no question but that he was deeply disappointed and the idea of his being ordered not to run was bizarre. And Coe said later, more reasonably: "Ultimately, it is down to the athlete. My decision is my own."

Peter Elliott took over Coe's position as England's most prominent runner in the 1,500m and he could even have been narrow favourite for it. He said yesterday: "I want to keep the flag flying for Great Britain. Maybe it's my turn to take over the mantle."

Elliott is a first-class athlete, no doubt about that. But he is first class of the second class. He has never shown himself



Simon Barnes

likely to take that last and most difficult step from excellence into greatness: to breathe that rarefied air of the country where Coe, Ovett and Cram have lived in their time.

We have grown to expect middle-distance medals as a kind of Natural British Right. The absence of the Africans in the 1984 Olympics helped sustain this belief: but more important were the annual displays of superb running and spectacular victories with the annual rivalries fought out only on the very biggest of occasions.

The three of them were all first-class athletes all genuine stars whose names drew spectators to the track, attracted Pied Piper hordes with birds and filthy bits of paper, and made millions switch on television.

Ovett was the first to go, now Coe has followed. Cram is trying to work his way back from injury. These top athletes spend more time with physios and doctors than Formula One cars spend with mechanics and engineers but it will be a great surprise to us all if he regains his past excellence. The decade of middle-distance invincibility really does seem to be over.

It was, in a way, inevitable that Coe's final farewell should fizz out like this. They always want one fight too many, don't they? You admire the spirit but sometimes your head at the wisdom of it.

They never come back... but I know one athlete who did. After a viral complaint, too. His name, of course, is Coe: winner of a gold medal at the Olympics in 1980 and then laid low in 1982 and 1983. The comeback to win gold again in

1984 was a triumph of ability, a triumph of the will.

This Games seems to be one of transition. We have grown accustomed also to excellence in the women's javelin: Tessa Sanderson won gold but she must now be very near the end of her career.

She, too, has had a long-term rivalry with another athlete of similar quality — strange how excellence —

says — goes in multiples. Athletes always deny that their rivals are a stimulus and then they go out and bust a gut to beat each other.

But Fatima Whitbread looks a shadow of herself after her drastic shoulder op and one is entitled to wonder if she will ever be a force again. Here is another area of excellence, one which we have got used to, and which is disappearing before our eyes.

It seems likely that we may be entering a fallow period in these two events, perhaps especially in middle-distance

Games reports page 51

running. This last is a special blow for spectators. The 1,500m is called "the blue riband event," though not because it is harder than anything else (that is probably the 400m, which gives an athlete the impression after 300m that he is breathing pure cement).

It is because it is the most dramatic: an entire playlet of rivalry and ambition is performed in the engagingly brief three and a bit minutes.

Racing at this distance is almost always compelling and does not tax the average person's concentration span too hard.

I have no wish to say any bad things about Elliott, especially as he looks in terrific shape right now. But he need



Not with a bang but a whimper: the moment the world ended for Coe as Jeffery broke the news



SWINGING IN THE RAIN

There is something exciting about the Tahitian Island of Bora-Bora that even torrential rain cannot dampen, as Michael Watkins discovered. And he had three non-stop days of it. In Bora-Bora being wet was almost a South Seas celebration.

Page 59

TUCK OF THE IRISH

Hospitality seldom comes with more charm than in the log fire warmth of Irish country houses. Ann Morrow enjoyed the fresh air and the fresh food on a tour of the island. Page 57



LIFE AFTER HUGO

French fashion models had Guadeloupe virtually to themselves when Ross Drinkwater visited the Caribbean island. Although much of the damage caused by Hurricane Hugo has been repaired, the message has not yet got through to many travellers. Now could be a good time to visit.

Page 60

Walking a line between fitness and frustration

By John Goodbody

Championships and also cost him a place at the 1983 World Championships.

Dr Mark Harris, the director of clinical services of the British Olympic Association medical centre, said yesterday that any top international "understands his body. He knows if he is slightly ill, although he may not always be able to specify what is wrong. I might feel slightly below par but still be able to go to work and lead an ordinary life."

A leading athlete will also be psychologically affected by the knowledge that he is not 100 per cent fit, particularly at a major event. Dr Harris said there was not quite the same sort of pressure in team as in individual sports, because the effort was collective.

It is Coe's history unique. Many leading athletes have undergone similar experiences; they include his British middle-distance rivals, Steve

Ovett, Steve Cram, David Moorcroft and Peter Elliott.

In addition, particularly in professional sport, players were loath to drop out of teams because they feared they would be unable to regain their place. For instance, League footballers can "carry" injuries for weeks or even months at a time.

In major international athletics, a few hundredths of a second can often cover the top half-a-dozen competitors: being slightly off-colour can be the difference between finishing first and being as-raw.

A leading athlete will also be psychologically affected by the knowledge that he is not 100 per cent fit, particularly at a major event. Dr Harris said there was not quite the same sort of pressure in team as in individual sports, because the effort was collective.

Top-class sportmen, Dr Harris said, had been known for some time to be more prone to illness than ordinary people.

The most recent study to be published in *Clinical Sports Medicine* is by Dr Bo Berglund, of Sweden, who has detailed how there is a higher incidence of infectious diseases, particularly upper respiratory ones, in cross-country skiers than in other people.

At the BOA medical centre at Harrow, Dr Richard Budgett, the 1984 Olympic gold medal winner in rowing, is developing a thesis of Professor Eric Newsholme, of Oxford University, concerning the relationship between

over-training and under-performance.

A number of competitors have been found to have a low level of an essential amino acid, glutamine, which is vital for the white cells that defend against infection. It is possible that in some cases the demands of training and competition have outstripped the normal food supply.

Research has also found that competitors have a low level of testosterone and a high level of cortisol, the stress hormone, following vigorous exercise. Dr Harris said: "This too, might give rise to a susceptibility to illness."

It is possible for an outstanding competitor to be fit but on the verge of ill health simply because he is leading an abnormal life by training and competing so intensively. Too often, the public has confused the fit with the healthy.

Trice twice

Washington (AP) — Simon Brown, of Jamaica, the International Boxing Federation (IBF) welterweight champion, has agreed to give Tyrone Trice, of the United States, a second chance to take his crown. The two will meet on April 1, but the venue has yet to be decided. The referee controversially stopped the first bout between the two boxers for the vacant title in April 1988 at Berck in France in the fourteenth round. Brown has since successfully defended his title six times.

Larkins discovers a batting paradise nobody expected

From Alan Lee, Cricket Correspondent, Basseterre, St Kitts

England have never before played a tour match in St Kitts and, on yesterday's evidence, they could be forgiven for thinking they had strayed outside the Caribbean.

What they had found was a bland, pain-free pitch, which obliged the Leeward Islands to employ the last resort of spin, some half hour before lunch.

By then, Graham Gooch and Wayne Larkins had proceeded serenely past 50. The ball was handily beaten, the ball seldom struck in the air. With the Caribbean's traditional tourist lures much in evidence, Gooch and his players had apparently discovered a paradise far removed from the stressful existence they had been led to expect.

Even allowing for the suspicion that this is much too good to last, it was a heartening way for England to begin their first-class programme. No one can have felt more relieved than Gooch. Larkins'

selection was very much Gooch's proposal, and with no third opener in the party, the success of their alliance is paramount in the England strategy.

For an hour, after Gooch had won the toss, his partner looked to have traded in his identity. He had made only eight when, as if sensing there was nothing here to inhibit him, he took the Leewards' newest pace prodigy, Hamish Anthony, for 14 runs in four balls.

England had been tempted to include both their slow bowlers, and they may yet regret declining to do so. The Leewards, like every other team here, put out four fast bowlers, two of them Test players, but there was soon a hint of resignation in their tread.

Although Kenneth Benjamin, whose parents evidently nominated his career by giving him the middle names

The Scots lion can hardly take heart

By Roddy Forsyth

Scotland, whose progress in the European Championship has never extended to a place in the finals, found themselves in a daunting company when the draw for the qualifying sections of the 1992 tournament was made yesterday in Stockholm.

The ballot placed the Scots in group two along with two Eastern European sides, Romania and Bulgaria, as well as Switzerland and the unknown quantity of San Marino. Only one side from each of the seven sections will qualify, along with the host country, for the finals of the championship, which will take place in Sweden.

Spin arrived in the shape of Noel Guihard, aged 32, and a native of this lovely island. He turned the odd ball slowly but by lunch, the first wicket was worth 79 and the session had been convincingly won.

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Although Kenneth Benjamin, whose parents evidently nominated his career by giving him the middle names

gallous draw in Glasgow in September 1986, Andy Roxburgh oversaw a 1-0 victory in the return match in Sofia a year later.

It was the first time that the home team had been beaten in their capital for five years and Mackay's match-winning goal guaranteed the Republic of Ireland a place in the finals for the first time, at the expense of the Bulgarians.

Scotland and Switzerland were also European Championship rivals in November 1982 when the Swiss won 2-0 in Berne and the teams drew 2-2 at Hampden six months later in a match memorable for an outstanding goal from Nicholas, struck on the run from 25 yards.

The joker in the pack is San Marino, who have been permitted entry to the tournament for the first time. The last of the old independent republics of Italy, San Marino consists of a land-bound enclave with a population of 22,000, located a short distance from Rimini on the Adriatic coast.

Gordon Strachan scored the opening goal and this was supplemented by two members of the present Scottish squad, Aitken, the captain, and the Rangers defender, Gough.

Whether the unrest in Romania has had any effect on the team's performance remains to be seen, but in a World Cup warm-up match on Thursday the Romanians were beaten 3-0 by Pisa, of the Italian second division.

Scotland also encountered Bulgaria in their last European Championship, with heartening results overall. Although the Bulgarians achieved a

draw, it was a 1-0 victory in the return match in Sofia a year earlier.

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It will be a few days before it becomes clear whether the tour by the English cricketers is affected by the sweeping reforms in South Africa announced by President FW de Klerk in Cape Town yesterday. Today's planned protest march by 5,000 trade unionists and other political groups from the city centre to the team's match with a South African invitation XI is still going ahead.

Mike Gatting's players were originally booked to stay in a hotel in the centre of Pietermaritzburg.

to find their touch after unconvincing performances in the first two fixtures.

The Invitation XI are the strongest opposition met so far. They are led by Roy Pienaar, who with 678 runs at an average of 61.63 finished the Currie Cup programme as the leading scorer. Pienaar, who plays for Kent, is the only South African international appearing. Brian McMillan, the all-rounder, who is also playing for South Africa next week, has been withdrawn from this match to keep his bowling hidden from Gatting's players.

Simon Barnes's sporting diary, page 10

Paris match should hold no fears for Englishmen abroad

From David Hands
Rugby Correspondent

It is a year or two since one of the four home unions emerged from the Parc des Princes with victory. Though the four of them combined did so, by two points last October, 1982 marked the last year that a five nations' championship win was recorded here, and that by England who did so two years earlier as well, during their grand slam season.

But it is not a ground which holds any fears for England, unlike the Cardiff graveyard. Indeed, they enjoyed the atmosphere: "We are Englishmen abroad, Paris is a great city to come to, the facilities are a bit special, it's an occasion," Roger Utley, the coach, said yesterday after his players had concluded training at La Boule where the playing surface was remarkably firm after a night of heavy rain.

Indeed on their last visit England could, and should, have won, rather than losing 10-9 to a breakaway try by Laurent Rodriguez with only seven minutes left. That game in 1988 was the start of Will Carling's international career; now he is captain and one of the significant changes to have emerged since then, is the increased responsibility which all the players take in training — Carling as captain, Moore as pack leader, and the likes of Aickford and Teague, as senior players.

Much may depend upon those last three: the lineout and the loose will be significant areas and, in the aftermath of England's win over Ireland a fortnight ago, there

TODAY'S TEAMS IN PARIS

France	15	Full Back	England	15
S Biacco (Benz)	15		S D Hodgkinson (Nottingham)	15
M Andreu (Mines)	14	Right wing	R Woodward (Leicester)	14
P Sella (Agen)	13	Right centre	W D C Carling (Twickenham)	13
D Charvet (Toulouse)	12	Left centre	J C Garscott (Barnet)	12
F Laglaque (Beyonne)	11	Left wing	M D Bailey (Worcester)	11
F Mezzalira (P.C de France)	10	Stand off	C R Andrew (Worcester)	10
P Berbizi (Agen)	9	Scrum half	R J Hill (Barnet)	9
J Ondreys (Saintes)	1	Prop	P A G Kendall (Worcester)	1
L Amery (Lourdes)	2	Hooker	B C Moore (Nottingham)	2
J P Garret (Lourdes)	3	Prop	J A Probyn (Worcester)	3
J Champ (Toulon)	6	Flanker	M G Skinner (Harrowgate)	6
A Devengie (Mines)	4	Lock	W A Dooley (Preston Chorlton)	4
D Etandi (Agen)	5	Lock	P J Ackford (Dartington)	5
L Rodriguez (Dax)	7	Flanker	F J Winterbottom (Harrogate)	7
O Rouquet (Dax)	8	No 8	M C Tregear (Sunderland) *Captain	8

REPLACEMENTS: 16 P Maroco (Montfermeil), 17 M Belloli (Nice), 18 A Sanguineti (Biarritz), 19 H Serra (Barcelona), 20 D Combarieu (Biarritz), 21 J-B Lefebvre (Racing Club de France)

FIVE NATIONS' TABLE

England	W	D	L	F	Pts
England	1	1	0	22	19
France	1	0	1	22	20
Wales	1	0	0	1	29
Ireland	1	0	0	1	29
Scotland	0	0	0	0	0

FIXTURES: Today: Ireland v Scotland, France v England, February 17; Scotland v France, February 18; Wales v Scotland, February 19; Ireland v France, March 3; Wales v Scotland, March 4; Ireland v England, March 24; Ireland v Wales.

was concern that it had taken so long to overcome the difficulties Ireland presented at the lineout. There was a lack of communication which should not occur, even amid the firecrackers and bands of the Part.

Teague is to be used as a support, rather than primary jumper as he was last season when playing at flanker and I imagine Skinner will adopt a roving role, as much at the front as at the back which would lead Dooley to oppose the tall French back markers. The fact that Berbizi, the French scrum-half and captain, also throws into the lineout will help England since his lobbed throwing is not the most accurate feature of his game.

Not that England have anything other than respect for the little man. "He is one of the great tacticians of the game, in a crucial position on the field," Utley said. "He could influence things enormously. We must make sure he is not given the latitude to do so. At the back of the lineout we are not as tall as the French but it's always a dodgy area, particularly if conditions are difficult.

"We have played in the past without great height at the

back and we should be able to cope." Four of the English pack, Winterbottom, Teague and the two props, played under Berbizi's leadership in South Africa last year so they should be familiar with his methods.

They will be equally familiar with Denis Charvet, who was also part of that international tour party and unveiled a capacity for goal-kicking entirely unforeseen by those of us who were unaware of his point-gathering feats for Toulouse, his club.

Charvet has yet to lose in a championship match in Paris — this is his eighth — but this will be the first time he enters a game as first choice kicker.

"I like to kick," he said. "I enjoy watching the ball pass between the posts and ever since I was young I have had a ball in my hands or at my feet. I hope that my South African experience will help me and, since Monday, I have tried to think of nothing except the first kick that I will attempt."

The team that wins this championship will be the one with the most successful goal-kicker and, in the concession of points, England have been miserly. In last season's championship only 27 points were scored against them and the clean sheet against the Irish last month was encouraging, though the number of penalties conceded was not.

England had as many penalties or free kicks awarded against them (13) as they were given themselves and it was their good fortune that Michael Kiernan had an off-day with his three attempts at goal. The team management has emphasized the necessity for reducing that number (coincidentally on their last visit to Paris, both countries were penalized 12 times) by Owen Doyle, the Irish referee who has charge again today.

Although the French are sure to repeat a tactic which can produce penalties, the high ball to the full-back which has the forwards scurrying back desperately to defend.

"We are trying to develop a game and a pattern of play," Utley said, "which will suit the conditions, the nature of the opposition and the demands of the referee on any given occasion. This game will be another indicator on whether we are making progress in that direction."

If they are to do so, England must throw off the inhibitions apparent in the opening game and attack France with all, not some, of the weapons at their disposal; if they believe they have good backs they should use them judiciously of course but not as a final resort.

It is an attitude of mind as much as anything else and if they win today — as they have the confidence will be highly enhanced for the remaining championship games.

If Ireland are still looking to

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Referee: C Norling (Wales)



Handling with care: Garscott considers whether to pass or run the ball during the England training session on a firm playing surface at La Boule yesterday

Scots prepare to make the most of their belated entry

From Gerald Davies, Dublin

No broader smile was observed during the whole of last season's championship than that of Bob Monro, convenor of the Scottish selectors, at the press conference after his team's 16-15 win against Ireland at Murrayfield.

It was not so much the victory that brought a twinkle to his eye, rather that so many scholars of the game, who had been less fortunate, enough to conclude beforehand that the two participating teams would be more than "scavengers" of rugby football, had been proved so wrong. With this in mind, it would be a foolhardy observer who would make such a hasty appraisal of today's game, sponsored by Digital between the two teams at Lansdowne Road.

But this fixture, often erroneously considered as an also-ran contest for the championship when contrasted with simultaneous events at either Parc des Princes or Twickenham, produced eight tries last season. The bold enterprise seen in Edinburgh in March can be measured by the quality of the running which saw Scotland go ahead by 16-6 during the first half only to find themselves going to 21-19 by the interval. It was the most vividly entertaining game of the whole season and it has rarely failed to satisfy on other occasions, either.

In the three-quarters, Ireland tried to buck Brian Smith's Oxford University stand-off, who won his first cap against the All Blacks only to be drowned in favour of Peter Russell for the England game.

In the front row, John Fitzgerald replaces the hapless Halpin who had such an uncomfortable time at prop against Rendall at Twickenham. The two changes should strengthen the team which seemed to be at its weakest in these respective areas.

However Francis, who had exerted some influence in the Irish pack then, is left out for Lenihan to return to turn his 44th cap. This should bring some solidity to the scrummage but could give something away in the lineout.

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CRICKET: LARWOOD UNREPENTANT ABOUT ENGLAND'S USE OF BODYLINE TACTICS DURING THE INFAMOUS 1932-33 SERIES IN AUSTRALIA

Wheatley losing four-day battle

By Martin Searby

The Test and County Cricket Board is close to admitting defeat in its struggle to bring in a four-day county championship, which Lord's officials feel is vital to improve an England team which has won only one of its last 25 Test matches.

Owen Wheately, the chairman of the TCCB's cricket committee, was recently nominated when the debate went public on a proposal of members of the Derbyshire Cricket Society and the Chatsworth Cricket Leagues. A show of hands showed that no more than seven per cent of those present supported the plan.

"The board has done wonders over the last 26 years," he told the meeting. "In 1968 the committee had to shave just £250,000. But this year the division has £5 million in the kitty. The board has done plenty for you, now it is time you did something for England."

He added: "Three-day cricket is not a game which brings people through the gates. It took a marketing committee to give you the pressures times you are enjoying now." Wheately said a 16-match championship programme would give an extra day of preparation before Tests, where England's team would be present at a serious disadvantage, but later admitted privately to *The Times* that he thought the proposals would fail.

Putting the opposition case, Peter Edwards, the chief executive of Essex, said that his county projected losses of £250,000 for seasons 1991-92 under the new proposals and said: "Mickey Stewart cannot guarantee a successful England team in the next five years but I can guarantee that five counties will be out of business if this plan goes ahead."

Edwards received roasting support for his arguments against the four-day game. He insisted that money must be spent at under-19 level to improve the technical qualities of England players.

"At Essex we have put £160,000 into youth cricket and he has paid a dividend with players like Stephenson and Hastings coming through as well as Pringle and Foster who have been with us since the age of 12. So much money is being wasted and if counties' revenue fell Essex, for one, would have to abandon the youth programme and that has got to be bad for the game overall."

It was clear that the TCCB had failed to persuade the board's opposition and failed to move early enough to counter it. More lobbying by Wheately and his colleagues would have improved the board's chances of getting the proposals through.

Sydney

He lives with his wife, Lois, his memories, and his trophies. That is over a year since his sight became too poor for him to venture beyond the front gate of his Sydney home seems not to worry him in the least. He knows his way round the little house and garden, both of them spick and span, and, through the telephone directory, pilgrims track him down.

Harold Larwood is a very good, affably philosophical 85. "You must expect to lose something when you get to my age, and you're lucky if it's only your eye-sight." He is nowhere near blind, but he likes you at short leg, because he sees you better there than when he is straight in front of him.

Ever since emigrating to Australia in April 1950 at the instigation and under the supervision of Jack Fingleton, Larwood has kept a low profile. His accent is still pure Yorkshire-Ashfield, though he has 12 Australian grandchildren and four Australian great-grandchildren, "all scattered about".

Of his five daughters — there were no sons — one lives on the Queensland border, another two hours north of Sydney's Harbour Bridge, and another keeps a shop in Canberra.

He covered the MCC tour of 1950-51, accompanied by a ghost writer who called his invariably charitable observations to the *Sunday Express* in London, and the *Melbourne Herald*. Today, the talk turns at once to cricket, to a game which he considers a lot more dangerous than the "leg theory" of 1932-33, which gave him his reputation, albeit a misleading one, for being such a holy terror.

The term "bodyline" is frowned upon in the Larwood household. It was "leg theory", not dissimilar, Larwood will tell you, from the way Fred Root practised it. Root was, in fact, a medium-paced in-swinger, who, like Larwood, bowled to a battery of short legs. But Root's were there for the misguided glance, Larwood's for the catch given by batsmen trying to defend their bodies.

Larwood, though, is unrepentant. "When I hear the commentators today saying 'Oh, what a beautiful bounce, it only just missed his head,' I wonder what the game has come to. I might sometimes have bowled at a batsman's ribs, but never his head."

The one that hit my old pal Bertie [Oldfield] at Adelaide came off his bat. Woodfull got hit over the heart. The ball didn't fail to fly around the batsman's head, or over the top. Woodfull was fast-footed and tense; I could have hit him at any time I wanted, but I didn't, and I were still abashed. Of the 33 wickets I took in 1932-33, 15 were bowled."

Yet all these years later, the battle plan is remembered. "I'd bowl two or three overs at the off stump. Then the shine was gone, and Bob's your uncle, the field would cross to the leg side. In pride of place is Jardine's parting present: "To Harold for the Ashes — From a grateful skipper, 1932-33." Larwood was fond of "the skipper", but it was his Nottinghamshire captain, Arthur Carr, who, he thinks, "made him".

There are six mounted cricket balls, including the one with which Larwood took five for 28 in the second innings of the first Test at Sydney in 1932-33, making 10 wickets in the match, and another given to him after he had taken the first seven wickets for MCC against Victoria at Melbourne in 1928-29, when Mr Chapman said: "Do you want the last three, Harold?" and Larwood replied: "No, skipper, let someone else have them."

There is a picture of Larwood meeting a top-hatted King George V at Trent Bridge in 1928. "I met him twice that year, and each time he asked me the same question: 'How old are you?'

Yet, it has been a good life ever since a cable came one day in 1925, when Larwood was playing for Mansfield Colliery, asking him to be prepared to travel with the Nottinghamshire side. He had never before been outside the county. "I don't know how I bowled like I did, and when I told that to Sam Staples, he said: 'In that case, don't try and find out.'

Larwood recalls being hit only three times for six; by Les Ames off the last ball before lunch at Canterbury, by

Jack Ryder at Melbourne, "but that was a mishap over the wicketkeeper's head"; and by a Queensland No. 11, whose name he thinks was Gamble. And as far as he can remember, he never bowled a wide.

"The missus came from Mansfield, and if she didn't know cricket from football when we met, she does now. She's not bad really, could be a lot worse," he says, as she brings a couple of cans of beer.

The old man has a good sense of fun and a contented way of life, lounging around in his socks. Even in 90 mph, it was hard to see, in this slight figure, the firebrand of only 18 years before. Today, all passion spent, he wears his capes unconsciously well.

The book beside his chair, *The Fight For The Ashes*, was given to him, affectionately inscribed, by its author, P. F. Warner, for his splendid bowling as the youngest member of the team in England's famous victory at The Oval in 1926.

Larwood still barnacles for England, but he has no regret that he made Australia his home. "By gee, I'd like to settle in Australia," he said to Fingleton in 1948, and settled here he certainly is.

Firebrand's passion all spent



An Englishman abroad: Larwood, once the scourge of Australian batsmen, at his home in Sydney recently

Mr Allen, the skipper (D.R. Jardine), Wally (Hammond), and Mr Wyatt (Jones), who cabled his invariably charitable observations to the *Sunday Express* in London, and the *Melbourne Herald*.

TODAY, the talk turns at once to cricket, to a game which he considers a lot more dangerous than the "leg theory" of 1932-33, which gave him his reputation, albeit a misleading one, for being such a holy terror.

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Wright steers his team towards a strong position

From Qasim Ahmed, Christchurch

An unbeaten 127 by their captain, John Wright, enabled New Zealand to make 253 in three by the time play ended on the first day of the last Rothmans Test match against India at Lincoln Park yesterday.

Between lunch and tea, only one wicket fell, that of Jones, for 52 from 82 balls, but after tea, lances in the field were to cost India dearly. No less than four chances were dropped one off Crowe and three off Greatbatch.

Despite the loss of Crowe, for

24, Wright continued to perturb, completing his century by taking three runs off Watson towards square leg. His century had taken 298 minutes and a drive may be in for another hard day's work.

After losing his opening partner, T.J. Franklin, at 26, to a fine catch by Prabhakar, at first slip, of Kapil Dev, Wright shared valuable stands with Andrew Jones, Martin Crowe and Mark Greatbatch.

With Jones he put on 105 for the second wicket, with Crowe 51 for the third wicket and with Greatbatch, an unbroken partnership of 73 for the fourth wicket.

As expected, Dipak Patel was left out of the 12 named by New Zealand. India included the medium pacer, Anil Wasan,

NEW ZEALAND: First innings

T.J. Franklin c Prabhakar b Kapil Dev 20

A.J. Hutton c Kapil Dev b Wasan 22

M.D. Greatbatch not out 21

Extras (1, 10, 6, nb 4) 26

Total (5 wkt, 50 overs) 206

INDIA: S. Dhoni 10, W.V. Raman 10, M. Azharuddin, Kapil Dev, M. Prabhakar, 1K 8, More, S. V. Patel, N. Hirwani, A. Wasan,

NEW ZEALAND: Second innings

R.J. Head 10, D.S. Smith 10, D.S. Mithun 10, C. Stoddart 10, M.C. Sneddon and D.K. Morrison to bat

FALL OF WICKETS: 1-25, 2-131, 3-42, 4-150, 5-159-51 (tot 1); 6-173-21, 7-175-21, 8-176-21; 9-177-21; 10-178-21; 11-179-21; 12-180-21; 13-181-21; 14-182-21; 15-183-21; 16-184-21; 17-185-21; 18-186-21; 19-187-21; 20-188-21; 21-189-21; 22-190-21; 23-191-21; 24-192-21; 25-193-21; 26-194-21; 27-195-21; 28-196-21; 29-197-21; 30-198-21; 31-199-21; 32-200-21; 33-201-21; 34-202-21; 35-203-21; 36-204-21; 37-205-21; 38-206-21; 39-207-21; 40-208-21; 41-209-21; 42-210-21; 43-211-21; 44-212-21; 45-213-21; 46-214-21; 47-215-21; 48-216-21; 49-217-21; 50-218-21

John Woodcock, Sydney

Nancy, not the darling of the pavilion at Lord's but a tropical cyclone, brought so much rain to most of Australia's eastern seaboard yesterday that the chances of there being any play in the third Test match, which is due to start here today, seemed very remote last night. By nightfall four inches of rain had fallen on the Sydney Cricket Ground, which was not at all what the curator had been hoping for.

The old man has a good sense of fun and a contented way of life, lounging around in his socks. Even in 90 mph, it was hard to see, in this slight figure, the firebrand of only 18 years before. Today, all passion spent, he wears his capes unconsciously well.

The book beside his chair, *The Fight For The Ashes*, was given to him, affectionately inscribed, by its author, P. F. Warner, for his splendid bowling as the youngest member of the team in England's famous victory at The Oval in 1926.

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John Woodcock

of the bowler and a bowler's view of the batsman's stroke. The possibilities are dramatic. To see the ball coming straight for the screen at 90 mph can be unnerving. Asked what happens when a bowler knocks down the off stump, Richards said: "You lose it."

Mercifully for the umpires, these latest pictures are not to be used, for the moment at least, when decisions are being scrutinised often over and over again.

It would, of course, remove much of the hassle from the umpires' job if no slow-motion replays were used at all, at least unless, and until, the umpires themselves, through a re-examination in terms of a television set, can also call for a photo.

There has now been an umpire who would have seemed remarkable inabilty when faced with the examination to which modern umpires are subjected. To all intents and purposes, it is trial by television and it may not be long before this latest piece of technological wizardry is being used to make their lives more difficult.

It will give a batsman's view

GUIDE TO THE WEEKEND FIXTURES

RUGBY UNION

15 unions stand

Five nations' championship

FRANCE v ENGLAND (at Paris) Sat 1pm

IRELAND v SCOTLAND (at Lansdowne Road) 2pm

Schweppes Welsh Cup

Fifth round

ABERDEEN v NEWBRIDGE (2pm)

NEWPORT v PONYPOOL (2.30pm)

RUGBY LEAGUE

STOKE BITTER CHAMPIONSHIP

STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

WIGAN CHAMPIONSHIP

WIGAN v STOKE (2.45pm)

VADHALL LEAGUE

STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

THIRD DIVISION

STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

FOURTH DIVISION

STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

WPS LOANS LEAGUE

STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

FA TROPHY

SECOND ROUND: BARNSLEY v STOKE (2.45pm)

STOKE TROPHY

SECOND ROUND: STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

THREE CROWN TROPHY

SECOND ROUND: STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

THREE CROWN TROPHY

SECOND ROUND: STOKE v WIGAN (2.45pm)

The Times reports from the XIV Commonwealth Games in Auckland

Planned last bow taken off stage

From David Powell

Sebastian Coe's farewell came not in front of 35,000 spectators and a large television audience in the Commonwealth Games' 1500 metres final but on the spartan Mount Smart No. 2 track, from which the public was prohibited.

The grass-banked warm-up track, adjacent to the main stadium, is where athletes perform their pre-event rituals. It was here that Coe was forced to accept that his competitive days would end without a fanfare. A viral infection, which reduced him to sixth place in the 800 metres on Thursday, was he had to admit, too debilitating for him to stand a chance of honours in the longer distance.

Coe, aged 33 and twice the Olympic 1,500 metres champion, said: "Pulling out is difficult to stomach as I have committed myself to nothing else but this since October. It's a hard decision and if it had been a training race I would not have considered running at all. But this is a major championship and that is the only thing I rate in athletics."

The Commonwealth Games record books will now have to do without him. This is the second Games in succession from which he has had to withdraw with, among other symptoms, a sore throat. In his first Commonwealth Games, in 1986, he qualified for the 800 metres final but was too unwell to appear.

Although nothing was said at the time, he looked uncomfortable in qualifying for the 800 metres final on this occasion. "It must have seemed obvious to anybody watching the semi-final that if a couple of people had not faded in the final straight I would not have qualified," Coe said. "I started feeling like this on Saturday and I have been going downhill ever since."

In 1982, when favourite to win the European 800 metres championship, he finished second and was later diagnosed to have been suffering from glandular fever. A year later, he withdrew from the world championships, a victim of glandular toxoplasmosis. "There is no reason to believe that these problems are connected to the problems I had in 1982 and 1983," he said.

John Jeffery, the England team manager, claimed to have withdrawn Coe before the athlete had made up his own mind.

If there are sympathies for Coe, so too must there be for Peter Elliott. Elliott had been voicing his regret for some time that he had never raced Coe when both men were on their game. Now he never will.

"I am sad that his career has ended on a low note in the 800 metres," Elliott said. "It's a sad day for 1500 metres running, but I think he made the right decision. It was not the Seb Coe we knew and we would not have wanted to see him go out in the heats."

Longbottom comes in for injured Luckwell

From Peter Bryan

Peter Longbottom, the winner of the opening stage of the 1989 Milk Race, replaces Ben Luckwell in today's 105-mile road race which closes the cycling programme at the Games.

Luckwell, the holder of the Star Trophy awarded to the most consistently popular British rider of the year, had a serious fall earlier this week. The Bristol rider was taken to hospital and although he was not detained, injuries to his right knee made his fitness suspect.

Bernard Burns, the road team manager, brought in Longbottom, a seasoned rider who has ridden at international level for 11 years, to support the British champion. David Cook, Wayne Randle, last year's Manx International winner, and John Tanner, the newcomer.

The absence of Luckwell makes England's task more difficult but not impossible on a circuit in the western suburbs of Auckland, provided that the team can survive the hills and the heat promised for today. Longbottom had not been expected to compete in the road

McColgan's status enhanced

From David Powell

Jill Hunter sat there, head bowed, listening to the voice of experience. "I really feel I am the best 10,000 metres runner in the world," Liz McColgan said. If Hunter needed convincing that her future was at 25 laps, that was it.

In only her second track race at the distance, Hunter won the silver medal behind McColgan in the Commonwealth Games yesterday. She would not have been in the race had she not been injured in June and July. With insufficient time to get fit for the trial at her usual distance, the 3,000 metres, she tried her luck at the 10,000 metres because the trial was three weeks later.

Two-thirds of the way into her second 10,000 metres, Hunter mounted her attack to break McColgan, unchallenged as Britain's finest woman distance runner since she took the Commonwealth championship in Edinburgh four years ago. But, with four laps remaining, McColgan was back on Hunter's shoulder and drew away, covering the final 800 metres in 2min 19sec to win in 32:23.56.

While Hunter, aged 23, said she was convinced that once she gained more experience at the event, she could run faster, McColgan reaffirmed her commitment to pursuing a sequence of 10,000 metres titles at Commonwealth, European, world and Olympic level. The encouraging aspect of her performance here was that this invertebrate front runner won from behind.

"The whole race was planned that in no circumstances was I going to take the lead," McColgan said, reminding us that she is still only 25 years old. "As you could see, tonight I had a sprint finish. I decided before I came to New Zealand that that was the way I was going to run it. I am confident I can take anyone from the final mile."

One of McColgan's ambitions is to be the first woman to run under 30 minutes (Ingrid Kristiansen's world record is 30:13.74).

McColgan, almost certainly, and Hunter, possibly, would have been under 32 minutes had not all 15 participants been reluctant to take the early pace. The first 800 metres took 2:56, the first 1,600 metres 5:34. Like Liverpool against Crystal Palace, all the action was at one end: first 5,000 metres in 16:39, second 5,000 metres in 15:44.

McColgan has undergone a metamorphosis since the summer. She had wanted to retire. "I didn't have any competitiveness any more and I wasn't enjoying what I was doing," she said. But she took a holiday instead. "It was the best decision my coach and I have made."

Kay Morley is a teacher of mathematics but is a willing pupil as well. She took good advice from, among others, Colin Jackson, the men's high hurdles champion, yesterday and secure a double for Wales. Morley's morale went down with the hurdles which she hit in the semi-finals when, after stumbling at the fifth, she almost ran into the sixth; only by regaining her balance at a crucial moment did she qualify as the fastest loser.

Yesterday she went from slowest qualifier to fastest finalist, improving her best time from 13:11 to 12:91. She said she had been "devastated" by what had happened in the semi-finals. But she is coached in a group with Malcolm Arnold, a group which includes Jackson. "One of the good things about the group is that they all support each other and they were brilliant with her," Arnold said.

Morley's victory denied Sally Gunnell a golden double following her win in the 400 metres hurdles. Ian Tullett, adding five centimetres to his best, was another England silver medal winner, in the pole vault. Simon Arkell, of Australia, cleared 5.35 metres to win and Tullett 5.25.



McColgan raises her arms in triumph as she retains the 10,000 metres title

Black day for the champion Langford effort brings medal and collapse

From David Powell

Roger Black had his long-awaited international championship comeback ruined yesterday when England were disqualified from the Commonwealth Games' 4 x 400 metres relay for a takeover infringement. Black had chosen not to defend his individual 400m title, preferring instead to ease his way back gently with only the relay.

But, as coach-cooks go, this was about the easiest of all. Black, on the anchor leg in his team's heat, ran at cruising pace to a solid second and, though they sought the advice of officials, they did not receive any. Roger is particularly upset.

Only New Zealand and Pakistan, therefore, qualify for heat two; the five countries from heat one suffered no such confusion with Kenya, Jamaica, Canada, Scotland and the Seychelles all progressing to the final.

• AUCKLAND: Andrew Lloyd, an Australian outsider, received his gold medal yes-

terday, almost 24 hours after his sport with hamstring and foot injuries, Black had shown a promising 45.56 individual run at a warm-up meeting here just over a week ago. This was to have been his chance to get back into the theatre of top competition.

"The athletes are very upset," John Jeffery, the England team manager, said. "They were given the opinion they would win gold, so switching the track was not clear and, though they sought the advice of officials, they did not receive any. Roger is particularly upset."

Benson and Hedges, the oldest established sponsors in snooker, are to stage a new tournament in Scotland next year. The first Benson and Hedges Masters satellite tournament, for players outside the top 16 in the world rankings, will be held at Densitown in Glasgow from January 14-21.

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS FROM AUCKLAND

ATHLETICS

Men

1,500 metres

Heats

(First five in each heat and overall two fastest heats qualify for final)

HEAT ONE: 1. S. Gunnell (Eng), 3:01.39; 2. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.45; 3. W. Kruun (Ned), 3:01.45; 4. P. O'Donoghue (Eng), 3:01.46; 5. M. Arkell (Aus), 3:01.46; 6. N. Horrold (Wales), 3:01.46; 7. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.46; 8. J. Hunter (Eng), 3:01.46; 9. S. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.46; 10. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.46.

HEAT TWO: 1. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. S. Gunnell (Eng), 3:01.10; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.10; 4. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.10; 5. J. Hunter (Wales), 3:01.10; 6. W. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.12; 7. M. Arkell (Aus), 3:01.12; 8. L. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.12; 9. S. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.12; 10. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.12.

HEAT THREE: 1. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 5. J. Hunter (Wales), 3:01.03; 6. W. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 7. M. Arkell (Aus), 3:01.03; 8. L. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 9. S. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 10. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03.

4 x 100 metres relay

Heats

(First four in each heat and overall two fastest heats qualify for final)

HEAT ONE: 1. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. S. Gunnell (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03.

HEAT TWO: 1. M. Arkell (Aus), 3:01.03; 2. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03.

HEAT THREE: 1. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03.

HEAT FOUR: 1. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03.

4 x 100 metres relay

Heats

(First four in each heat and overall two fastest heats qualify for final)

HEAT ONE: 1. M. Arkell (Aus), 3:01.03; 2. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03.

HEAT TWO: 1. M. Arkell (Aus), 3:01.03; 2. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03.

HEAT THREE: 1. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03.

HEAT FOUR: 1. C. McColgan (Eng), 3:01.03; 2. D. Smith (Eng), 3:01.03; 3. G. Morley (Eng), 3:01.03; 4. I. Tullett (Eng), 3:01.03.

50 metres hurdles

Final

1. K. Morley (Wales), 9.91sec; 2. B. Utundu (Nigeria), 9.95; 3. P. May (Eng), 9.95; 4. C. Ayubu (Nigeria), 9.98; 5. M. McColgan (Eng), 10.02; 6. S. Gunnell (Eng), 10.02; 7. G. Morley (Eng), 10.02; 8. L. McColgan (Eng), 10.02; 9. I. Tullett (Eng), 10.02; 10. D. Smith (Eng), 10.02.

100 metres hurdles

Final

1. T. Murray (Wales), 10.81sec; 2. B. Utundu (Nigeria), 10.81; 3. P. May (Eng), 10.81; 4. C. Ayubu (Nigeria), 10.81; 5. M. McColgan (Eng), 10.81; 6. S. Gunnell (Eng), 10.81; 7. G. Morley (Eng), 10.81; 8. L. McColgan (Eng), 10.81; 9. I. Tullett (Eng), 10.81; 10. D. Smith (Eng), 10.81.

High jump

Final

1. T. Murray (Wales), 1.95m; 2. B. Utundu (Nigeria), 1.95; 3. P. May (Eng), 1.95; 4. C. Ayubu (Nigeria), 1.95; 5. M. McColgan (Eng), 1.95; 6. S. Gunnell (Eng), 1.95; 7. G. Morley (Eng), 1.95; 8. L. McColgan (Eng), 1.95; 9. I. Tullett (Eng), 1.95; 10. D. Smith (Eng), 1.95.

Triple jump

Final

1. J. Herbert (Eng), 16.80m; 2. M. Hepplewhite (Eng), 16.80; 3. P. Morrissey (Eng), 16.54; 4. P. Forster (Eng), 16.57; 5. J. Edwards (Eng), 16.52; 6. G. Wright (Eng), 16.44; 7. A. Smith (Eng), 16.37; 8. B. Utundu (Nigeria), 16.34; 9. M. McColgan (Eng), 16.32; 10. S. Gunnell (Eng), 16.32.

Discus

Final

1. A. Okoko (Nigeria), 62.82m; 2. W. Relphoe (Eng), 61.55; 3. P. Hendrie (Eng), 60.94; 4. B. Cooper (Eng), 60.55; 5. P. Morrissey (Eng), 60.44; 6. D. Lindores (Eng), 60.34; 7. M. Robinson (Eng), 60.24; 8. A. Smith (Eng), 60.24; 9. I. Tullett (Eng), 60.24; 10. S. Gunnell (Eng), 60.24.

20 kilometres road walk

Final

1. G. Love (Eng), 2:49:16; 2. A. Smith (Eng), 2:49:20; 3. I. Tullett (Eng), 2:49:20; 4. P. Morrissey (Eng), 2:49:20; 5. D. Lindores (Eng), 2:49:20; 6. S. Gunnell (Eng), 2:49:20; 7. M. Robinson (Eng), 2:49:20; 8. B. Cooper (Eng), 2:49:20; 9. W. Relphoe (Eng), 2:49:20; 10. A. Okoko (Nigeria), 2:49:20.

10 kilometres road walk

Final

1. K. Soddy (Eng), 45:40; 2. A. Smith (Eng), 45:40; 3. I. Tullett (Eng), 45:40; 4. G. Love (Eng), 45:40; 5. J. Herbert (Eng), 45:40; 6. S. Gunnell (Eng), 45:40; 7. M. McColgan (Eng), 45:40; 8. B. Cooper (Eng), 45:40; 9. D. Lindores (Eng), 45:40; 10. A. Okoko (Nigeria), 45:40.

Clement Freud journeys to Southwell and discovers why the public is not flocking to watch racing on an artificial surface

All-weather but not much enjoyment

In a foreword to the Jockey Club's guide to all-weather racing, published five months ago, Andrew Parker Bowles wrote: "The financial implications for the racing industry are clear. All-weather track racing is being introduced primarily to offset the financial losses caused to the levy by the abandonment of race meetings during the winter period."

In earlier paragraphs of the introduction he had spoken enthusiastically of "the advantages of Flat racing throughout the year and National Hunt racing at a time when fixtures are usually lost," and referred ingeniously to the provision of "opportunity for the racing public ... to enjoy this new extension of our sport." He got it wrong. They don't.

The racing public, almost to a man, currently stays at home rather than spend an afternoon at Lingfield or Southwell. What the Jockey Club called "an exciting new concept" is similar to the Indian rope trick you never meet anyone who has actually seen it, though you occasionally encounter those who know someone who has.

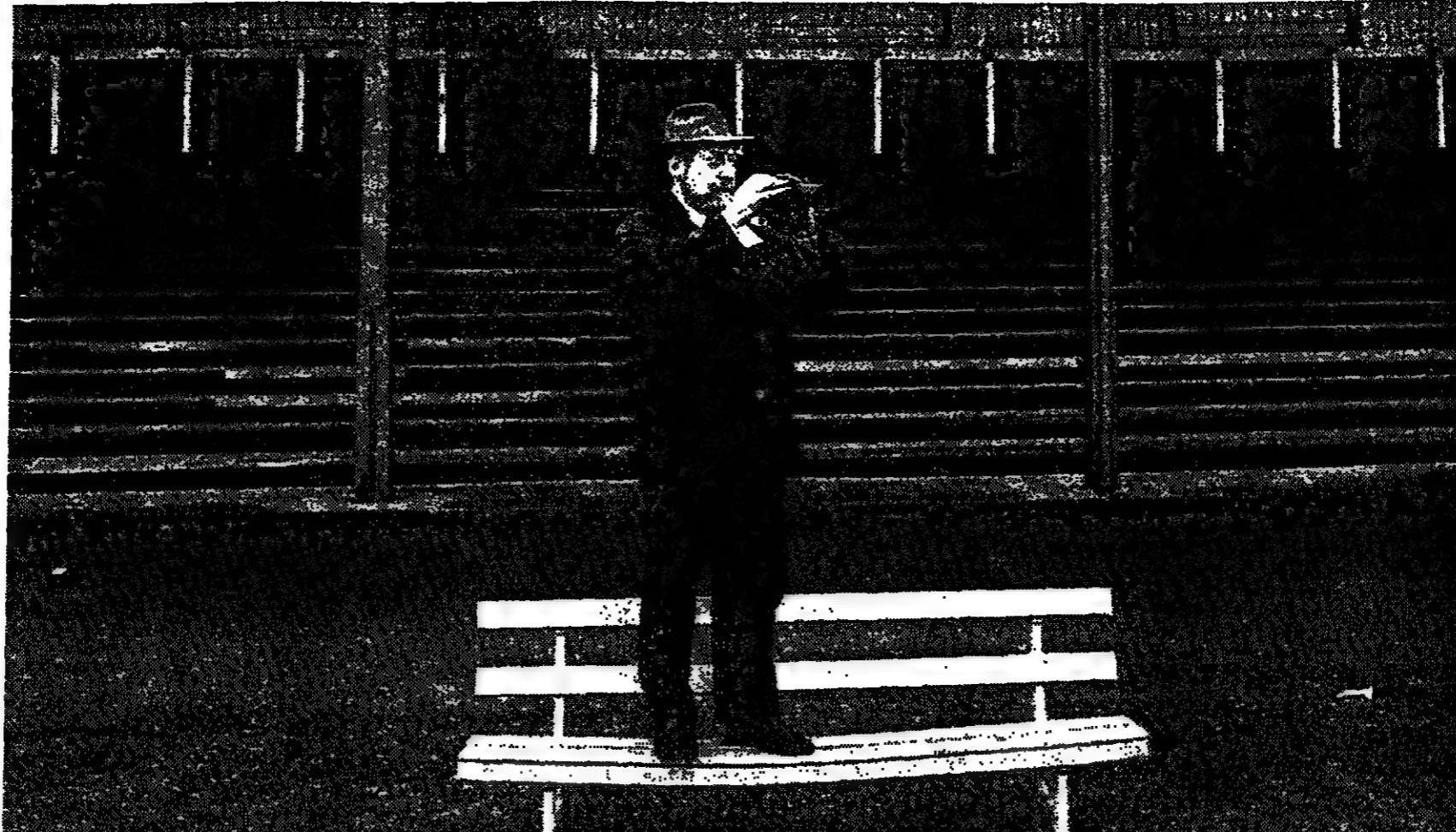
Quite simply all-weather racing is to the sport of kings what the pools panel became to football: a means whereby the gaming industry could provide a medium for gambling even when the weather gods have decided otherwise. (Since its introduction three months ago the weather has been mostly benign — though among the handful of casualties to the calendar have been one at each of the all-weather tracks: Southwell because of fog, Lingfield as a result of the hurricane.)

I went to Southwell — which many pundits pronounce Suthell — though not the locals of adjacent Newark and Nottingham. It has always been recognized as a pretty average sort of track in an average part of the country where average horses jump average obstacles, and the reason for its being selected as one of the venues for all-weather was the willingness of the owners to improve the course — it would not have been easy to have made it any worse.

A difficult place to find, Southwell is. The *Racing Post* suggests you get there from St Pancras via Nottingham, then by a local railway line to Rolleston station — trains every one to two hours, which is optimistic. *The Sporting Life* locates the track seven miles west of Newark, but is unhelpful when it comes to means of getting there by public transport. King's Cross to Newark is best; then a £5 taxi. "Has there been a marked upturn in trade since the all-weather stuff began?" I asked the driver of my cab. "No," he said.

The country is flat and green and wet: you cross the River Trent, glance back at the ruins of Newark Castle, pass the villages of Averham and Staythorpe and just as you are about to turn to the driver and say: "It cannot be anywhere near here," there it is.

The course is oval with a chute at the end of one straight. The stand has seen much better days; another in in the



Loneliness of the long-distance punter: having tracked Southwell down, Clement Freud scans the horizon for fellow racegoers and a piece of the all-weather action

course of construction. Some runic buildings house the catering facilities; a cosy, bespoke Tote Credit building is where the cognoscenti gather to keep from the elements and watch racing from up-market locations like Plumpton.

An all-weather track has been introduced, (stands are built, tracks introduced) in the centre of the oval. It looks as if it is made of brown sugar but is technically Fibresand — "a carefully blended mixture of silica sand and synthetic root-proof fibres."

I pick my way through the mud flats and examine the 1½-mile circuit affording a three-furlong run-in. The going is always officially "standard"; unofficially pretty desperate — like the sands of Southport where Red Rum was so well prepared for his Grand National, I suppose "yielding" is a fair description, not "bottomless"; a poor place to build a decent sand-castle for there is a layer of geotextile membrane just beneath.

The overall atmosphere is reminiscent of Wisbech greyhound stadium on a bad day and yet there is a sort of buzz that attaches to even the most pedestrian arena when there is money to be won and the ones that are slowing down.

FOCUSING ON THE LEADING LIVERY YARD AS NEW POINT-TO-POINT SEASON COMES UNDER ORDERS

Teamwork key to Saunders success

By Alex Ramsey

As the new point-to-point season gets underway today, all eyes will be on Caroline Saunders and her Holdenby stables in Northamptonshire to see whether she can repeat her impressive achievements of last year with 28 victories and five in bumper races.

Her star horse of last season, Ballinaveen, is racing under National Hunt rules now. And so Saunders is looking elsewhere for success. "Golden Wings, Okavaya and Lolly Patch all won four races last year, and I have high hopes for them this year," she said.

"I have some Irish horses now in the yard — Milesian, Poddyhill and Delphos — so I will have to see how they go." However, she will still be keeping a watchful eye on Ballinaveen, once her late grandmother's horse, as the successful trainer is now the prime owner.

It's not hard to see how Caroline Saunders became involved with racing. Her father, Dick Saunders, a full-time farmer, won the 1982 Grand National on the hunter chaser Grittar and is closely involved in point-to-pointing.

The first of 30 qualifiers for the Audi Prix de Cheltenham on May 2 takes place today at the Old Raby Hunt Club point-to-point.

From a total of 156 entries for the six races, only a disappointing dozen are down to go in the Audi, of which Old Nick may be the pick.

Although jumping lapses caused his downfall in two of his five races last term, he impressed when winning competitive open races, one of which was in heavy going.

The Staff College and RMA Drag Hunt meeting at Tewkesbury is off because of a waterlogged course.

Today's meetings

North Cornwall at Royal Cornwall Show Ground, 1m W of Wadebridge (first race 12.05; Old Raby Hunt Club at Weston-super-Mare, 1m SW of Weston-super-Mare (12.05); Weymouth at Weymouth (12.05).

• Call Collect, the comfortable winner of the Liverpool Foxhunters' and third in the Christies at Cheltenham, returns in the first of the season's hunter chases at Wetherby (4.0), conceding 10lb to the other four runners (Brian Beel writes). Best of these is Bronze Head. Mandy Turner could get

stepping stones to National Hunt, but that is not for me in the immediate future. I am enjoying things too much at the moment.

"Point-to-pointing is very much a friendly day out. It's a small community but very friendly and very sporting. The thrill comes from training winners and from training bad horses to win. Some are just plain thick or ignorant. It doesn't matter how much you school them and try to teach them to jump, they still fall over. But it is an achievement to get them to win. And there's always the challenge of a new horse and a new jockey."

She is not in favour of wrapping her best horses in cotton wool. "It is tempting not to hunt a good horse, but we enjoy hunting and the horses enjoy it. It does them good, too. They learn to jump on bad ground."

Having looked after her charges all through the season and training them to their ultimate limits, you would have thought that race-day would be the time when the train could relax. After all, the race is up to the horse and rider. Not so. "I'm a nervous wreck," she admitted. "I can only relax when the last runner is safely tucked up in his box."

The support of her family has made her life a little easier. "I have had a lot of advice from my parents," she said. "They have backed me up and given me a lot of assistance and we argue about the business. But they have let me run things and find my own feet."

"I think I could be a trainer now without their advice but I could not have started out without them. Having the farm and the facilities here helped a great deal financially at the beginning."

Certainly it is a family business. With 22 horses under her wing this season and 24 last season, Saunders sometimes finds herself tiring over a busy weekend. "If I'm going to two meetings, my father will go to one of them and do my job there while I go to the other. And if we go to three, my mother will take the third. I'm sure my father enjoys the sport and the fact that I've done well."

"Things always go well however. The worst thing to happen to any trainer is to lose a horse. Every time it happens — and we lost three last season — it is hard to cope with. Working with them you become so attached. Whether you own them or not, it is of the horses as well as the people that are important."

However, this dedicated trainer is looking forward to the new season with the aim of repeating last year's success. "We've had one or two coughing recently, but I think we're clear of it now," she said. "It's always a worry — viruses come and go in the like of a yo-yo. We had it in December but it seems to have cleared up. I think all the horses are well and I am as hopeful as last year."



Top point-to-point trainer Caroline Saunders gives grey hunter Bunker an affectionate pat at her Holdenby stables

ancient railway comedies starring Will Hay. A jobbing builder could turn it into a Winners' Bar in 48 hours.

Apart from overall financial reasons, there are other positive aspects to all-weather racing: it benefits the small, non-Sheikh owners whose chances of winning prizes on real raccourses are getting ever more remote; and there are small trainers and little-known jockeys for whom meetings at this lower level are a lifeline to continued existence.

Whether moderate horses, unable to win against "proper competition" deserve the opportunity to race in public is another question — as is the wisdom of providing hurdles so low and insubstantial that horses come to no harm galloping through them, thus losing respect for obstacles.

But good as it looks on SIS in the betting shops, there is little in-built magic about the all-weather branch of the business. It is about plodding and plodding more quickly, when horse racing at its best is about finding another gear. On Fibresand, whoever comes round the final bend in the first few places is going to win for horses do not so much race past each other as overtake the ones that are slowing down.

There are countries where they race on artificial surfaces to general satisfaction: Hong Kong is one but in Hong Kong they have not seen how it can be and the quality of the horses is moderate.

It is the amazing wealth of trappings that go with journeyman racehorses at Happy Valley that make you forgive and forget their shortcomings: the huge wins, place and forecast pools that enable you to pick up millions; the computerized totalisator boards that flash up the odds; the thousand screens that enable you to follow the action; the restaurants, bars and entertainment suites, and the facility to reach the track easily by public transport.

What is tough at Southwell is the dearth of quality both on and off the track. The inability to make a good time coupled with the lack of opportunity to make a financial killing is a hard act to sell.

There were half a dozen serious bookmakers — probably just enough to create a true market, though one medium-sized punter (Southwell could not accommodate a big punter) or rumours that Ladbrokes are backing this

Attendances and Tote turnovers

The average daily attendances since all-weather racing began on October 30 are 252 at Southwell (excluding yesterday) and 445 at Lingfield. These figures are turnstile paying customers only and do not include owners, members, private box holders etc.

The daily average Tote turnovers up to and including January 27 are £7,529 at Southwell and £19,946 at Lingfield. These figures represent the aggregate of all pools (win, place, dual forecast and placet) and incorporate business from credit clients and off-course bookmakers passed on to the track by the Tote.

or that horses can bring a 2-1 shot down to 5-4 at a single wippe of the board.

Yet bookmakers are on to less than a good thing at Southwell for form works out remarkably well, surprises tending to come from horses who have not previously raced on brown sugar.

Also, jockeys speak well of it — but then they would. What is missing, apart from a surface from which a horse will bounce, is the joyous spectacle of horses at full stretch and the opportunity of celebrating the exultation that comes with winning anything.

A discreet notice in the dining room announces good champagne at £20 a bottle, which is a snip, but celebrations would have to be held against the overall dreariness of the place. When I am asked to plan a racecourse, I shall erect a proper champagne bar before I would think of introducing a track or putting up a winning post.

As with Spanish holiday packages in the Sixties, all-weather racing has been introduced before it was ready. There will come a day, in a year or two, when one will be able to sit and watch in comfort, when the appalling packet soup served in the dining room will be a distant memory (though there will not be nicer waitresses to apologize for it); when the bookmakers will be within the same time zone as the winning post.

Until that comes about and the name Southwell trips off the nation's tongue as easily as Epsom, it is something of a liberty to charge punters for what is currently on offer: the presentation of contests which the 10,000 betting shops of Great Britain can put on their screens in order to increase the £4 billion annual turnover on horseracing — a turnover from which the Government takes in excess of eight per cent in tax, bookmakers make upwards of 20 per cent gross profit and on which there is a levy of less than one per cent that goes back into the sport.

Contrary to the predictions of Colonel Parker Bowles, the racing public is not going to *enjoy* this until they get better value for their money.

Improving Nomadic Way to take honours in Wessel

From Our Irish Racing Correspondent, Dublin

Nomadic Way and Island Set provide a strong English presence in tomorrow's new Point-to-Point season comes under orders

The letter carrying Paddy Mullins' entry for Grabel was delayed in the post and the mare was therefore omitted from the entries. Grabel's form will, however, be on trial as the Irish team is headed by Elementary, who was trying to give her the SIS seo allowance when beaten a head in the Bookmakers' Hurdle over from this course and distance at Christmas.

Over hurdles this season, he has twice been in the frame and, while he finished 10 lengths behind Cruising Altitude when they met at Newbury in November, he cut the deficit to a head on their second encounter, on virtually identical terms, in the Charles Heidsieck Bula Hurdle at Cheltenham in December.

Orton Island Set has an even better chance for he had Cruising Altitude 13 lengths behind in third when a four-length runner-up to Sonride in the Waterford Crystal Supreme Novices' Hurdle at Cheltenham in March.

I believe, though, that Cruising Altitude had gone over the top by that stage of the season and, as Island Set has not had a previous jumping run this winter, Nomadic Way could have the advantage.

Jim Dreaper expressed his pessimism yesterday concerning the race fitness of Carville's Hill, who has to carry 12st 2lb,

including a 2lb penalty, in the Harold Clarke Leopardstown Chase.

A much bigger penalty was incurred by the English runner, Mcneish, from John Webster's stable. Mcneish was put up 23lb after winning the Thistles Handicap Chase by a dozen lengths when carrying a stone more than his long handicap weight.

Mcneish is clearly much better than the Irish handicapper originally thought but Carville's Hill has won his only two handicaps over fences by margins of a distance and 15 lengths. Even though about of his best, Carville's Hill may still have the class to beat Mcneish.

Ireland tomorrow

3.10 WESSEL CABLE CHAMPION HURDLE (1m22.880; 2m) (B) runners

7 (ridden by T. Cormaczyk) 104 Fourth July M O'Toole 7-1-7 (F) Dunwoody 112 2000 Morgan 8-1-7 (H) Davitt 2000 Street G 1-1-1 (P) T. Cormaczyk 104 Third Torseid F. Lonnion 8-1-7 (F) Woods 32 Nomadic Way (B) Hills 5-1-4 (P) 2 (T) Tansley 0-2-1 (D) Elsham 8-1-7 D'Topics 4-10-9 (A) Power 7-4 Nomadic Way 11-1-4 Elementary, 7-2 12-1 Dan Elsham, 19-1 others.

After record earnings of £16,874 in 1987, with 13 winners, the British title last season fell to a disappointing 242,659, including only six successes.

The Cognac executive was keen that the English presence be restored to its former strength, and made many more bookings available this year. They have been rewarded with a party that combines both quality and quantity.

Ben Hanbury has not sent runners to Cognac for a while, but his five-strong team includes the smart Pet Mandine, twice placed in group or grade 1 company last year, and a likely long-range favourite for the Grand Prix.

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Fort gets off the mark

Secret Finale gave permit trainer John Fort from Brancepeth, County Durham, his first winner with a batting

win over Fettuccine in the Makemore Conditional Jockeys' Claiming Hurdle at Kelso yesterday.

"I have been assistant (trainer) to Mel Brechin and Brian Neville and when private

trainer to John Fort, I decided to strike out on my own a year ago as a permit holder and now have five horses, Secret Finale, who had the virus, but is now right," Fort said.

Stuart Turner produced the winner to lead approaching the last flight and score by

threequarters of a length.

Middleham trainer George Moore, just back from a week's holiday in Florida and a night in the winners' enclosure when 9-4 favourite Radical Lady, partnered by Mark Dwyer, cruised to a 10-length victory over Dubleca in the Federation Brewery Novices' Chase (Qualifier).

Letrie, owned and trained by Bob Brewis at Belford, took a nasty fall at the fence close to the stands, broke a foreleg and had to be put down.

Moon completed a double when Ambuscade landed the Scagran 100 Pipers Championship qualifier.



Conditions favour Desert Orchid

By Mandarin

Desert Orchid can give his legion of fans further cause for celebration by winning the Aga Diamond Chase at Sandown Park this afternoon.

The race has always been an ideal staging post between the King George VI Chase on Boxing Day and the Cheltenham Gold Cup next month because under its conditions as a limited handicap Desert Orchid is asked to concede a maximum of 21lb.

He gains a further advantage from that today as all four of his rivals are out of the handicap proper, and even the closest to his proper mark, Bishops Yarn, meets Desert Orchid on all unfavourable terms.

Bishops Yarn was half a length second to Nick The Brief in a thrilling race at Haydock last time but now meets John Upson's charge on 5lb better terms. However, Nick The Brief had previously

run a gallant neck second to Cool Ground here and his determination is likely to ensure there is again little between himself and Bishops Yarn.

Tea Of Spades, successful at Ascot after a lengthy absence, has more to do here.

See You Then, the former triple champion hurdler, reappears in the Aga Hurdle after being off the course for almost two years. He will surely need the race and I prefer Morley Street.

He was disappointingly beaten by Propero at Chepstow last time but had pre-

Chepstow, Stratford off

The meetings at Chepstow and Stratford today have both been abandoned because of water-logging.

Roger Farrant, the clerk of the course at Chepstow, said yesterday: "We had another inch-and-a-half of rain overnight and that has been the last straw. There is water between the last fence and the winning post."

Sandown survived a midday

emphatically accounted for Deep Sensation at Cheltenham. He is clearly useful, and a decisive victory here would put him in the Champion Hurdle picture.

Oscie was caught close home by Aisaal in a Kempton handicap last time and should again go well. He is preferred to the unpredictable Aldino.

Calabrese can complete a treble in the Tote Jackpot Handicap Hurdle. He was particularly impressive at Ascot last time and even with a 6lb penalty he remains favourably treated.

Long Engagement enjoyed his moment of glory when beating Desert Orchid over two miles here earlier in the season but he has cut little ice in his two subsequent starts. A return to what is undoubtedly his favourite course may revive his enthusiasm, but I prefer The Dragon Master.

He sprang a 100-1 surprise when winning here last season but followed up with a good win at Newbury. He again showed promise when chasing home Ten Of Spades at Liverpool last season and has a clear-cut chance here in receipt of a stone from Long Engagement.

However, for the nap I go north to Wetherby and

The greatest danger may come from the other end of the handicap in the shape of the good novice Kanno Style. He was two lengths second under 12 stone to Coworth Park here last time and given his fluent hurdling could represent some value today off his low weight.

Andros Prince re-appears on the same terms here and with Shilgrave Place — an early faller in the good Haydock race won by Mrs Mack last time — likely to improve for the run, I feel he should confirm the placing.

Yorkshire Holly was a fair third to Dutch Call at Haydock last time but may find this three miles beyond his best distance, while Withy Bank could be edged out under top weight.

Travel Over, successful from Rush De Farges at Liverpool last season, can make a winning reappearance in the Save And Prosper Handicap Chase, while Stay Awake can defy top weight in the Spofforth Novices' Handicap Hurdle.

Long Engagement's fast



Legend's fast: Willie Shoemaker, who rode in his first race in 1949, dons silks for the last time at Santa Anita today

Americans try to tempt cream for rich hurdle

American racecourse director Steve Great arrived in England yesterday, and began his bold attempt to attract the best jumpers in the country to run in the world's richest hurdle race.

Great, director of racing at the brand new Duelling Grounds track in Franklin, Kentucky, is looking for two British representatives to invite and said: "We really want the best."

Initial targets for the \$750,000 race, the Duelling Grounds International Hurdle Stakes, run over 2½ miles on Sunday April 22, are Britain's current leading chaser and hurdler, Desert Orchid and Beech Road.

Great and his adviser Edward Gillespie were due to meet Desert Orchid's owner Richard Burridge yesterday, but the grey world have to miss his intended target, the Whitbread Gold Cup a week later, if he were to tackle the race.

However, the 11st 2lb he would be set to carry under the weight-for-age conditions might prove too much.

Gillespie said: "In America the obstacles tend to be a large hurdle or a small steeplechase fence so this gives us the opportunity to have both the best chaser and best hurdler."

"We will be speaking to top trainers like Toby Balding, David Ebsworth, Michael Stoute and Josh Gifford, but a horse like Barnbrook Again, who was a very good hurdler and now a top chaser, would be the ideal type for this race."

British horses invited for the race, the main event of the year, will be known after the Cheltenham festival.

They will make up a field of 20 which will comprise 10 invited runners, two each from Britain, Ireland, France, Australia and New Zealand.

Veteran, now racing in Britain under Michael Robinson's care, has already been invited as the champion hurdler of New Zealand and he will be joined by the country's other representative Te Akau Lad. Australia's duo will be Wandering and Don't Look Back, champion mare Colin Hayes's stable, and Winimo.

Great added: "We want this thing to really grow. It is very difficult to have a project that is the biggest from the very outset, but we want it to become an international event."

Foreign riders at Sandown

Tony Frick and Mark Lawrence get a rare taste of British racing in the February Britons' Hurdle at Sandown today.

Lawrence, the champion Flat jockey in Kenya last season, but is now with Josh Gifford at Findon and rides his Super Sense, Norwegian-born Frick, who is based in Oslo, is on a month's holiday and has been booked by Geoff Hubbard to partner Jan-Re.

His departure leaves an important gap which no one will be able to fill. But, although he is helping his wife, he hopes to continue his racing ways as a trainer. He passed his oral test in front of the California stewards earlier this week.

"I'm getting out because I want to leave in one piece," he explains. "My only enemy has been Father Time."

In a tribute to Shoemaker earlier this week, the Los Angeles Times said: "Horses everywhere should be in mourning — they are losing their best friend."

As the flag is raised before an anticipated 60,000 capacity crowd at Santa Anita today, they and the millions watching on television will be cheering for the happy ending "The Show" richly deserves.

SOUTHWELL

Selections By Mandarin

12.55 Miss Knight 1.25 Gothic Ford. 1.35 Lizzy Castle. 2.25 Vestige. 2.55 Bright Sapphire. 3.25 Christmas Holly.

Going: standard

Draw 84-1m, no numbers best

12.55 ANNESLEY HANDICAP (3-Y-O: 0-22,280; 6f) (8 runners)

to Penalty Dovee at Wincanton (6m, Simp). DESIREE (6m 30yds, good). Unraced.

MARQUETTE (6m 2nd to Desperado). See below.

MONKTON STREET possibly in front 100 yards.

PRESTON (6m 2nd to Propero). See below.

SEE YOU THEN (6m 2nd to Propero). See below.

WILLY WILLY (6m 10yds, good). Previous 5m 10yds.

Long handicap: Monks Hill 2nd-2.

Setting: 2-1 Monks Hill, 5-2 Osterley, 7-2 Denvalmo, 8-1 Aldino, 25-1 Imperial Star.

1.55 CARLTON-ON-TRENT HANDICAP (3-Y-O: 22,271; 7f) (5)

1. 8-0 EXCHANGE PAYNE 10 (F) L'Isle 9.7 — A Colours 1

2. 8-0 ANGLO-INTERNATIONAL 11 (F) S' Babbas 9.1

3. 8-1 LEZY CANTLE 11 (D) C' Wilkinson 9.4 — S' Adams 7.4

4. 8-0 TEXAS BLUE 6m 5f Britain 8.1 — S' McLean 7.1

5. 8-1 LIZZY CASTLE 11 (D) C' Wilkinson 9.1 — S' Adams 7.4

6. 8-0 SHAP WITTY 16 J' Gifford 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

7. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) J' Gifford 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

8. 8-0 BRADFORD 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

9. 8-0 EXCHANGE PAYNE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

10. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

11. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

12. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

13. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

14. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

15. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

16. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

17. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

18. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

19. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

20. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

21. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

22. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

23. 8-0 VESTIGE 16 (F) S' Babbas 8.1 — D' McLean 7.1

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SPORTS BOOK OF THE WEEK

This immemorial sporting life

The genesis of sport is more than the book of numbers or the chronicles of the mighty. In this historical perspective, Richard Holt gives the ordinary participant his due

GRAHAME BAKER

All peoples have their play, but none of the great modern nations has built it up in quite the same way into a rule of life and a national code. That was the verdict of a German visitor to Britain in the 1920s. Sport was responsible for that "peculiarly cheerful and naive philosophy, so elusive and incomprehensible to the foreign observer" that set the British apart.

A young French nobleman, Baron de Coubertin, who was to found the modern Olympic Games, had come to a similar conclusion almost 40 years earlier, in 1886. "The role played by sport," he observed, "what appears most worthy of notice in English education." Whether such claims were true is probably less important than the fact that they were widely believed to be so.

To foreigners, cricket in particular was a uniquely English and imperial thing quite beyond ordinary understanding. No doubt the robustly ethnocentric British sportsman would have been inclined to agree; let the French have their cycle races, the Germans their gymnastics and leave the Americans to get on with their puerile game of baseball – an offensively commercialized form of an English girl's game.

Such was the British view of other sports on the rare occasion they gave any thought to what passed for sport beyond the confines of the British Isles and the British Empire. Anglo-Saxon sports were an integral part of the image that the British presented to the world and which outsiders came to associate with Britain.

Public school sport rightly has an important role in any study of British sport since 1800 but is only one part of the story. More compelling to most of the population were the Saturday afternoon matches of the Football League, the most popular and highly organized programme of spectator sport in existence.

Beyond the world of clanking turnstiles and vast stadiums with thousands of men in caps and mufflers were the generations of young boys who kicked their rag-and-string footballs around the back lanes and used the lamppost at the street corner as a wicket; then there were the humble club players, who would never play well but still win gusto and delight, enjoying a few pints and a chat with "the lads."

The ordinary participant has been overlooked in the history of sport, which often has been little more than the book of Chronicles or the book of Numbers. Praising a few famous men and compiling records is not enough.

"Modern" sport, according to received wisdom, was invented in the mid-Victorian years – the 1850s to 1880s – and everything that preceded this revolution was "traditional."

A remarkable range of popular games and contests was played and enjoyed in Britain before the advent of modern sports. Each town or village had its ball games, running races and varieties of fighting and animal sports. An observer of early eighteenth-century London noted that the "more common sort divert themselves at football, wrestling, cudgels, nine-pins, shovel-board, cricket, stool-ball, ringing of bells, quoits, pitching the bar, bull and bear baiting, throwing at cocks."

For the most part, there were no national games in the modern sense, although the Cotswold Games, revived by Robert Dover in 1604, attracted huge crowds to watch contests of leaping, shin-kicking, wrestling as well as coarsing and jousting. These games survived into the mid-nineteenth century.

Yet most people still played only among themselves or with a neighbouring parish and had no need of written codes of practice. The young men grew up playing the game in the way their elders had done and in turn passed on these traditions to their children.

Deep attachment to the land and a fierce local patriotism were part and parcel of popular recreations. Inter-parish fights were commonplace throughout early modern Europe and were usually carefully regulated by custom. Football was often a good way of permitting the youth their violent rituals; the ancient match between the parishes of Saint Peter's and All Saints in Derby at Shrovetide is a case in point.

Solidarity may have existed within villages, but peace rarely prevailed between them.

Throwing at cocks was a favourite sport on Shrove Tuesday. The bird was tethered by a string a few feet long and passers-by paid to throw stones or sticks at what was a living coconut shy. The bird would dodge as best it could until its legs were broken and it was finally killed and carried off by the thrower that finished off.

Cock fighting was even more popular. Schoolboys traditionally brought their cocks to school on Shrove Tuesday to match them. All large towns had cockpits and here contests were more regular. Pepys went to one in London in 1663 and found "the poorest prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen and whatnot... all thrown one with another swearing, cursing and betting." In eighteenth-century Newcastle, in spite of the high admission charges, cockpits were always crowded by "eager and interested pit men."

Rowing can claim the oldest

and there were at least seven cockpits in the city in 1800.

Bull baiting, too, was common. There was a general belief that a bull needed to be baited to improve the meat before slaughter and certain by-laws actually required this to be done. The bulldog, thick-set with short legs and powerful jaws, would try to crawl under the bull "to seize him by the muzzle, the dewlap or a coterie of the salivary glands."

The bull would try to toss the dog with its horns while the owner ran around trying to break its fall with a pole or even catch the dog on his own back. If the dog succeeded in getting a hold it clung on to the rearing and kicking bull and "to all appearance put him to great pain. In the end, either the dog tears out the piece he has laid hold on, and falls, or else remains fixed to him with an obstinacy that would now call wrestling went on – and designed less to protect the combatants and preserve "civilized standards" than to prevent corruption.

Huge sums were wagered. In 1750 the Duke of Cumberland backed Broughton for £10,000. After getting several blows to the eye, he called out "privily to his angry barker: "I can't see my man, your Highness, I am blind but not beat. Only place me before him, and he shall not gain the day yet."

Fighting was probably the most popular individual sport. "Amongst the pit lads, boxing was considered a manly exercise and a favorite amusement and I believe I counted no less than 17 battles which I reluctantly had to fight before I was able to attain a position of respect," recalled William Fairbairn of North Shields in 1803. And at Pudsey in Yorkshire in the 1820s men would fight "until almost exhausted and sometimes women might be seen helping to form rings and shouting encouraging words to the combatants."

Women were also willing to fight. William Hickey observed two women "engaged in a scratching and boxing match, their faces entirely covered with blood, bosoms bare and the clothes nearly torn from their bodies" near Drury Lane in the eighteenth century.

However, it is misleading to think of fighting merely as primitive or savagistic. The realm of physical combat witnessed some

of the first moves towards organized and commercialized sport. There was a distinct "commodification" of leisure in the eighteenth century. Horse racing and cricket were the main beneficiaries of a changing cultural climate. But "pugilism" was one of the first to have a written code of rules and a kind of national championship informally run by a coterie of sporting aristocrats.

Rules were laid down in 1743 by

Jack Broughton after an opponent of his had died as a result of a fight. With revisions, the Broughton rules regulate prize-fighting until the last great prize-fight held in England in 1860 between Sayers and Heenan. The regulations against "hitting a man when he is down", the right to half a minute's rest after going down and the ban on "hitting below the belt" were only loosely enforced – a deal of what we would now call wrestling went on – and designed less to

protect the combatants and

preserve "civilized standards" than to prevent corruption.

The earliest record of a festival

of rowing, or a regatta, is 1786 at Walton and it seems as if these may have attracted some "amateurs" – men who did not earn their living as watermen. By the end of the century there were at least three amateur clubs, the Star, the Arrow and the Shark, which may have combined to form the oldest and most exclusive of modern rowing clubs, the Leander, in the early nineteenth century.

In fact, the mass of punters

quoted did not bet on the race at all.

They knew little or nothing about the form of the horses,

which in any case were often

impeded by dogs or spectators

during the race itself as there was

no properly fenced-off course.

So the Derby was partly a "fair" of

the ancient kind and partly a

modern spectacle.

If the popular success of rowing

has been forgotten, there is no

mistaking the triumph of horse

racing. It was transformed from a

casual wager between noblemen to

perhaps the most highly organized

of all sports, regulated by

Weberby's *Calendar* listing a

wide range of meetings well in

advance.

The formation of the Jockey

Club in 1752 combined to strike a

new commercial and bureaucratic

note, albeit under strict aristocratic control.

The establishment of the classic races – the St Leger in 1776, the Oaks in 1779

and the Derby in 1780 – provided

the framework of modern racing

although it is important to remember

that horse courses were not enclosed and gate money could not be charged.

Until the railway permitted horses to be moved from meeting to meeting easily most were quite small, annual events held in

midweek and dominated by the

gentry. As late as 1840, only 17 of

surviving fixtures in the sporting calendar named after an Irish actor and impresario, Thomas Doggett, whose Coat and Badge became the leading event for young watermen just out of their apprenticeship. Doggett's Coat and Badge was only one of a number of challenge events eagerly watched from the riverbanks by crowds that often ran into thousands.

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Until the railway permitted horses to be moved from meeting to meeting easily most were quite small, annual events held in midweek and dominated by the gentry. As late as 1840, only 17 of

137 racecourses held more than one meeting a year.

The Derby provides the single most intriguing mixture of ancient festivity and sporting innovation.

Despite the efforts of the Jockey Club to regulate the event, it soon became the excuse for a mass exodus from London. Derby Day saw up to 100,000 congregate on the Downs. "The road to Epsom was crowded with all descriptions of people hurrying to the races," remarked *The Times* in 1793, "some to plunder and some to be plundered. Horses, gigs, curricles, coaches, chaises, carts and pedestrans covered with dust crowded the Downs, the people running down and jostling each other as they met in contact." Stories of trips to Epsom and drunken return journeys were part of Cockney folklore.

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The first regular references to

cricket matches appear after the

Restoration. As with pugilism and

horse racing, cricket seems to have

been dominated by the nobility,

who organized teams to play for

wagers that sometimes were very

large indeed. While hunting and

shooting remained the single most

important of aristocratic pursuits,

this "leisure class" increasingly

had the chance to indulge other

sporting interests. Cricket was the

first team game in which the upper

classes were expected to exert

themselves without the aid of a

horse.

The first written rules of cricket

were drawn up by the Duke of

Richmond in 1727 for the purpose

of determining the conduct and

outcome of country house games

where a good deal of money might

be at stake. These games stimulated the formation of permanent teams and the emergence of the "club" composed of

simply inclined individuals.

The early pattern seems to have

been for a great lord to act as

patron to a village side, which

mixed gentlemen and talented

locals. The team from the village

of Slinfold, run by the Duke of

Richmond, may have been the

first such club, and drew large

crowds for its games against the

"Gentlemen of London" in the

1740s.

Although the ball was rolled

underarm and the range of strokes

played was restricted, there is no

doubting the popularity of cricket

as an early spectator sport.

Around 10,000 were thought to

have attended the Artillery

Ground, Finsbury, for a match in

1814.

Flat racing was now a sprint for

highly bred young horses, normally two-year-olds, over a mile

or so instead of longer races of four

● TAHITI: EMBRACING NATURE
● SKIING: SOUTH OF FRANCE

Ann Morrow goes in search of the essential Irish country house: tangles of fishing rods, log fires at dusk, and butter and cream with everything

TRAVEL

Peace comes dropping slow...

Mrs Constance Aldridge presides like a benevolent brigadier over the seven and a half miles of River Moy which she owns in County Mayo. Once the preserve of "real gentry", this part of Ireland still has superb fishing.

This doughty widow is one of a group who have opened their country houses and transformed Irish cooking. It could never be called minimalist. Butter and cream go into everything except a morning cup of tea. Eggs are rarely more than a day old, fish is mother-of-pearl fresh and needles flavour cheese. The tremble in the wrist of the local girl serving a French dish she has just learnt to pronounce is part of the charm.

A passion for carving carrots into flowers and serving food in conservatories is a hazard of this new enthusiasm. Dignified old houses have become chocolate boxy and been garlanded with swags and festoons. Smoky white walls now glow yellow and pink, like a dowager vividly made up after a lifetime of fresh air on pale cheeks.

Happily, though, many have still kept that creaking clutter of wellingtons, well-thumbed copies of *The Field*, sleeping cats in tall chairs, fishing rods, and chiming clocks telling the wrong time. Gardens are rampant with rhododendrons, stone urns brim with wisteria.

Mount Falcon is three miles from Lough Conn, where brown trout teasingly skim limestone water and ducks skirt the reeds and water lilies. The long avenue, bushy in summer with pink and blue hydrangeas, is sandwiched between meadows of buttercups and lime cows.

A cheerful girl appears in the hall and swings a large suitcase upstairs as if it were as light as a dozen eggs. Mrs Aldridge, who was 19 when she read Mrs Beeton on "how to direct a staff", explains: "That's Bridie, my little fat laughing girl."

A silver teacup is borne into the centre of a long candlelit table as a song sounds at eight. Delicate sorrel soup, the deft use of lovage,

jugged here with marmalade: this intuitive cooking is appreciated particularly by the French. A party regularly sets out on December 26 for the rough shooting and pike fishing, and arrives, their hostess says, "laden with gorgeous chocolates, bottles of champagne and Chanel No 5". Their wives accept this other woman, who has been 70 for at least 10 years.

One of the pleasures, after a 40-minute flight to Dublin, and picking up a car, was getting lost. Searching for a Georgian farmhouse near Wexford, I asked advice from a cyclist I leaving a public house with a window full of nuns' black shoes, who needed to ask, "where did you start from?" before telling me the way to the Viking town. He himself set out in the misty heat, but on putting a hand out to the right, fell into a ditch on the left.

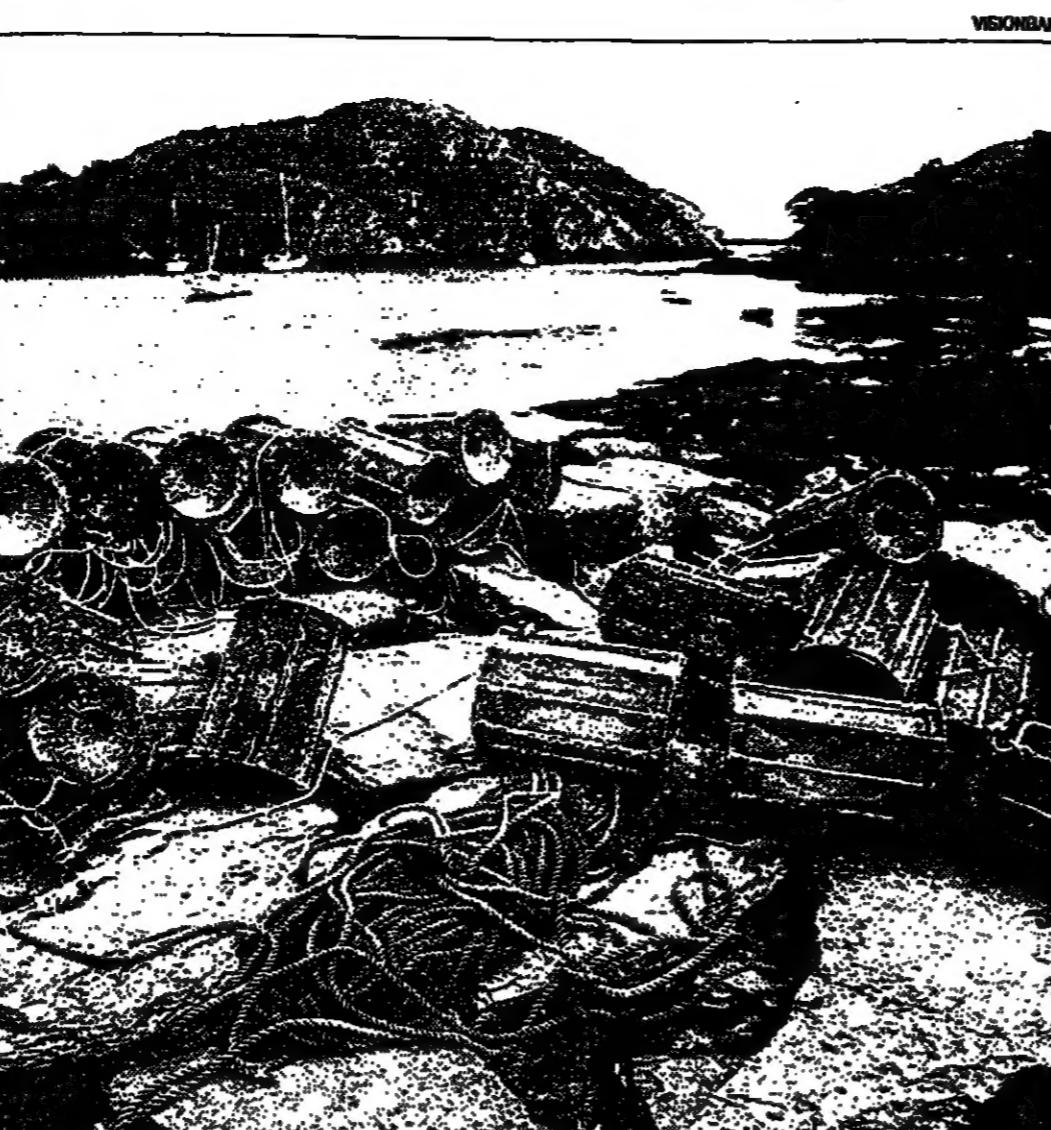
The farmhouse rejoicing in the name Horstow House is run by a sweet-faced woman called Vera Young who asks you in her soft way to make a wish as soon as you arrive.

High on a hill, with an old fig tree and acres of raspberries and blackcurrants, it is an congenial and unpretentious that a walk from a huge bedroom with heavy mahogany furniture to a shared bathroom is bearable. In the cellars, Ivan, a dark-eyed son of the house, cooks gargantuan steaks broadening the girth of Wexford Opera Festival aesthetes.

A woman travelling on her own can be over-sensitive. The brochure for Longueville in Cork boasts that the house "sits on an eminence" overlooking the "Irish Rime". From a small, dark bedroom without bath, the view was not of the Blackwater or of Ireland's only vineyard, but of a busy back yard.

However, food served in a flowery conservatory was imaginative and a pot of home-made jam was pressed into the hand next morning. Ireland disarms.

Ballymaloe (pronounced loo), also in Cork, was one of the first of the country houses to open, and food no longer comes straight



Fish, straight from the sea, is offered another-of-pearl fresh lobster creels by Loch Hyne in County Cork

from the inspired hands of Myrtle Allen, Ireland's answer to Elizabeth David. These days it is her skinny daughter-in-law, Darina, who is the cult figure, teaching the art of original country house flavours at Shanagarry.

Like a Pied Piper, she leads her class to Ballycotton Harbour to choose fish straight from small wooden boats as gulls circle

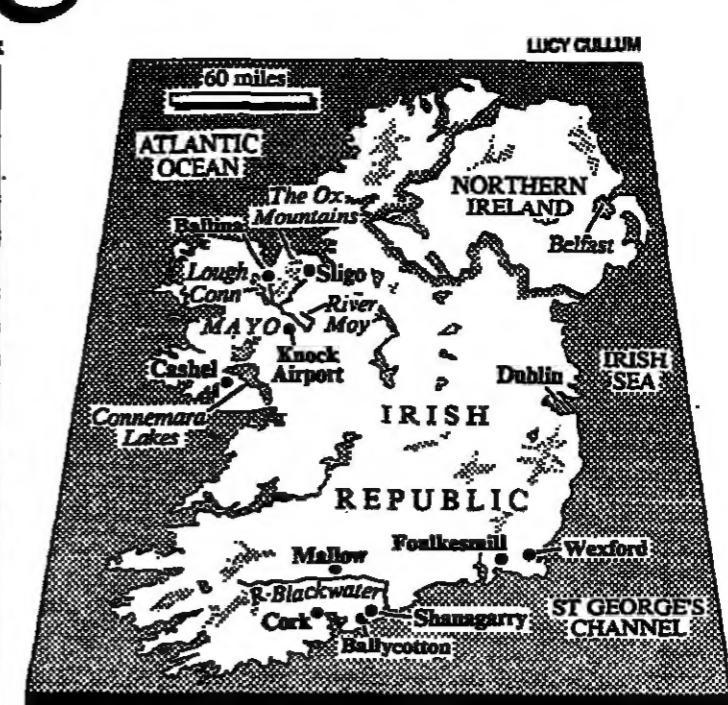
greedily overhead. Accommodation is in 18th-century pink-washed converted farmhouses close to apple orchards and an enchanted herb garden.

But it is the west in summer which captivates, where the Atlantic romps into tiny inlets, bath water runs peaty brown and it is light till 11. This is the land of wild beaches and Celtic crosses, where

foxgloves grow as high as cottage-hall doors, and huge pieces of grass sprout from chimney pots.

The road to Cashed Bay ribbons round chocolatey bogs glistening where turf has been freshly cut. Rocks have strange white imprints like fishbones and lanky schoolboys sit kicking their legs sucking the honey from fuchsia.

The peacocks have gone now



Cashed House Hotel, in disgrace because they liked to eat the lavender. An Irish wolfhound, big enough to ride, lay on a lawn circled by roses and hydrangeas, paws upturned to a sinking sun.

"People open up like flowers here," says Desmond and Kay McEvilly, owners of this mid-19th-century white house where private people including Sir Alec Guinness and General de Gaulle found peace.

It was one of life's great experiences to cycle late one night after a rich, creamy supper. Only a farmer passed and raised his tweed cap muttering a shy "lo". The air was tingling and smelt of peat, the light was inky blue.

It was "home" then to nod off in the firelight over one of the books on shells and wild flowers piled high on a lace-canopied bed.

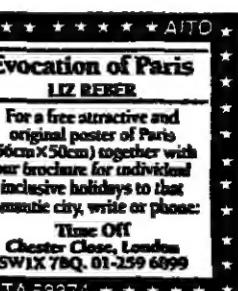
The essence of the Irish country house has always been a log fire crackling at dusk, a sitting room scented with sage and rose petals, the smell of baking pastry, snatches of song from the kitchen and a door forever open to the night.

TRAVEL NOTES

● Mount Falcon Castle, Belmullet, Co Mayo (01353 9621172), bed and breakfast £27-32.

Horstow House, Foulkesmills, Co Wexford (01353 516363/63706), £11; Longueville House, Mallow, Co Cork (01353 2247156), £26-54; Cashed House Hotel, Cashed, Co Galway (01353 9531001), from £27; Ballymaloe House, Shanagarry, Co Cork (01353 2165253), £24-38.

● For further details contact the Irish Tourist Board (01-493 3201). Flight information from Aer Lingus (01-569 5555).



Fly east, with difficulty

Slow trains, in different roads and *en route* border crossing delays all conspire to make air travel the most logical way to reach the Eastern Bloc countries.

Flying to Eastern Europe and Russia is not as straightforward as, say, flying to Spain or Switzerland. There are few charter flights (West Berlin and Yugoslavia excepted) and no direct flights at all between the UK, East Germany (including East Berlin) and Albania (Tirana).

West Berlin serves as the arrival airport for both East Berlin and East Germany and only two Russian airports — Moscow and Leningrad — are open to direct flights from Britain. British Airways (BA) no longer serves Yugoslavia, Romania or Bulgaria, so these countries' flag carriers — JAT (Yugoslavia), Balkan (Bulgaria) and Tarom (Romania) — must be used instead.

Blame politics for the mixed bag of flight schedules. Some destinations (Bucharest, Leningrad and Sofia) are served infrequently, while others (West Berlin and Moscow) enjoy regular flights and have a choice of airline.

The London/Moscow route is served by four airlines: BA and Aeroflot (the Soviet flag-carrier) addition to Richard Branson's Virgin Atlantic and the Japanese independent airline All Nippon Airways (ANA), which touches down in Moscow en route for Tokyo. Virgin and ANA can thank the new Soviet political climate for being allowed to carry passengers between London and Moscow.

Police have even more of a say when it comes to flying to West Berlin. Under an Allied agreement signed at the end of the Second World War, only British, American and French airlines may fly to West Berlin, and then only in air corridors which are strictly controlled by the Soviet and East German aviation authorities. Two airlines — BA and America's Pan Am — operate regular flights between Lon-

don and West Berlin, and the British independent airline Dan Air comes on to the route on March 25. West Germany's Lufthansa has been barred from Berlin (both West and East) for the past 45 years.

Most East European airlines fly with Russian-built aircraft which have little passenger appeal. But JAT and Tarom are exceptions. JAT flies mainly with US-built jets, while Tarom operates British Aerospace 1-11 twin jets, some of which were built in Romania under licence.

Service standards, both in the air and on the ground, are below Western levels of expectation. JAT is probably the best of the bunch and certainly it is the only Eastern Bloc carrier to operate along Western lines.

With most countries having only limited facilities to accommodate tourists, the airlines have had little incentive to attract holidaymakers. Ticket prices are above average with a choice of APEX (Advance Purchase Excursion) and PEX (Instant Purchase) fares. APEX tickets must be booked at least 14 days ahead (28 days in the case of Russia), while PEX fares are fine for impulse travellers, but costly.

Fortunately, the flight consolidators (companies that book blocks of seats on scheduled flights) have saved the day by marketing lower fares that are free of APEX-style restrictions.

Sale charges £115 return for direct flights to West Berlin; Warsaw costs £175. Trailfinders is selling cut-price flights with reputable Western airlines, provided you are prepared to fly via Amsterdam or Zurich. And St Albans-based Austro features direct BA flights to Budapest.

Everyone agrees that East European tourism has a bright future, but it could be some time before we see any changes. With the exception of the West Berlin route, the airlines have still to rise to the challenge.



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FACTS AND FIGURES					
	Air Milesage from London	Off. Promotional fares (return)	Consolidator fares (return)		
	APEX	PEX			
W Berlin	577	£131/E164	£188	£144a	£115b
Belgrade	1,047	£73	—	£190a	—
Bucharest	1,295	—	—	£227	—
Budapest	913	£193/E218	—	£193a	£210c
Leningrad	1,300	£250	2412	£250a	—
Moscow	1,550	£270	2448	£250a	—
Prague	637	£149	£182	£174a	—
Sofia	1,258	—	—	£222/E267	£198a
Warsaw	899	£225	£243	£200a	£2175b
Zagreb	841	£150	£244	—	—

a. Trailfinders (01-538 3222); b. Skis (01-322 0111); c. Austria (0727 3819).

For more information about winter holidays in Kärnten, send this coupon to: The Austria National Tourist Office, 30 St George Street, London W1R 0AL.

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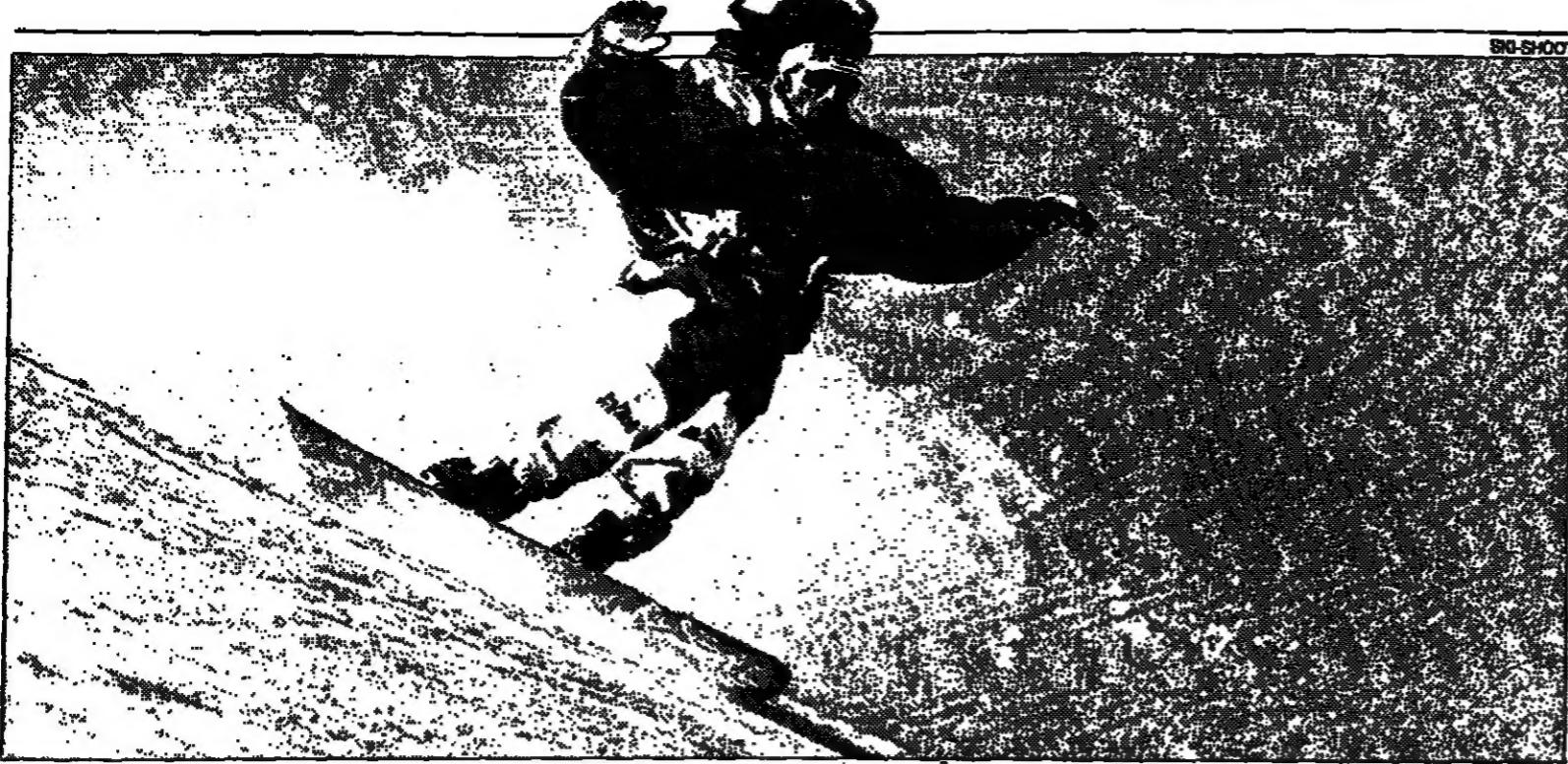
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TRAVEL



Surfers' snow: new falls suit the ski surfers, who look free and relaxed with their sideways stance and arms held high and wide to help their balance

Pampered off the piste

There is nothing quite like a good pampering or a good flattery for improving one's outlook on life. I had been prepared to look sourly on Isola 2000 when the promised helicopter turned into a pumpkin due to there being rather a lot of weather on the Côte d'Azur last weekend.

Instead of a 20-minute hop from the palm-lined seafront at Nice to the pistes of the Alpes Maritimes, there were two uncomfortable hours in back of a Citroën of a certain age. Added to Friday traffic on the road to the airport, the usual crush in Heathrow's

Terminal One departure lounge, and another hour in the air, I began to wonder if all this travelling was worth the trouble for a couple of days' second-division skiing. But from then on things began to look up.

Even before it collected its share of last week's snow, Isola was doing a remarkable job of conserving the previous fall which had arrived before Christmas. Its principal ski areas, the nor-nor-east facing Domes de Peïevos had natural snow from top to bottom. True, it was uniformly hard and in places icy, but in bright sunshine I had a lovely time. That's

where the flattery came in. Poole enjoyed a weekend of flattery and good skiing at Isola 2000

Shona Crawford

On Saturday night it snowed, and that is where the pampering came in. Isola 2000 is best known for its purpose-built apartment and hotel blocks, indoor shopping and restaurant mall, and for its sumptuous record. It is pretty efficient, not much to look at, and on fine weekends it is invaded by skiers up from the coast.

The first day's skiing of the new season is always a bit scary. Last year's comfortable boots feel as if they are on the wrong feet, and an attempt at a mental rehearsal of skiing draws a blank. As usual, I cannot think how to ski and, as usual, my legs remember.

And Didier approved of my style. Well, when a personable instructor in a Schiaparelli pin-striped suit praises your efforts, things have a tendency to go rather well. We skied pretty well everything that was open, and as a distraction from the limitations this imposed — all the steep or potentially bumpy slopes were shut — we worked hard on those quick, precise turns which come in handy in steep, narrow places.

His prescription was "more dynamic up-weighting to achieve a rebound". It felt just about as silly as it sounded till a rhythm built up. We bounded down the mountain in short, tutorial takes.

In these conditions the advantage of following an instructor who knows every inch of the terrain is obvious.

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The snow may have been new but it was not light, and watching the surfers swooping through the trees it was clear that theirs was the better sport for the day. With their sideways stance and pole-free arms held wide for balance, they looked free and more fluid than conventional skiers.

I skinned the rest of the day and most of the night, clearing just in time for a crack-of-dawn start back to the office on Monday. It was going to be a great day for those who could stay, but snowploughs had been up even earlier, so there was no choice but to stick to the plan. I was back at my desk before lunchtime.

On my first day's skiing I put myself with Whistler veterans Al and Irene Whitney. They do not work for the tourist office but, like most people who live in the resort, they might just as well. I was introduced to the Whistler/Blackcomb dichotomy.

Blackcomb was developed in 1980 when, confusingly, the "European style" hotel, shops and residential centre called Whistler Village was built, and the à la carte menu cost £220 per couple per night. When snow conditions allowed you can ski to the door. If they are not, you are ferried to the lifts and collected by the hotel's chauffeur. The £10 skiers' menu at lunch offers unusually good value and non-residents are welcome. A helicopter (seats five) from Nîmes costs £400 each way. Taxi (max four), £20. Bus £2.

• British Airways (01-897 2000) flies daily to Nice from £158 return.

TRAVEL NOTES

• The Hotel Diva (010 33 9322 1771) charges high season rates at weekends. A double room with breakfast and half board or dinner from £120 to £150 per night.

• The à la carte menu costs £220 per couple per night. When snow conditions allow you can ski to the door. If they are not, you are ferried to the lifts and collected by the hotel's chauffeur. The £10 skiers' menu at lunch offers unusually good value and non-residents are welcome. A helicopter (seats five) from Nîmes costs £400 each way. Taxi (max four), £20. Bus £2.

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Ski the vertical mile

This is Canada, land of the "mile-high mountain". Blackcomb boasts a full vertical mile of skiing. Whistler Mountain is only a few hundred feet shorter, but makes up for it with more runs. Respectively, the mountains rank number one and number two in vertical drop on the continent, and offer as much skiing as any European ski circus.

I was there in what the locals described as poor snow conditions, but this resort has what it takes to make a dedicated skier sit still for a 10-hour plane ride.

Snowmaking (4,000 vertical feet at Blackcomb), relentless scientific snowgrooming, four-person high-speed chairs (two to three times faster than conventional Alpine lifts) and snow (an average 35% of natural snow per season); no European resort can compete.

Services in North America are legendary. At Blackcomb I saw staff flicking stray rocks off the piste with hockey sticks, information towers alerting skiers to which lifts were loading quickest, and ski school standards at the Kids Kamp to shame the Swiss.

Then there's the skiing. In this category, American skiers and ski writers rated Whistler even higher than Vail. Certainly, Whistler beats Colorado and comes closer to the European experience in offering glacier skiing on three separate ice fields. The Whistler resort glaciers offer non-stop vertical, and the newly opened Blackcomb glacier gives access through untracked bowls to a specially compellingly user-friendly.

Blackcomb is, in the words of its president Hugh Smythe, "the state of the art ski resort in North America"

"But you really ought to take one day just to go over and ski Whistler Mountain," they urged, for old time's sake.

I did and felt at home. The skiing over at Whistler is, dare I say it, more "European". Of course, the grooming is still superior to any European resort outside Zermatt or Courchevel. But the terrain is a little more rugged, more scratchy than at Blackcomb. The trails twist and traverse more through the trees.

Both mountains offer serious off-piste powder terrain. But Blackcomb's Saudan Couloir, with its official warning sign, "Tighten Your Spine", has to be the most radical marked trail anywhere. After banging down that one when there really was not enough snow, cruising the straight-line carpet-smooth Blackcomb pistes I felt as if I had died and gone to heaven.

Well, you can't ski all day.

It's a long flight to Canada but the skiing is worth it, Doug Sager says

person running from two different base locations to above the tree line. But Whistler Mountain only has one high-speed quad chair, though there are plans to replace the older, slower chairs soon.

That's not good enough for Al and Irene, who are in a hurry to zip up Blackcomb on that mountain's four express quads. The way they figure it, Blackcomb's lifts are so fast that you can squeeze what would normally be a whole day's downhill skiing into one morning, after which you are too tired to continue.

Al and Irene never ski Whistler Mountain anymore, though they did for more than a dozen years and though they have a season pass which covers both hills. They find Blackcomb's impeccable grooming, fast line designer slopes and express lifts compellingly user-friendly.

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And in the sometimes cold, damp and cloudy climate of maritime British Columbia you probably won't want to ski every day either. Whistler resort is an area of lakes, parks and forests. I circumnavigated the scenery on an afternoon's mountain bike ride along marked trails which also double as hiking or cross-country

In the pedestrian-only complex of Whistler Village I whiled away hours in the only full-scale bookstore I have ever seen in a ski resort, and spent anxious moments looking for a drinkable wine in the government-operated gift shop. The ski shop team with items I have found unavailable in Britain, like Sorrel snowboots for £50 and Grandio glove systems" for £75.

The food in Whistler is a world away from expensive, bland American resort fare. On the mountain a slice of fresh-baked pizza, sour cream carrot cake and a gallon of Coke did me nicely at lunch. If you go for the traditional European ski resort lunch, I mean more than two glasses of wine or beer, don't be surprised when the waiter advises you politely but pointedly not to ski this afternoon.

In the evening, I finally found out what Whistler means by "European charm". At the Val d'Isère restaurant, run by an "escaped" English accountant and a chef from Alsace, I had a meal I would have thought unattainable outside France, and at half the price one could expect in any French resort. Three toques for Whistler.

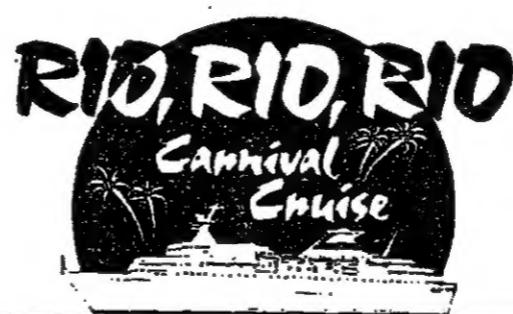
TRAVEL NOTES

• No British tour operators go to Whistler. For the full Canadian experience, fly Canadian/Wardair which is offering a special return fare of £235 to Vancouver. Whirl to Whistler directly from the airport (£50) in half an hour with Canadian Helicopters scheduled service.

• Hotels from the Canadiana of Château Whistler at £90 a night to non-smoking B & B from £25. Condos (self-catered flats) are popular, from £80 per couple.

• Many skipass options, but around £100 per week for dual-mountain pass.

• For further information contact the Whistler Resort Association, Whistler BC, VON 1B0 Canada (0101 504 932 4222).



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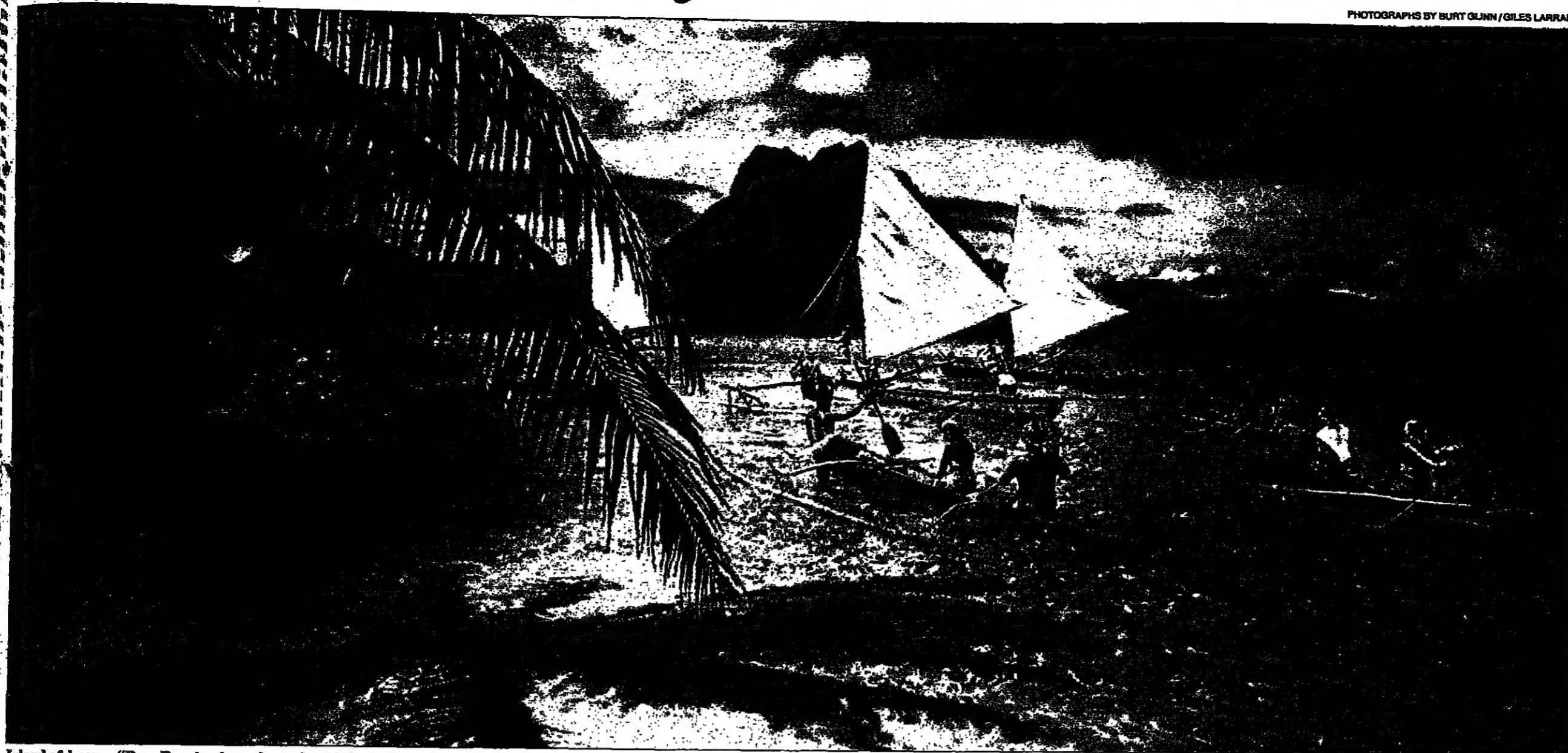
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TRAVEL

Tantalized by a Tahitian smile

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURT GLINN / GILES LARRAIN



Island of dreams: "Bora-Bora has been clever-clever in becoming a household name... Not bad going for six miles by two and a half of eroded volcano," says Michael Watkins, who, none the less, found himself sailing and singing in a three-day rainstorm

Michael Watkins explores the bewitching magic of the South Seas islanders of French Polynesia

VEL NOTES

British Airways
Flight Information
Star Ferry
Ferry Services
Special Services
350 to Vancouver
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Canadian
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Meet in Loveliness again.

It was the eve of some festival or other. Each grave had been scattered with golden sand and virtuously sprinkled with flowers. One man had died of alcoholism (a not uncommon way out in these parts), his headstone enclosed by a stockade of upside-down bottles of Hine, the local juice. Flowers! The heady, sweet scent of frangipani, the Tiare Tahiti gardenias. This scent reminded me of violence and sex.

Ici, repose Poenakitiana, read a memorial. There were other names: Faatau, Mamau, Tipae Teputauonini, Teri Tematahiapo. How dare they die, with such glorious names? They had no right dying. But Tahitians have no concept of "forever": sunsets fade, flowers wither, the lover steals away. Hence Tahitian-style marriage. There is no Tahitian word for illegitimacy because all new life is innocent, but there is a word, *fiu*, a stage of "had-enough", which is like saying "The party's over; time for laughter to end."

From a distance, these thoughts return to me in snatches. In my mind's eye, I catch a tantalizing glimpse of a woman's half-smile, proffered in Papeete market; it was unlike an airline smile or a hotel smile, professional and packaged. I recall a friend telling me of a break-in at her home: from the bedroom a burglar had stolen one bank-note, re-arranging the rest in the pattern of a flower on her dressing-table, fanning out the notes like petals.

Fletcher Christian, of the "Bounty", is said to have been bewitched by the Tahitian women, but I do not know whether today's *wahine* is more sensual, more voluptuous than western women; only about half the Tahitian women are pure maohi, with ebony hair adorned with hibiscus, dressed in pareos.

I cannot say whether there are more temptresses than telephonists, more seductresses than seamstresses. I only know that they wear crowns of laurels on their heads, leis of flowers around their necks and that their smiles are secretive, sleepy and womanly wise. I do not even know whether, living this side of Paradise, they worry about the future.

Perhaps they should. For the 1,000 deaths in French Polynesia in 1985, only 95 death certificates were issued. Official reports stated that 200 died from "no specific cause".

Since 1966, more than 100 nuclear test explosions on Mururoa atoll have allowed radioactive material to escape into the ocean. Polynesians employed by the French army have been warned not to eat seafood but, as Mamuhati Temaru, the mayor of Fa'a'a, told me: "Fish is our staple

diet. Too much is unexplained; France keeps us in the dark. But I know that Tahitians are dying of exposure to radiation. We are all at risk."

There is, as if we needed reminding, a serpent in every garden of Eden, and you cannot eradicate this particular vermin by putting down rat poison. Once, the Tahitians would have unleashed their *tikis* and *taupauas* — ancestral spiritual ghosts — against such a threat, but those days have gone, since they accepted the Bible as their magic book.

Can a people be tactile and supine, both at the same time? Almost prodigal in their need to embrace nature, how can they so quiescently await the doom count?

Ask me another. Ask me why, when Gauguins hang in the galleries of London, Paris and Washington, not one original canvas remains where it belongs — in Tahiti's Gauguin Museum? There are clues, contained very plausibly in Gauguin's paintings themselves, which convey the basic simplicity of Tahitian life: a child eats a mango; two semi-naked girls bear fruit and flowers; those almost-smiles masking emotions which should never be blatant.

*R*ed herring there are, too; shoals of them in Maugham's novel, *The Moon and Sixpence*. But the most conclusive evidence rests surely with Rupert Brooke:

*And the Flower, of which we love
Faint and fading shadows here;*

Never a tear, but only Grief.

Distractingly close, 12 miles from Papeete, lies Moorea with its shark's tooth peak Mou'aroa, which starred in the film *South Pacific* as the mythical Bali Hi'i. Here I was chauffeured by Albert, a taxi driver who relieved me of the imponderables, being loquacious, pithy and irreverent.

I heard about his three wives, 12 children, about inflation and the contagions of television, which arrived in 1986 when the island was plugged in to the mains. He told me how much he paid for his Subaru car, swivelling his head to see if I was hooked on the barbs of his incredulity. He said that he could arrange a special price for a *tamaraas*, a local feast. But to give him his due, he was bang on time when, at 5am, I needed a lift to the airport.

The island of Bora-Bora has been clever-clever in becoming a household name. Not bad going for six miles by two and a half of eroded volcano 150 miles from Tahiti. In the Second World War it became a US Naval base, with a garrison of 6,000 men waiting to repel the Japanese, who never turned up. Eventually, the Americans returned to Idaho or wherever, bequeathing to Bora-Bora a couple of jetties, seaplane ramps and a brood of children with blue eyes and hair the colour of corn. They also spread the word that they had spent the war in heaven.

My plane landed on Motu Mote, so that I approached Bora-Bora by sea, over a lagoon and coral gardens, tying up at the Hotel Bora-Bora — at which exact moment it started raining so enthusiastically that it pock-marked the sand like machine

gun fire. It poured for the duration of my three-day visit, letting up occasionally for a minute or two in order to summon the energy to rain more vehemently.

In a life of travel, I have noticed that torrential rain is not infrequently synchronized with a lowering of spirits and an urge buzz off home. In Bora-Bora, these symptoms were reversed. I found myself swimming in the rain, walking in the rain, sailing in the rain. If I tell you I felt like singing in

the rain, you'll only groan, but that's about the sum of it. I am not sure why this happened. Usually I object to being wet, in Palmers Green or Paradise; but in Bora-Bora it was almost a celebration. Splashing through the "capital" of Vaitape (you'd miss it if you sneezed), I made no attempt to circumnavigate puddles. I did not shudder at the "Goldie Hawk Ate Her" notice outside Bloody Mary's. On the veranda of my hotel room —

over the lagoon — I stared contentedly at the rain. You tell me why.

I did a lot of thinking in Bora-Bora's rain, about years ago when I knew a Malaysian princess in a place called Tintik, where it also rained a lot. Once I asked her, with implausible stupidity, why she was so happy in the rain. "Because," she replied gently, "it makes the flowers grow, and I can talk to God."

I think she must have had Polynesian blood.

TRAVEL NOTES

● Michael Watkins flew from London to Papeete via Los Angeles with Air New Zealand (01-930 1088). The low season excursion fare costs from £995 return. The economy return costs £2,024, and first class £4,092.

● His travel arrangements were made by Elegant Resorts, Lion House, 23, Watergate Row, Chester CH1 2LE (0244 325620). Elegant Resorts will tailor specific holiday requirements. For example: seven nights at the Hotel Bora-Bora, during the period January 21 to March 31, cost £1,995, including economy flights and transfers from Papeete. There is a daily supplement of £20 for half-board accommodation.

● The rainy season is from November to April. Tipping, generally, is considered impolite in French Polynesia — except at the large hotels.

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